The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 47.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora. Will also be at Mrs. Bird's Hotel, Springbrook, on Mondays and Fridays, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

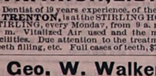
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge NO. 69, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on **Thursday Eve. Aug. 19, '86.** Visiting brethren welcome. J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge room P O block, **Every Wednesday Evening** At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.



J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of **TRENTON**, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. Walker visits Stirling the Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK, Executor, Stirling P. O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK

Is now complete, including

Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades

OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, LADIES.

5,000 yards —— of —— over 300 Patterns.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS, GINGHAMS, BRILLIANTS, AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Of most beautiful designs will be cleared at COST for CASH, commencing on Monday, July 12th.

Prints from 3c. per yard to the finest made, at prices that would astonish the maker. Grey Cotton, over 1 yard wide, only 5c. Shirtings, worth 15c., reduced to 11c. Brown Ducks, Denims, Etc., all reduced as above, for CASH ONLY.

A large stock of sugars that invite comparison of prices.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.

Express for Montreal	1.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

"THOSE HORRID BLOTCHES,"

Pimples" are sure to disappear if you will purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I was severely troubled with pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin. External treatment afforded only temporary relief. Boils, and humors are the result of an impure and vitiated condition of the blood. They may be eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Robert Swain, Houston st., New York, says: "No alterative we possess equals Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

saparilla effected a complete cure."—Thos. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass. for the cure of cutaneous affections, and for the treatment of scrofulous sores."

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

Administration of Justice.

We think the time has arrived when an intelligent public should themselves take the matter in hand in relation to the administration of justice in this County, exert their influence on their representatives, and urge the importance of the question. Almost weekly we have to record instances where, for some paltry assault, or insult, or trespass, half a neighborhood is summoned to Belleville from distant parts of the County, and have to remain here until their case is disposed of. There are also cases of summary trial by consent, which ordinary Justices of the Peace cannot entertain; these have at present to be forwarded to Belleville to a higher court, at a cost of hundreds of dollars to the County in the aggregate; but if the existing statute for the appointment of a County Police Magistrate were adopted by our County Council, the public would at once be accommodated with a less costly means of appealing to the law, in both purse and time, in minor cases, and the finances of the County greatly benefitted.

The appointment has been left to the option of the County Council, but the matter has hitherto failed to arrest their proper attention. We have, however, reason to believe that their views are changing, and that they now only require the support of public opinion. In nothing is the institution of a County Police Magistrate more required than in the enforcement of the License Act. These statutes are now exceedingly stringent, but it is a well known fact that the carrying out of the provisions of the Act is at present remarkable for inefficiency, at least outside of cities and large towns, and in the rural districts the law is openly defied; hence, in this alone, an official is necessary whose tenure of office would compel him to deal out vigorous justice against these offences.

At present we make no further comment, but we shall continue to ventilate the question of the appointment of a County Police Magistrate, until the parties responsible for a mistaken economy are fully enlightened to the duty of complying with the beneficial provisions of the law.—*Intelligencer*.

The Third Party.

The following letter to the Leeds and Grenville *Independent* was written by a gentleman well known to many of our readers, and has been sent us for publication. It is well worthy the attention of all thinking men:—

Editor of Independent.

I have read with pleasure your editorials on Mr. Blake and they have come so near my views of the situation that I thought I would drop you a line of approbation. It is not my intention to enter a lengthy discussion as to the merits of either party, but it is well for the electors to ask:—for what was the Conservative government elected and have they completed their work? So far as I understand the matter, they were elected to, 1st build the C. P. Railway, 2nd to frame a protective policy. The railway is now completed (and the country have paid or will pay for the whistle) and it is no longer a political problem. The second I claim is also no longer a political question as the Reform party do not now attempt to make political capital out of it. Since the defeat of the Mackenzie administration, but two new questions of importance have arisen. One of these, the Northwest rebellion or as it is more often called, the Riel question, is already a dead issue. The rebellion is over, and Riel dead, no doubt justly so. And doubtless whatever government holds the reins in the future more attention will be given to the proper management of the Northwest. There is then only one great political question, Prohibition, and this question is unsettled because neither of the political parties had courage to face the issue, and we have now the curious spectacle of three parties in the country, and but two in the House of Commons. As a life-long Conservative I would fain see that party grappling the Prohibition question, as they have done the other three; but the course of the Senate, the postponement of the Jamieson amendments to the Scott Act, and the prominent part liquor manufacturers hold in our Cabinet Councils, give us but little hope in this direction. And the action taken by the young liberal convention and by Mr. Blake as a leader show the reform party to be equally cowardly in this respect. We have therefore two political parties in the House without a policy; a third in the country with a sound policy but lacking leaders and organization. But in this line we are not going to be far behind, as our organization is being got about and let no politician imagine for a moment that this is going to be a dead issue in the coming elections. There are thousands of voters who will make this the test question. For my own part, I would say that I am going to give my support to the men or *party* who adopt this question, and no one who is not an open and known Prohibitionist need expect my support. If Mr. Blake will take upon himself the leadership of the temperance party, I tender my allegiance; but till then I must sign myself your obedient servant,

One of the third party,
W. H. THOMPSON.

Pittston, July 15th, 1886.

P. S.—I think it is time something definite was done by the temperance people in these counties How would it be if our Scott Act executive committee or the E. U. E. Club, or failing that, some of our local temperance societies make a call for a County Convention—say, some day in August—to make arrangements for the next Provincial elections. I am not one of those weak-kneed temperance men who believe in half measures. The temperance people have much to gain by forcing the issue and nothing to lose, as we could not be treated with greater contempt than we have been in the past. The forcing of a division on this question at the polls would be a victory for temperance people even if temporally repulsed, as the temperance question must *ultimately trium h.* W. H. T.

The *Independent* makes the following editorial comment on the above letter:—

"We call the attention of all politicians, great and small—including the Brockville *Recorder*—to Mr. Thompson's manly letter published on the first page. Mr. Thompson has been a faithful Conservative all his life and is now one of the most active members in South Grenville; but he has never been a party hack nor a jump-jim-crow to a clique of demagogues. There, he says in unmistakeable Saxon, that he will support Mr. Blake if he will make Prohibition a plank in his platform; and in this Mr. Thompson is but the representative of a class—and a large one.

But this failing, he is clearly in favor of a "third party" in the Commons as well as in the country. As he tellingly puts it, we have the rank-and-file, we are getting the organization, and leaders of the Howland-McLaren stamp will not be long wanting.

The Liberal party has *to-day* the opportunity of incorporating in itself the life, back-bone and sobriety of this country. A year hence it may be too late. A party is arising from the bosom of the people that will suck the vigorous blood from the old shells and leave them as withered husks by the way-side of progress. It is "now or never" with the party of stagnant purity."

It is probable the first fall show of the Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Association will be held about the 29th and 30th of September.

A river man named Joel Redden, working for Gilmour & Co., was drowned at Ranney's Falls, half a mile below Campbellford, on Saturday morning last.

A New Telegraph System.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has completed its arrangements to connect its commercial telegraph system with that of the Baltimore & Ohio. In this connection a circular of Dow, Jones & Co., brokers, of New York, says:

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co. has made a 25 years' contract with the Postal Telegraph Co. and the Mackay-Bennett Cable Co. for the operation of its telegraph lines. Western Union failed to get it. The Canadian Pacific has a telegraph system covering the Dominion of Canada and through lines to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Mackay and the Canadian Pacific Co. are arranging for the immediate construction of lines between all important points on the Pacific coast.

The above was shown to Mr. C. R. Hosmer, General Manager of the C. P. R. system, and he was asked what truth there was in it: "It is quite true," was the reply, "that the Company had made arrangements with the Mackay-Bennett commercial cable company for connections as well as with the Postal Telegraph Company, whose wires extend from Maine to Nebraska, and we have also arranged to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio system throughout the United States."

"This ends the telegraph monopoly in Canada," said one of the largest Chicago operators, "and it is about time, for a more unsatisfactory service than we have been getting over the Great North Western is hardly possible."

The general view of the deal on the street is that the C. P. R. will give the best service ever known in Canada and will in company with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Mackay Pacific influence, run the Western Union pretty hard in its own territory.

Salting Butter.

If fresh made butter be drained to some extent and salt added in this wet condition we get perfect salting; for the moisture in the butter will saturate the salt and dissolve it, so that each little globule will be encased in this salt saturation, and when the butter is worked over, the surplus moisture will be pressed out, leaving the dissolved salt evenly distributed throughout the mass. Any more salt than can be dissolved in butter, remains in the butter as salt crystals, and does not aid in preserving it. The film of dissolved salt about each globule seals it, so to speak, from the air, and holds its color fast for the time. The addition of more salt than this is to cater to a taste for a salt flavor acquired by habit. As soon as one becomes accustomed to the salt solution salting, about half an ounce to the pound, he discovers that butter flavor, and the sharper salt flavor in butter are not in degree, but of kind, and so prefers the former. Butter, like buckwheat cakes, should be eaten when young. The practice of making butter and then keeping it for months for a "rise," is wrong. Butter never is as perfect as it is the first week; and, if possible, the production of butter should be so equalized that the consumption should keep pace with production, and do away with the summer over-supply that loads down the market, brings low prices, and consigns thousands of tons of good butter—in its day—to the grease rendering factories.—*American Agriculturist for August.*

Small Fruits on the Farm.

To stock a small garden with the best varieties requires only a few dollars outlay, and the skill necessary to keep them in good condition is within the reach of any one who is interested in the matter. We generally see a few scrubby and neglected currant bushes in the grass along the garden fence, but not in one garden in a dozen do we see much more in the line of small fruits. That men are fond of these fruits is proved by the avidity with which they dispose of them when placed before them in the shape of pie, shortcake, or eaten with sugar and cream. They seem to forget, or overlook the fact, that the season of enjoying these luxuries need not be confined to summer. Canned fruits are nearly as good during the winter, if properly put up, as when fresh, and the expense and trouble of putting them up is not great. More money is usually spent for prunes and other dried fruit during the winter in families where fruit is not put up, than it would cost to purchase jars and sugar to prepare a supply at home. The women will take care of the fruit if they only have it to take care of and will be glad to have the chance of doing so. Should more fruit be produced than the family can consume, it will meet with a ready sale at the nearest village, and usually bring the grower better returns than if sent to the overstocked markets of a large city. Sell none but the surplus.—*American Agriculturist for August.*

A parcel post service commenced between Canada and Great Britain on August 1st. For the present it has been necessary to limit the operations of the parcel post in Canada to the conveyance of parcels addressed to or posted at places where officers of the customs are stationed, by whom examinations can be made and duties collected. The conditions governing the mailing of parcels are these: (1). A parcel must not exceed three pounds in weight. (2). The dimensions of a parcel must not exceed two feet in length by one foot in width or depth. (3). A parcel must not contain any explosive, combustible or dangerous article, nor any article of a perishable or fragile character; nor liquids, or matters likely to injure other parcels or mail transmissions. (4). All parcels must be securely and substantially packed and closed.

Here are a few gleanings from the field of woman's occupation of to-day. Capt. Mary S. Miller, of Louisiana, manages a steamboat, and declares that she can run it with less labor and more profit than she could a sewing machine. Hers is the only known case of nautical terminity in America, though in England 30,000 women are employed driving and steering canal boats. A woman in Georgia has for years been employed as switchman at a railroad junction, and has never been known to misplace a switch. A lady in Colorado is a practical advocate of cattle raising as an employment for women. She is one of the leading cattle dealers of the United States, with a yearly income of hundreds of thousands of dollars. A lady in Texas owns a herd of 40,000 cattle, and "runs the ranch" herself, going on horseback every week to the nearest market town to sell stock or purchase supplies. These are not solitary instances. There are over two hundred women similarly employed in the great American West. In 1880 there were 2,432 female physicians in the States. The number has been doubled since. Some of these physicians have an income of from $10,000 to $20,000 a year, and not a few have obtained eminence in the profession. There are 51 female dentists, 75 lawyers, 288 journalists, 165 clergy, and 12,294 nurses regularly trained and certified. These statistics are eloquent. When we remember that not fifty years ago a competent authority assured the world that woman's only resources outside of home and her own "sphere" were teaching, novel writing and domestic service.

It is stated that Hon. Mr. Bowell will pay a visit to the North-west this fall.

In New Brunswick government house all payments on account of the lieut.-governor, excepting his fixed salary, have been abolished. The example of New Brunswick should be followed by Ontario and the other Provinces.

Wellman's Corners.

From our Correspondent.

The farmers are getting along well with the harvest. Next week will finish up wheat and barley harvest.

Last week Abner T. Hogle, a man 57 years of age, living near Wellmans Corners, bound 3,000 sheaves of wheat in a day and a half, beside taking the milk route to Wellmans Corners factory.

A big storm of rain and hail passed over this place last Thursday, doing considerable damage by breaking windows, knocking down grain, and in some places breaking down fruit trees. Mr. D. Wootton had 13 large panes of glass broken in his house.

Messrs. Bowerman & Scott are getting ready to put rollers in their grist mill. They do not intend to be beat by any mill in the country.

The first Quarterly meeting for this Conference year was held at Wellmans last Sabbath. There was a crowded house. Rev. Mr. Pope officiated.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The day was fine for harvesting, but people could not be expected to work when there was going to be a great dinner and the trial trip of a new steamboat to come off on the lake. The Dr. dropped his bottle and saw; the blacksmith dropped his anvil and bellows; the farmer his reaper and mower and came, and those that had nothing to drop dropped it and came. I began to feel alarmed for fear the provender would give out, but the North American cook assured me that he never had been bursted yet. There is no use of giving a description of the dinner and how everyone enjoyed the feast; it might make the few feel bad that could not come. I just say this much, that it was ahead of the big dinner in Belleville on the 12th of July. The cook fairly surpassed himself on this occasion; he was obliged to brace himself very often from a bottle labelled "Wizard Oil," grand, he says for rheumatism and mental exhaustion; anyway the more of it he used the livelier his tongue got.

After the dinner was over the programme was placed in the hands of the big orchard man, who bossed the job for the rest of the day.

He, upon rising, said:—Ladies and gentlemen, this is a little more than I bargained for. However, as I feel very much interested in this boat, I will not go back on it now. I would just say to you impatient ones, you must try and hold yourselves and not get in a hurry. Understand there are quite a number of speakers to address you. No matter how anxious you are to see the boat start it won't start until after the speeches, not if it takes till the lake freezes over, (and perhaps it won't start then.) I notice a good few here to-day who have been sceptical about this boat, who could not bring themselves to believe that one so young, with so little experience and capital could carry through such a great undertaking and you have often said to me this is all a hoax; and when I told you that it was all right, and that I had a "blind share" in it, that only confirmed your doubts. But now when you have the evidence right before your eyes you have got to believe it and take back all you have said about it.

There are a goodly number of my acquaintances who would have liked to be here, but were afraid of being fooled, they were so sure there was nothing in it. I am happy to say they will feel they are more fooled when they know of the good times we are having to-day. I am willing to acknowledge that I had doubts about the accomplishment of this scheme myself. I even went so far as to bet a barrel of Spies against a plate of oysters that it would prove a failure. I am glad to have to pay that bet. And now, gentlemen, although I might talk on for an hour and tell you of my lengthy acquaintance with the lake, how I have played there in boyhood, fished there in manhood, but never dreamed of this great event, and so on, but I will not weary you with the recital but pass on to the—

For want of space I have been obliged to hold the other speeches over for a time. They will be kept on ice and I hope will be fully up to the average. B. B.

P. S.—I take this means of informing all widows and widowers who are about to enter the married state that I offer special rates to bridal parties. Children half price. B. B.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

An enterprising townsman, Mr. ——, took a novel method of advertising his stock of boots and shoes by walking a short distance up a street in Madoc village with half of a newspaper pinned on his back.

P. S.—Since writing the above it turns out that Mr. —— was playing tricks on the stage driver but was not sharp enough to notice that two young ladies had paid him off in his own coin. Yours Truly,

PETER McGUFFIN.

Marmora, July 28, 1886.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR,—As your correspondent was on his way to Stirling thinking what a jolly time we would all have at the launching of the steamboat at the Oak Hills lake, your correspondent was startled by a strange whistle in that direction, and thinking the boat was launched, hastened on to the scene. Behold when I got to Stirling I was much surprised to find that the strange whistle belonged to a steam threshing engine parading up and down the back street in Stirling. But I trust we will all have a good time when the boat is launched. P. W.

White's Hill, July, 1886.

What is War.

At Gettysburg 80 from one regiment were buried in one trench.

At Fair Oaks, over fifty shot in *sixty* seconds, and of fifty skirmishers only six left alive.

At Cold Harbor, over 400 dead from one regiment and 2,000 dead in a space not wider than a city square.

At Fredericksburg, about 5,000 Federal soldiers shot in ten minutes. Soldiers with fathers, mothers, wives and little children.

That is war as it should be taught in all our public schools.

Last spring a herd of wild hogs, imported from Hungary, were turned loose in the large forests of Sullivan Co., N. Y., where they will be allowed to multiply until the woods are stocked.

The recent hailstorm in Illinois was a terror. A farmer, writing from Clifton, in that State, says:—I have lost almost everything in the way of crops by one of the worst hailstorms I ever saw, and the like of which I hope I may never see again. It took our crops clean. The hailstones came down as large as teacups and averaged as large as hen's eggs. My house is just riddled. Those of my neighbors who had blinds on their windows found them no protection, the hail-stones passing through them and shattering them into splinters. In some cases they went clean through siding and plaster and penetrated through shingles. The hail sounded like falling bricks as it struck the house-tops and the wind was terrible, taking everything, even to the largest trees, in its path.

Trouble Everywhere.

There's trouble in the dwelling,
Trouble on the street,
There's trouble in the bosom
Of every one we meet;
Morning, noon, and midnight
There's trouble in the air;
And, oh! there's no denying
There's trouble everywhere,

There's trouble in the garden,
Beside the sweetest rose,
Beside the fairest lily,
The thorn of trouble grows;
There's trouble on the ocean;
There's trouble on the land;
And when the sunshine's brightest
There's trouble close at hand.

From troubles that pursue us
We never can escape;
They're sure to overtake us
In some peculiar shape;
To circle slowly round us,
Or seize us, unaware;
Trouble's sure to find us, for
There's trouble everywhere.

But after storms of trouble,
How blessed is the calm!
And after wounds of warfare,
How soothing is the balm;
And when from tribulations
Our spirits find release,
If but for one brief moment
We know the joy of peace.

So trouble has its mission,
As through the world it goes,
A message unto mortals
In every breeze that blows;
It moves the stagnant waters;
It stirs the pulse of health;
Gives courage to the hero;
To every labourer wealth.

'Tis trouble that inclines us
To brave and daring deeds;
'Tis trouble that prepares us
To feel another's needs;
Each heart must bear its burden
Of suffering and care;
For man is born to trouble,
And he finds it—everywhere.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The persecution of Mr. Stead and of the Salvation Army leaders, who, with the many other honored philanthropists, were successful in securing great moral reforms not only in the legislation, but, we believe, also in the society of England, is to be continued. The Armstrong's are the instruments used to bring suits for forty thousand dollars. Should they succeed in securing a verdict for the whole amount it would probably be raised ten times over within a day by those who are thankful for the great work accomplished.

Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are; but you can find out by following the subjoined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring. Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then multiply it by 2, then to add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will denote her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822; she is 22 years old and was born in the eighth month, August. Try it.

Experience has shown that the best time to cut timber for posts, rails or stakes is in August. The bark will then come off readily and the wood becomes harder and endures longer than if cut at any other season. With but few exceptions the gain by cutting in August is sufficient to compensate for cutting at that time. It is not necessary that the rails or posts be split out then. The trees may be felled only and the further work be put off until cooler weather. But it is better to split the trunks into rails or posts for later use as soon as felled; the wood will then season rapidly and the highest point of durability is attained.

It is quite time that the girl of to-day should be allowed a vacation from verbal abuse, or what is more, unfavorable comparison with the girl of yesterday or the day before. The girl of to-day is more universally well-dressed and has infinitely wider scope for occupation. Industries have sprung into being that lighten feminine responsibilities as to the jam closet, the larder and the children's wardrobe. For these reasons the present girl is popularly supposed to be frivolous, idle, or prone to busy herself in that with which she has no concern. She is also accused of chronic ill-health, the result of pampered habits and lack of exercise. This is all very absurd. Girls of all classes were never more generally, more properly, more busily employed than they are to-day. Homes were never regulated and governed so well, for the home-makers were never so intelligent or so well-informed. Girls were never so agreeable as they are in this year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-six, never so bright, interesting and accomplished. Girls never contributed so much to the general welfare and productiveness of society as they do to-day, and the death rate among them was never lower, either. These are a few brief words of introduction to what might be said on behalf of that long-suffering young person, the modern girl. This department will not be found to encourage any nonsense about her predecessors.

Births.

In Thurlow, on the 4th inst., the wife of JOHN KEARNEY, of a daughter.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED,

A GIRL, ABOUT 14 or 16 YEARS OLD, TO do light house work in small family. Good wages to suitable person. Apply to MRS. O. HEWAT, Stirling.

NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing their dead from the old burying ground in Stirling, must remove the same before the First day of December next, as there will be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.

A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling, 4th August, 1886.

TO RENT
AT SPRINGBROOK.

A VERY COMMODIOUS AND CONVENIENT Grain Elevator situated on the Central Ontario Railway, in the centre of a good grain growing country. Applications will be received up to the 1st of September. For particulars apply to

THOS. RUPERT,
Sec. Elevator Company, Springbrook.

TO THE
Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agency established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, Jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Hoard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HERRING & SONS.

Stirling, Aug. 5th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

Retribution At Last.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

"Read it, Madge," was all Cecil said.

Madge was horror-stricken. The room seemed to swim round; yet she comprehended all at a glance, and wasted no words. One moment she paused to steady her voice; then she said—

"Yes, you must go. Shall I go with you, dear? I can be ready in a moment."

"Bless you, Madge!" replied the stricken man brokenly. "And yet it will hardly be the place for you."

"We cannot think of that now, Cecil; besides, it is the place for me. I can leave a message for mother with Parkins, and write afterwards."

• • • • • •

Lewis Deane, his face lacerated and scarred and as haggard as if he had endured years of suffering, with his right arm in a sling, was dragging himself painfully and restlessly up and down the deserted hall of the hotel to which a few of the sufferers in the terrible railway accident had been carried, as Cecil and Madge Graham entered that same evening. Cecil's fierce words died on his lips as the wretched man came forward; and the husband followed mutely when he who had tempted his unloved wife from her allegiance led the way, with a silent gesture, into an empty sitting-room close by. It was Madge who first found voice, and she spoke in a breathless whisper.

"Nellie—how is she?"

"She died an hour ago," said Lewis Deane harshly through his set teeth, turning from the pale girl, whose eyes he could not meet, and confronting Cecil. "She is dead, and we have killed her between us. There'll be a black account written up against us for this; and you are worse than I, villain though I am!"—and he spoke fast and huskily. "If you had shown her one spark of love or one atom of kindness, you would have bound her to you forever. Nothing could have tempted her to forsake you. But you made her mad with wounded love and pride and jealousy, and I took advantage of her madness. I would have given my life to have saved hers just now," he added, his voice growing faint and hoarse.

Cecil, struck to the heart, made no answer; and Madge, her face buried in her hands, sobbed audibly, while Lewis Deane crawled out of the room and out of the house. He was indeed reaping the bitter harvest of remorse and shame.

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The disfigured body of the unfortunate young wife—the once gay and innocent Nellie Mill—was brought home, and buried with all the pomp and circumstance of death.

Although there was much surmising, while hints at some great scandal and *faux pas* were not wanting, yet as nothing was certainly known, the bereaved husband and his family appearing in deep mourning, and with countenances decorously sad, the nine-days' wonder was soon forgotten.

Cecil as an interesting young widower—"So romantic, you know, my dear; they had only been married a month or two, and she was such a pretty little creature, whom he married out of pure love!"—was more a rage than ever. He had published a new volume of poems, which the critics had almost unanimously praised; but it was not the one in which Argent Veriston was immortalised. The slight melancholy depression which hung over Cecil increased the interest felt in the charming poet by some young ladies, who thought it was "so Byronic." The idea of some cruel disappointment, some tragedy in his life, of a painful past, vaguely hinted at, vaguely surmised, added the crowing fascination of mystery to the fame of the literary lion.

It is not to be wondered at that, petted by society, and his conscience thus gently rocked to sleep, Cecil should begin to look upon himself as an illused individual, to whom fate had been exceptionally cruel; that he should begin to pity himself as deceived rather than as deceiver, and as unfortunate rather than as reprehensible; that he should imagine a bright untroubled future ought now, in common justice, to be his own; a future, he even told himself, earned by the disappointment, grief, and shame of the past. Anyhow, that was the conclusion at which he arrived within six months of his wife's untimely end.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I think I shall go over to Veriston this afternoon," said Cecil Graham carelessly to his landlady, Mrs. Mill, as she brought him a letter.

Ay, do, sir!" she replied, blooming and neat as ever, still wearing black for her niece, the beloved and lamented wife, as she believed, of her aristocratic lodger, on her connection with whom she never dreamed of presuming. "It'll cheer you hup a bit, sir;" and she wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron. "Don't you be in no 'urry to get back, sir. If so happen as we've gone to bed, you've only to walk in; and I'll leave you heut a bit of something to eat, as a empty stomach 'll do nobody no good."

"I suppose there are no changes at the house?" asked Cecil, smiling.

"No, sir; which there are none yet."

"It is almost a wonder Miss Veriston is not married, Mrs. Mill. She was a very lovely girl."

"Well, sir, folks 'as their different fancies of course, and I don't say but what she ain't a grand way with, and pretty 'air for light 'air; but talk o' married—well, sir, they do say as 'ow it won't be long first."

"What do you mean? Is she going to be married?" said Cecil, bringing the words out with an effort.

"Well, Mr. Graham, sir, perhaps you never saw Mr. Stone, as is the parson at St. Matty's at Easthore? He's very 'igh church; and folks did say as 'ow he thought marrying was downright wicked, and he's nearly as old as Miss. Veriston's father. Howsumdever, there's no 'counting for tastes, and he's a kind, good soul, be he what he may; and, if she favours of him, why no one else need bother theirselves. That's what I say!" And the good woman paused for breath.

"Mr. Stone?" repeated Cecil. "Yes, I have met him once or twice at Veriston; but I never thought—I cannot think there is any truth in this report!"

"Maybees not, sir, maybees not! Only Sairey Mason down to Easthore do say she 'ave met 'em together constant, only that's neither here nor there. Be it true, or be it not, you'll find it out soon enough, sir, if you're going to the Mere House."

It was a gray afternoon in March, and the landscape looked bare and desolate as Cecil walked down the well-remembered path, through the flowerless meadows, and by the river flowing so sullenly beneath the lowering sky. Following some fancy of his own he went first to the mere, where he used to sit of old with Argent in the glorious summer-time which seemed so long ago. He could hardly imagine it to be the same place. The gloomy silent waters, stripped of their bravery of flowers and leaves, the melancholy level shores, the bare trees, their branches waving with a moaning sound in the chill and rain-laden wind, filled Cecil with vague disquiet.

Could it indeed be true that Argent was lost to him, that she was perhaps even now the plighted bride of another, that another had leave to press the hand she had withdrawn from his, and that another might kiss the lips denied to him? The thought stung Cecil to madness. No, it could not, it should not be! She was his, and no more power on earth should take her from him now. His brow grew dark and his face stern as he hurried on, away from the memory-haunted mere, through the sodden grass, the gloomy dells and shrubberies of the park to the house.

How familiar, yet how strange it all was! There was the garden, once so blooming and sweet, now a damp, dismal wilderness. There were the creeper-covered walls of the old mansion, darkened by the early twilight of a dull March day. Was the past a dream, or was the present a dream? Cecil could hardly tell. All was so strange and so unnatural.

Once within, however, the sense of unreality passed away and the actual present returned. A bright wood fire glowed on the big hearth in the hall, and threw its fantastic radiance on the stained windows, the grim armour, and the ancestral portraits.

"Master's busy in the liber'y, sir, and giv' horders he was not on no account to be disturbed," respectfully exclaimed the gray-haired domestic; "but Miss Veriston——"

As it summoned by the mention of her name, the drawing-room door opened, and, closing it softly behind her, Miss Veriston advanced towards the fire.

"It is growing dark, Mapleson," she said. And her voice thrilled Cecil's heart painfully. Then she started, as she perceived a gentleman with the servant.

"Mr. Graham, miss," announced the man, with deferential readiness. And then she left the hall.

They were seen talking, apparently on easy friendly terms, over the glowing embers. Then Mr. Veriston appeared, and the trio partook of tea in the small cosy room.

As of old, Cecil sat opposite to the young *chatelaine*, letting his eyes dwell upon her ripe beauty, taking the cup she filled for him from her hands with trembling fingers, listening eagerly to every word she spoke, envying the light that touched so softly the pale gold of her silken tresses and the shadows that lurked in the folds of he black velvet dress, a dress more than any other calculated to set off her fair, delicately tinted beauty.

"We never thought we should see you again, did we, Argent?" the old man asked once of his daughter; and, oh, joy and wonder! her eyes drooped before Cecil's burning glance, and her voice faltered, as she answered in low tones—

"Yes, father; I—I thought he would come!"

Was he dreaming or awake? the young poet demanded of himself. Had this girl really rejected his love, or had he dreamt that she had? Of one thing only was he sure, that he would not leave her again without asking her the question. Come what might, he would hear his sentence from those sweet lips that very night!

Fortune favoured his resolve; for, after tea, Mr. Veriston, failing in his attempts to beguile his guest into one of his favourite discussions, went off to his study, and Cecil and Argent were left alone.

At first a constrained silence fell upon them. Then Cecil began abruptly, his voice sounding unnatural in his own ears—

"So you thought I should return, Miss Veriston! Are you glad to see me now I have come?"

"Yes," she answered, in something of her old brief manner, but blushing as she had never been wont to do.

"When I left you," he went on, growing bolder—"you remember, Argent, when you crushed me with the cold cruel words you spoke, I never meant, never thought of such a thing as returning or seeing your face again. My one idea was to forget you, and to pluck you from my heart!" He paused; but the girl made no reply, no movement even. "But I could not do it; I could not forget, Argent! I cannot live without you, I must have your love!" Then, seeing that she did not speak, he added, "What made you think that, in spite of your rejection, I should seek you again?"

By this time Cecil was on his knees before Argent's low chair. He had seized the two cold hands, totally oblivious of the Reverend Mr. Stone's supposed claims, and, scarcely conscious of what he did, he pressed them in his own until Argent's rings cut into the tender flesh. Cecil was looking up with intense passionate yearning into her blue witching eyes; for Argent's verdict meant life or death to him.

"Why did you think I should seek you again?" he demanded almost fiercely in his agony of suspense.

"It must have been," came at last well nigh inaudibly from the sweet lips which had grown pale while he spoke, "because—because I loved you, Cecil, all the time;" and the blushing girl hid her face on his shoulder.

In after years Cecil tried vainly to recall the ecstatic thrill which ran through him, almost agonising in its ecstasy, at this confession.

Little by little, Cecil won from Argent a confession of how his words, and his face, with its passion of love, haunted her. Everywhere she heard his voice, everywhere she saw his face; and, in his absence, in the silence which seemed so new to her, she had learned to love and long for his presence.

She had not been unhappy, she said; she had felt certain that he would return, that her love, by countless subtle influences, would draw him back to her.

"And you see, it has done so!"—smiling up at him as they sat together her head on his breast, too happy to give a thought to anything but their own experiences.

"Say rather it was my love for you," he answered, "which would not let me rest without you. Oh, my darling"—and he strained her to his breast with a convulsive movement—"nothing can separate us now, nothing can come between us any more! I must have you all my own soon—at once;" and he raised the blushing face and kissed the soft lips. "When will you give yourself wholly to my keeping, dearest?"

"It shall be when you will, Cecil," was the answer, in so low a tone that he could scarcely hear it.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Cecil Graham's wedding morning—a glorious glowing windless morning in July; for, on account of Mr. Veriston's illness, a tedious attack of gout, the wedding had been put off more than once. This had caused good Mrs. Mill so shake her head ominously and predict evil things to her gossips. However all had gone well; and the fateful day had arrived. The wedding was to be a quiet affair. There were to be no guests and no breakfast; the happy pair were merely going to walk down to Easthore Church, where the ceremony was to be quietly performed by the Reverend Maurice Stone.

Not even Madge Graham was to be present; for Cecil had determined to keep his marriage secret until it really was over, although his engagement was of course known. He wished to surprise his family as once before, but in very different circumstances, by the sight of his bride. He reflected with happy pride on the sensation her superlative loveliness would produce and the love she would be certain to inspire.

Once more Cecil was light-hearted, genial, and intensely, perfectly happy; no shadow from the evil past darkened the radiant glory of the present. All its hosts were laid to rest; not one reproachful spirit disturbed his slumbers in the silent night, and not one remorseful memory haunted his dreams, which were all of love, of joy, and of Argent!

And she? Day by day her soul and her intellect expanded in the sunshine which filled her innocent life. It seemed to the lovers as if every one, even Nature herself, rejoiced in their love. Never had there been so fresh and exquisite a spring, never so royally beautiful a summer; and now it was their wedding morning!

Argent was awake before the sun had risen. Not feeling the slightest inclination to sleep, she rose, threw the window wide open, and sat by it to watch heaven and earth "partake the sacrament of morning." A few early songsters were already on the wing, calling to each other from the dim fields and groves. A light breeze stirred the pink rose-leaves that framed the casement and dashed the girl's fair hair with dew as she leaned out among them. A large white star, "the planet of love," shone in the east. Argent watched it fade on "a bed of daffodil sky," that grew brighter every moment. A few rosy clouds hung in the zenith; gradually these became yellow too, then white and lustrous.

Presently the sun appeared above the distant sea, and rose grandly and silently into the heavens. Another day was born. Joyous songs burst forth from the birds to hail its birth, the dew drops flashed in the sunlight, and the dancing waves sparkled. A fair new day was born—Argent's wedding-day!

Suddenly an impulse came over her to visit all her old haunts once more, to bid farewell to the dear bowers of her childhood and girlhood, and to bear away with her a special memory of their beauty. The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock. She would go now, and dress after breakfast. The white silk dress she was to wear hung in her wardrobe. She glanced at it lovingly, stroking its glistening folds with caressing fingers. There were her little bonnet, her veil, and her gloves—she smiled tenderly on them all. Then she put on the blue morning dress she had worn the day before, took her large sunshade and stole from the room. She went along the corridors and down the silent staircase; for no one but herself was stirring yet. She passed through the hall, on the floor of which the light from the stained glass fell in rich tints. Softly she opened and closed the heavy door and stood outside

"'The birthday of my life
Is come; my love is come to me,'"

sang Argent, as she passed through the garden with its dewy leaves and awakening flowers.

Argent felt like a glad child—life seemed so fresh and so joyous. Her heart bounded with gladness, and her feet were as light as her heart; she could not help singing, emulating the lark which revelled overhead. Crossing the park and making brief visits to all the places she held dear, she reached at length the dearest place of all—the mere.

It lay before her in still radiant beauty, with here and there patches of dark leaves, snow-white lily cups rocking in delicious coolness on its azure bosom. Lost in happy reverie, Argent stood on the flowery brink among the harebells and irises, gazing over the serene expanse. How solitary, how empty, save for Nature's loveliness, her life had once been! How full of pleasure and love it was now!

"Thank Heaven!" said the girl reverently from the depths of her grateful heart, raising her eyes to the untroubled sky.

A moment longer she stood; then her eyes rested on her boat. Yes, she would float once more alone on her beloved mere; she would have one more row on its inviting surface. Loosening the little skiff, she took her place, and, with a few swift strokes, was "floating in heaven," as she had once termed it. Then she let the sculls drop, and they trailed along with opalescent bubbles in their wake as she floated in luxurious idleness, drinking in with rapt eyes the loveliness of the scene, thinking happy thoughts of love and of the future that had dawned for her with this exquisite summer.

"I will have a bouquet of lilies," she murmured presently. "I will wear my favourite flowers at my wedding. Cecil loves them too; he said yesterday," flushing, though alone, at the recollection, "that they were like me when he first knew and loved me—sunk in enchanted dreams, white, calm, and pure! Oh, foolish dear Cecil, to weave such poetical fancies round me!"

The silent sapphire mirror below showed her a lovely blushing face, its tender eyes and tremulous lips smiling up at her, its golden hair falling round it like a cloud, as she stooped over to gather the floating waxen lilies.

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"Wish me joy, Mrs. Mill," said Cecil Graham, who, having just despatched his breakfast, stood before the little square mirror that adorned his chimney-piece, fastening a white rose-bud in his coat.

He had had a restless night, disturbed by miserable dreams. The face—not of his fair young bride, but of his injured and guilty wife—had haunted him through the hours of darkness, sometimes smiling and childishly gay, sometimes pale and wild as when she left him on the balcony the last time he saw her in life, sometimes dead and cold with a deep gash across its gray pallor. Thus it haunted him, and her voice—merry, reproachful, revengeful by turns—rang in his affrighted ears. Altogether he had been ill-treated by imagination, and he had awakened with throbbing head and weary eyes, strangely depressed and melancholy. However, a cold bath, the lovely morning, and more pleasant waking thoughts had brought him back to his normal state of health and spirits, and no dark memory of the midnight's trouble dimmed the brightness of eyes and smile as he bade his landlady wish him joy.

"That I does, sir," responded Mrs. Mill, who had replaced her black dress by the old festive flowered silk—for after all no sorrow could bring back the dead to life; and Miss Veriston, she thought, was a more suitable bride for the well-bred young poet than simple countrified Nellie. "'Appy is the bride as the sun shines on, and sure enough the sun'll shine on ye both this day. As my Willum say, ony this minute, it's a good homen, and he's a rare one for knowin', is Willum, though a bad one to speak."

"Well, I hope he's right this time," said Cecil, laughing gaily; "but how slowly the time passes! I'll take a turn or two in the garden by way of keeping up my spirits, you know."

"Mrs. Mill joined in his laugh, but finally turned away with a sigh from the contemplation of his tall figure as he strolled along, whistling blithely.

"How soon the dead are out o' mind!" she mused, with half a sigh, as she went to see after her baking. "Poor Nellie!"

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Twilight solemn and serene—warm, balmy summer twilight, adorned with a crescent moon and "one star its chrysolite," with innumerable soft mysterious sounds announcing the advent of night. The golden hours of the day had passed one by one, the birds' songs were hushed, the lilies closed, the dew falling, and Evening had set her dusky seal upon Cecil Graham's wedding-day.

Tranquil and beautiful as ever, the mere lay beneath the purple sky, one thin line of silver wavering over it cast by the sinking moon. Beautiful as ever the flower-wreathed walls of the Mere House rose among the trees, a faint cloud of blue smoke rising from one of the chimneys, lights glimmering here and there through the mullioned panes—a fair picture indeed of home and peace!

The bed-room belonging to Argent was a small pretty room facing the east. The walls were delicately tinted, and the hangings all of white and silver. A box of mignonnette on the sill scented the whole apartment, and climbing roses borded the window. A few photographs and statuettes were the ornaments of this maiden bower—a room, as her adoring lover would have said, quite characteristic of its occupant—"white, pure, and calm."

"It was not empty now; for, on the little bed, with its snowy draperies, Argent lay asleep. Over the silken coverlet her hair, smooth and shining, trailed its amber curls. A faint sweet smile was on the mouth, so softly closed, and the eyelids rested on the pale cheeks. Ah, very fast asleep she was! For even Cecil could not wake her, though but an hour since he had called—first, in love's own persuasive accents, then in agony that was almost frenzy—her name.

"Argent, Argent! Oh, love, love, speak to me once more—only once more—one word to keep my heart from breaking!" But still she slept unmoved—slept and smiled!

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Cecil is alone with his bride. Worn out with his wild grief, worn out with the love whose depths he has not even begun to fathom, he kneels by the motionless form of his lost love. His eyes rest on one of her cold hands, hidden in the white folds of the robe she wears. His breast heaves with a painful effort, and now and then a convulsive shudder shakes him from head to foot.

The bitterness of death, like a tide, is rising ever higher and higher round his shrinking spirit. Truly his sin has found him out! Truly Nellie is amply avenged!

Leaning over for the lilies, the poor girl must have capsized the frail boat, and, with none to hear her despairing cries, none to aid, she had sunk beneath the laughing waters, like fair-haired mad Ophelia—to "muddy death." A lily, with its long stem and large dark leaves, was found tightly clutched in one of her hands—the worthless flower for which she had given her glad young life! Instead of the lovely living bride who was to have met him at the altar, this dead, drowned form was put into the bridegroom's arms—unloving and unresponsive, whose gentle soul had passed beyond his mortal reach for ever.

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Cecil has looked upon his past life with eyes from which the seals have fallen. At one stroke all has been torn from him—hope, love, and joy; and, smitten to the heart, all his "refuge of lies" in ruins around him, in the presence of Death, with bitter groans and scalding tears, he has acknowledged in the furnace which yet shall purify his erring soul that his unutterable woe which has overtaken him is indeed a righteous retribution.

[THE END.]

THE STOVE-PIPE HAT.

Points From a Discussion in a Leading Scotch Paper.

During the past few weeks the columns of the leading paper in Glasgow have been opened to correspondents who desired to present arguments for and against the wearing of the tall silk hat. To judge from the number of letters that have been published on the subject, one would suppose that hundreds of people had devoted the best part of their lives considering the merits of the proper covering of the heads of men, and that nearly all of them had come to the conclusion, after diligent study, observation and reflection, that the tall silk hat possessed advantages over every form of headgear that had been worn in ancient or modern times.

A commercial traveller states that when he first took to the road he wore a suit of light tweed cloth and a soft slouch hat. These, he thought, would be very comfortable, well suited for travelling, and sufficiently dressy for a person engaged in his occupation. His trip was not successful, though he abstained from all the vice common to "drummers" and attended strictly to business. The few bills of goods he sold were to small dealers of somewhat doubtful commercial standing. He was so discouraged by his failure to secure trade that he was thinking of giving up the business when an English commercial traveller suggested to him that his dress was not in his favor. He recommended him to discard his tweed sack and low slouch hat, and to wear in their place a black frock-coat and shiny stove-pipe, and to try "his luck again." He followed the advice, and succeeded far beyond his first anticipations. He was welcomed at places where he was not received before, and generally made large sales.

THE VALUE OF GOOD CLOTHES.

This statement is followed by one from a prosperous city merchant. He writes that he entered the house of which he is now the manager and senior partner as an office-boy. He at once resolved "to work himself up to the highest round," if that could be accomplished by study, care, industry, and the exercise of all the ability he possessed. His progress was slow at first, but he attributed this to the fact that he was young. When he became a man he dressed plainly, ordinarily in tweed clothes and low hat, so as to save all he could out of his salary. He made himself useful to the house and was more than once assured that his service was duly appreciated. Still nothing was said to him about taking him into the firm or giving him an interest in the business. Becoming discouraged at his prospect of advancement, he concluded that he might as well spend more of his salary in dress and making a better appearance. He accordingly appeared at his place of business one Monday morning in a black broadcloth suit, while a tall silk hat was on his head. He entered on his duties as usual, and no remarks were made about his change of dress, but more customers addressed him than was customary, and before the week ended he was invited to become a member of the firm.

A German commercial gentleman, temporarily residing in Glasgow, adds his testimony in favor of the tall hat. He states that merchants from London and Paris are better received in Berlin than are those from Glasgow and Edinburgh, and he is inclined to think that the preference to them is due to the tall hats they wear, as the soft hats worn by the Scotchmen present a very cheap appearance. The testimony of these three men appears to be sufficient to establish the value of the tall hat in the world of trade and commerce. Its value in promoting respectability and morality is declared by many persons.

FROM A MORAL STANDPOINT.

A woman states that she has for many years observed the men taken to a station by the police, and that not one in 200 wears a tall hat. Another has noticed while travelling that the men who wear tall hats behave in a more dignified, respectful and refined manner than those who wear caps or low hats. The former are not addicted to the use of profane or low language. A lady who has given much attention to the matter of dress thinks that no covering for the head is so becoming or tasty as the tall silk hat, and she regrets that they are so expensive and so liable to cause headache and baldness. This letter calls out communications from a physician and a dealer in second-hand goods. The doctor states that the tall hat is the most healthful covering for the head, and declares that the men who wear them very rarely have the headache. If the hat has a ventilator at the top of it the wearer is not likely to become bald. It causes the top of the head to be surrounded by air, which is the poorest conductor of heat, thus keeping it warm in winter and cool in summer.

The dealer in second-hand articles of dress states that he pays more than twice as much for cast off silk hats as he does for felt hats that originally sold for the same price. He thinks if they were generally worn that dealers would pay half-price for them when they had seen six month's service. They would be cleaned up and shaped so as to conform to the latest style. Finally, the testimony of a professor of science and navigation is given in regard to the tall hat as a life-preserver. He says it is more serviceable in case of shipwreck than any buoy he has ever experimented with.

It now seems evident that the stove-pipe hat is the most potent agent in every department of progress and reform that we possess. We now understand why there is so much wealth, refinement, culture, and intellectual activity in London and Paris. The men who live in these cities generally wear stove-pipe hats. In view of the testimony that has been given on the subject it seems likely that we have not yet discovered half the virtues of the tall hat.

Equal to the Occasion.

"Who is that horrible whiskey bloat?" asked a female of an acquaintance, while they stood viewing the guests at a fashionable reception. "Which one?" "That one with the red moustache and awful nose, don't you see?" "He is my husband." "Oh," laughed the lady, "I see you are not sensitive," although she saw vengeance in the eyes of the insulted lady. "Several nights ago a friend of mine made a similar remark about my husband, and I became very angry. I declared it would anger any woman, but my friend said that you, having the best husband in the world, would not care, and I wagered a pair of gloves that you would, but you see I have lost. I hear that your husband is spoken of as an available candidate for the City Council. How clever he must be!"

White dresses for house wear are in general use by persons in morning.

HEALTH.

Enlarged Hearts.

Why does the heart sometimes become enlarged?

For the same reason that the muscles of the blacksmith's arm become enlarged—unwonted work, that increases the blood supply and the power to assimilate nourishment. In one case of the disease, an enlarged heart weighed nearly three pounds, and in another over four pounds—the common weight being rather less than three-quarters of a pound.

What is the cause of the heart's undue action?

Some obstacle to the circulation, which compels the heart to work harder to propel the blood. A small increase in the force of each heart-beat involves immense additional work.

What are the causes of the obstruction? The following are the most common:

(1) Disease may have narrowed some one or more of the heart-valves, so that the the heart has to force the blood through a smaller opening—in extreme cases not larger than the diameter of a quill.

(2) A valve may have become so affected that it leaks, and the contraction forces the blood backwards as well as forwards, the backward flow thus distending the rear cavity, which is meanwhile filling from the valve in the other end. The latter cavity must do extra work to propel the superflous blood.

(3) A certain condition of the lungs, or of the arteries leading to them, may constitute the obstruction.

(4) Obstructions may be due to tumors, or to aneurisms, pressing against a large artery.

(5) The obstruction may be due to roughening of the internal surfaces of the arteries—a condition not uncommon in old age.

(6) Bright's disease is apt to be followed by cardiac enlargement. How it comes about is not certainly known.

(7) Such enlargement may be due to over-physical exertion. All long-continued muscular strain results in it, as in case of soldiers from long-forced marches. Boating and some other prize contests are a frequent source of enlargement.

Enlargement of the heart is not in itself an immediate evil. It is that by which nature overcomes a serious obstacle. But the enlargement tends to go on increasing until it results in a dilation and thinning, at some weak point, of the walls of the heart, in which case some slight extra exertion or excitement may cause a fatal rupture.

Treatment of the Opium Habit.

In the course of a very long practice I have treated many cases of the opium habit according to different plans, but unsuccessfully at first by limiting the treatment to too short a time, not appreciating the fact that chronic remedies to cure them. Finally, a case fell into my hands which I was compelled to treat through a long course on account of the lady's physical condition, she being worn out by the long continued use of the drug, and unable to withstand any sensible revulsion. The habit had been indulged in for eighteen years, and the amount of morphine taken in twenty-four hours when the treatment began was a drachm a week, or eight grains a day. The following is the plan by which she was cured in four months, and a number of patients afterwards by the same:

Taking the whole amount of morphine she had used in the last seven days, I dissolved it in a three-ounce vial containing twenty-one teaspoonfuls of water (making three doses a day for seven days,) adding five drops of tr. nux vomica, and one-fourth grain of quinine to each teaspoonful, and enough spirits of lavender to color the solution. The maximum quantity of morphine was employed for the first seven days to establish the patient's confidence that the process of treatment was not adverse to her craving. Then, for twenty weeks, I went on lessening the amount of morphine every seven days by one-twentieth, and at the same time increasing the tincture by one drop, and the quinine a one-fourth grain at each change, until the morphine was left entirely out. In the meantime, however, I ceased to augment the quinine after the ninth week, but added ten drops of elixir of vitriol to each dose taken afterwards. The diminution of morphine was so minute and gradual, and the taste being the same, the patient was unable to detect any change whatever during the four months' treatment. For a week or two after the morphine had been left out I continued the same solution, which was clamored for whenever I proposed to dispense with its use; and when I became satisfied that the habit was then all in the mind, I announced that she had not taken a particle of morphine for two weeks. She was dazed, covering her face with her hands and remained silent for some time. She wanted no more morphine; her health had become very much improved, and her gratitude seemed unbounded. Any physician may succeed by this plan, I think, if he will prevent the patient resorting to stimulants; at least I have never failed when stimulants are strictly avoided.

Why Some People Marry.

Some marry for the fun of the thing and never see where it comes in. This is discouraging.

Some marry for the sake of a good companion and never discover the mistake. This is lucky.

Man is a fickle "critter." Even Adam who had his wife made to order, found more or less fault with her.

Don't marry a man for his reputation. It is liable to be only a second hand affair borrowed from his ancestors.

Many women have married men for their fine exterior. But that's all there is to an ancient egg worth mentioning.

Marriage resulting from love at first sight is not generally wedded bliss on a par with sour milk. One or the other gets swindled, and often both.

Many a man has married for beauty only to learn that he paid twenty dollars for what can be purchased for twenty-five cents at all druggists. This is hard.

But few people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what were at the time promptings of the tender passion were, in all probability, but the first symptoms of cholera morbus.

The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy arrangement to have about the house does so from a pure business stand point, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has done better than many women I know of.—H. V. Nasby.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT.

Choose the right way, however rough, it will certainly prove easier than the wrong way.

He who has learned the science of silence may hide ignorance, and even acquire a reputation for knowledge and wisdom.

We instinctively applaud the courage of self-assertion; we should honor with a still higher approval the courage of self-restraint.

Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is the condition on which all men have cultivated themselves truly.

Denouncing the vapid verbiage of shallow praters, Carlyle exclaims, "Even Triviality and Imbecility that can sit silent, how respectable are they in comparison."

Impracticable theories grow out of thought without knowledge or lack of conscience. The man who wishes to help the world must bear a part in the world's interests and occupation.

All admit that a miser is not right to hoard his gold in a box when he might so invest it as to add to the welfare of multitudes. But every one does the same thing practically who holds in his own possession anything from which he cannot or does not extract the value, thereby rendering it useless.

ROUND THE GLOBE.

Harry L. Falk, swimming in the Conestoga River, saw a black bass within arms length of him. He grabbed for it, was lucky enough to catch his fingers in the gills, and swam ashore with a fine fish.

John Reynolds, a bad boy of Chicago, met Willie Knock last Sunday, and asked him to go to the lake. Willie, who was on his way to church, declined, and John drew a small revolver and shot Willie fatally.

A Maine groom who could talk no French and a French bride who could speak no English were married the other day in Lowell, Me. They both had understood the unspoken language of courtship.

Five years ago Lida Garrison of Denison, Texas, fell from a tree, and hurt herself so that she has not since been able to use her arms. She has succeeded in learning to paint, holding the brush with the toes of her left foot.

A twelve-year-old boy in Pleasant Valley, O., attempting to draw water from a well fifty feet deep, fell in. He went to the bottom without hitting the stones on the sides, grasped the rope, and was drawn out in safety by his mother and sister.

Farmer Underwood, of Rodman, N. Y., took a fine calf into Watertown in his wagon to sell to the butchers. Just as he reached the railroad a locomotive came along and whistled shrilly. The calf gave a start, tumbled, and dropped dead in the wagon, apparently dying of fright.

Two sparrows attacked a cat in Steator, Ill., drawing blood from its back with their stout little bills. The cat squalled and rolled on its back, trying to beat off the birds with its paws. But the little feathered bulldogs kept right at puss until she gave up, ran away, and hid under a fence.

Several days ago John Wade of Cowantown, Md., punished his vicious mastiff with a pitchfork. He thought it had a salutary effect, but the dog was biding his time; and when his master returned home at dusk, a few days later, he attacked him, threw him down, and was mangling him, when he was rescued. The enraged brute was shot.

Mrs. Margaret Webber of Camden asked little Eddie Wood to drive her chickens out of the yard. Boy-like he threw a stone at them, and to his surprise hit one of the finest of the flock and killed it. At this Mrs. Webber became very angry, and with a stick of wood beat the boy until he fell at her feet. The boy died ten days after. Mrs. Webber has been arrested.

Four years ago Julia Smith, who lived in an old house in a lonely place between Haddam and Chester, Conn., died. She left as her only mourner a mongrel dog, which has lived at the house ever since. No one lives in the house, and no one wants to; but the dog is always in the little yard, and neighbors say they never see him go out. There are those who think that Julia's ghost feeds her faithful cur.

A train hand in the Salem Railroad yard on a recent hot night heard a chicken's peep coming from a freight car. He went in, and among a lot of eggs found one through which a chick had stuck its head. The little fellow was removed and now thrives at the train hand's home. The weather is sometimes called "hot enough to fry eggs." This was evidently hot enough to hatch chickens.

A Detroit tramp, who for ten days had been driven from place to place by the police, saw a little boy fall into the river, and at once plunged in and saved him, although not until the boy in his struggles had nearly drowned both. The tramp was assured by a policeman that he wouldn't be molested any more, the bystanders praised him, and the boy thanked him. He looked hungry as he walked away to dry his rags.

The garden of Albert Smith in South Sodus, N. Y., has been a well-behaved and well-cultivated patch for nearly sixty years. Two weeks ago an area of thirty-eight square feet rose three inches above the normal surface in a single night, and two inches more during the day. The next morning it was seven inches above the surrounding land. This yeast-like process has been going on until now the spot is three feet higher than the rest of the garden and still rising. A Cornell professor is going to visit the eccentric garden and explain the phenomenon.

A little 7-year-old Bridgeport girl saw a young woman drop her purse in a street car and a man pick it up. She told the man that the purse belonged to the young woman. He said nothing. She repeated the assertion, and he told her to shut up. Then she called the attention of some gentlemen in the car to the case. They said he must give up the purse; he said he hadn't found any. The little girl stuck to it until the man pulled the purse from his pocket, threw it on the seat, and quit the car. The purse was restored to its owner.

The lofty wooden spires of the churches in Mattoon, Ill., have been pierced in hundreds of places by woodpeckers looking for food or for places for nests. The holes in the Methodist church steeple became so unsightly that a man was employed to shoot the birds. Then bees took up their abode within, and their honey drips from the holes and smears the steeple. The Congregational church steeple is well filled with honey, and so are steeples in neighboring towns. Six swarms of bees were seen to quit the spire of a Paxton church in one day.

In a Mexican Dungeon.

The barracks in which A. K. Cutting, the American newspaper man, is imprisoned in Paso del Norte, Mexico, was visited recently. It would be difficult for Mexican spite to select a more dreadful place for the punishment of a human victim than the room in which he is confined. He is placed in a dungeon with about twelve other prisoners. The dungeon has but a door for ventilation purposes, and this is closed at night, and the prisoners left for twelve hours to suffer in the heat and foul atmosphere. But 6 cents a day is allowed each prisoner for food, and most of them present an emaciated appearance or are succumbing to disease. Cutting is given food by friends whom the authorities are inclined to permit to see him. Several of the prisoners confined in the dismal dungeon are also Americans. They have been confined for months, and have not been able to communicate with the outside world. One of them states that he has been given no trial, and does not know why he is confined. He presents a pitiable sight, and begged the Americans who were admitted to do something to save him. The American consul has been snubbed, and all communication between him and the authorities has ceased. He has forwarded papers to Washington, and remains powerless unless aided by the Government.

He Wasn't That Kind of a Hindoo.

"And do you," said the visitor to the circus to the swarthy Hindoo in the Mother Hubbard pants, "do you actually worship yonder white elephant? Do you heathen go out each morning to offer orisons while clustered around his feet? Do you actually worship such ungainly animals on the foliaged banks of the sluggish Nile?"

"Phat's that?" inquired the exhibition Hindoo.

"Do you—eh—hold those white elephants as sacred animals in the land of the Lotus Eaters?"

"Be jabers, an' that's all poppycock to me. Phat kind uv guff be yez givin' me? Oi am here fur $10 a week an' found an' whin I quit worshipin' the Virgin Mary and fa'l to payin' me respicts to a runt ilephant yez may lose all faith in Paddy O'Hara."

Dictates of Fashion.

Miss Style (to coachman)—"James, your whiskers are not in harmony with Fido's. It mortifies me dreadfully when I go on the boulevards. I wish you to take Fido with you to the barber's and have your whiskers trimmed to match his."

James—"Mightn't I have the dog's hair cut to match mine ma'am?"

Miss Style (sternly)—"How can you think of it? Fido is just in style."

YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Folks Among the Zulus.

Africa has a warm climate, so warm that the little babies do not need any clothes. But it is too cold sometimes for the little tender babe to be without a blanket. There is occasionally a white frost down in the deep valleys in the Winter, but it never comes up the hills to the houses on the coast. Away back sixty miles from the coast there is a little ice, and beyond that on the mountains there is some snow. My children had never seen snow when they came to America. One morning as they came down from their sleeping-rooms they saw for the first time the ground all white. They were very much excited and rushed out to pick up the snow to see what it was like. But they threw it down quickly, for they said it burnt their fingers; they did not know that snow would burn.

The Zulu mother buys a cotton blanket that costs her a good deal of money (75 cents), to wrap up the babe on these cool mornings. She has no bed or crib to put the little one in, so she lays it on a mat on the ground, and there it sleeps sweetly. The mother has not much work to do in her hut. She has no clothes to make or wash or mend. She does not even wash her blanket often, for she says it will wear it out to wash it, and I think it would wear holes in it if she should wash it clean. She has only one dish of food to cook at a meal. She sets that out in the middle of the floor, and the men gather around it, sitting on the ground, and eat with wooden spoons until they are satisfied. Then the women and children come and eat what they want, and if there is anything left the dogs lap it out of the dish. So the woman has only one dish and a few spoons to wash and only one room in her hut to sweep out and no furniture to dust.

But she does not expect to live in idleness, since her husband has paid ten head of cattle for her. She takes great pride in having a nice garden—as much so as your mothers in having a nice house. When the mother goes out in the garden to work, she ties the babe on her back with the blanket I have spoken of, and marches out with a great hoe on her shoulder, a dish of sour milk on her head to feed the babe with and her hands full of ears of corn. Arriving she scatters the corn broadcast and commences her digging, swinging back and forth with her little one on her back, thus rocking her babe to sleep. She then lays it on the soft grass in the shade of a tree, and although there are so many snakes all about there, we have never heard of their biting the little ones. There is one very large snake there—large enough to swallow a babe. I have caught them as large as a stove-pipe and sixteen feet long. But they do not swallow the children.

When the little one wakes up it cries just as white children do, and the mother throws down her hoe and runs to it just as fast as any of your mothers run for you when they hear you crying. She loves her child just as much as white mothers do theirs. It is hungry, and the mother feeds it with that sour milk she has brought on her head. They never drink sweet milk—neither the children nor the grown people—for their dishes are always sour. The mother has a nice way of feeding her little one without cup or spoon. She puts her hand just under the babe's mouth and makes a tunnel, and pouring in the milk it runs right down the child's throat. When the little fellow is big enough to run all about the hut, and he sees his father has some food ready to eat (it may be thick milk with boiled corn ground), he comes and holds out his two hands put together and says, "Gi pe baba ukudhla kwako okum uandi" [give me, papa, some food of yours which is nice.] The father fills his hands heaping full and he laps it all out without spilling a drop on the ground.

The children are contented with plain food, and have but one kind of food at a meal. They never complain of a hard bed, though they sleep on a mat on the ground, often without even a little blanket to cover them. If you should go into their hut you would find "the little darkies in bed with nothing over them." They are just as happy as the goats they sleep with at night, or as the monkeys that come down from the tops of the tree to steal the corn as soon as it is ripe. They are as cheerful as the baboons that come out from among the rocks to scratch up the corn the mother plants, if she does not remain in the garden all day and keep them out. They are very fond of play. One of their amusements consists in making oxen and cows and other animals of clay. They skip and jump about as happy and joyful as the animals about them. But there is a kind of happiness which you have and which they have not. And they do not know how to get it until missionaries come and tell them.

A Righteous Judgement.

A Long Island doctor, who showed his skill with the pistol by shooting a tin can atop the head of a companion, and banged away until he not only riddled the can but killed the man, was last week convicted of manslaughter in the second degree. The lawyer for the defense made the curious plea that the marksman was so expert that he was certain of hitting the mark aimed at, and there was consequently no folly in his shooting as he did. No man in this world is so skilled with firearms and so sure of hitting the mark as to be warranted in shooting at tin cans and apples and potatoes on the head of man or woman or child. In this particular case the fallacy of the defendant's argument was demonstrated by the fact that the bullet intended for the can did miss the mark and penetrate instead the brain of the man. There are a number of pistol and rifle shots in this country who give stage exhibitions of their skill by shooting at objects placed on the head of a human being. Every once in a while the papers report a case of death caused by the practice. There are laws enough to forbid such exhibitions, but they are not often enforced; nor are the shooters who cause such death hung as numerously as they should be.

A Step in Advance.

It is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has fitted up a number of cars with baths. This is a decided step in advance, and it is not a little surprising that Mr. Pullman did not do the same thing long ago. The need of such refreshment as a bath alone furnishes must have been felt by all who have occasion to make long railroad journeys. So general is this want that bathing cars would be certain to pay well, and now that our neighbours have introduced them it is to be hoped that they will soon appear on American railways, and especially on the Pacific routes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Killed in Time.

A husband who had been out shooting, but had not been successful, rather than return home empty-handed, stepped into a shop and purchased a hare.

"There, my ducky," he said to his wife on reaching home, "you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all."

"Let me see!"

"Isn't he a fine fellow?"

"My dear," said the wife, as she carried the hare to her nostrils, and put it down with a grimace, "you were quite right in killing him to-day; to-morrow it would have been too late."

It was a Crusher.

"Then you are going to the seaside soon, Cicely, dear," said her morning caller.

"Oh, bless you, no! We go to the mountains this year. The seaside is too damp. It ruins all one's nice Summer dresses."

"Yes, that's so. Especially if you try to make them do two seasons, you know."

No need of a fan to close that interview. It was cool enough without.

The University of Cambridge has conferred the degree of LL. D., upon Sir Charles Tupper.

THE FARM.

To Prevent Rust.

The rusting of iron causes endless inconvenience in all branches of mechanical work. Iron rust impairs the value of the farmer's machinery, and the rusting of nails and bolts causes wood-work to lose strength, become leaky and fall to pieces. Rust may be banished and thorough protection given to iron whenever it is in such a position that a coating applied with a brush does not interfere with its usefulness. Bright and rough work can be alike protected, and so may nails, wood-screws and bolts.

Get two or three pounds of red lead and some boiled linseed oil; do not be persuaded into using raw oil. Get also some Japan drier; this will be needed at the rate of perhaps a tablespoonful to the pint of oil. Red lead cannot be bought ready mixed because it hardens too rapidly. Remove all the red rust from the iron, steel, tin or other metal; if painted, take off all that is not hard and firmly attached to the iron. Mix up a small pot of the paint, but not more than will be wanted for the work in hand. The Japan is used because quick drying is convenient. One-tenth as much litharge in powder as lead is sometimes an advantage. Give the articles a thin coat; keep the paint well stirred up as it settles very rapidly. When one coat is dry mix up another and apply as before. If closely covered the mixed paint will keep twenty-four hours or more.

This paint is water-proof, and in making a tank or trough it is better than the best white lead for putting into the joints when they are put together. Dip a nail into red lead and put a drop under the head before it is driven home and there will be little or no danger that the wood will ever become "iron sick" around it. Swab screws or bolt holes with it, and give the screws or bolts a coating, and they will not rust in the wood.

Tin pails covered with two or three good coats of red lead paint, resist water as though they were rubber. The coating is hard and very durable; in this respect being greatly in advance of any other paint. If the color is objectionable on iron, a coat of ordinary paint may be put on the outsidet

Red lead paint actually forms a perfect protecting coating for iron, as well as a cement of no mean strength. The reason why it is not generally used by manufacturers may be asked. The answer is simple. It cannot be mixed in large quantities, in advance, as it hardens too soon; it is heavy and somewhat costly, as compared with other paints; it settles in the bottom of the bucket and is not so easily applied as white lead and other paints. To the farmer none of these things are special objections. The superior protection is worth all the trouble required. Finally, try red lead in putty or make a gutty of it when a water-tight job is wanted. Joints of carriages, wagons or wheels, set in red lead putty or paint will not open, and a red lead coating or priming on a carriage, cart or any other farm tool, will insure most perfect protection for the wood. By all means, try it and test it before discussing its advantages with a wagon maker. Individual knowledge and practical experience is worth considerably more than good "trade" reasons.

Plotting Out the Prairie Farm.

In starting a home on the prairies one can easily show his good sense in the location of the buildings. Here you have one hundred and sixty acres, take pencil and paper, and upon the supposition that you locate your buildings all in one corner, as nine-tenths of the settlers do, you can easily estimate the amount of teaming it will require one of these days to get the produce to the barns from the forty acres in the opposite corner. This will lead you to locate the buildings near the centre of the claim. The best plan is probably to lay out the farm in ten-acre lots. You can then, by leaving just space enough to drive a wagon, go to any part of the farm in the least possible time, you will also have the advantage of knowing just how much land you have to a given crop, the yield per acre, and many other things you should thoroughly understand to work to advantage. Besides by locating in the centre you can see all that is going on at any part of the farm, keep better watch of your stock, if out in pasture, and see that dogs or wolves do not worry or destroy your sheep.

The division into lots of equal dimensions, and the same space can not be conveniently done unless the land is very level. If undulating, or cut into by a dry run, or by sloughs, or moist meadows, which nature laid out without regard to section lines, you will have to cut according to your cloth; even in that case it will be a good plan to have stakes every ten rods apart on the outside lines. If, however, you plant a row of trees around the claim by setting them a rod apart and using a Lombardy poplar for every tenth one, you can see from a distance, and locate any point with considerable accuracy; and it will aid you greatly in getting the location or size of any plot on the farm.

A Modern English Officer.

I had just sat down beside some comrades who were having their breakfast, and lifted a sardine to my lips, when Captain F—— came hastily up and told me that there was an officer dancing with rage on the water tins and calling for me; and he added in a whisper: "I think, by the nature of the language he is using, he must be a very big swell." So I put the sardine down untasted, and went off to see what was the matter. True enough somebody was there, and I could perceive a large solar tope bobbing above the water depot like an agitated mushroom. Its owner was a small man, and to secure a more commanding position, had mounted on a pile of empty tins, from which point of advantage he fired off his remarks like shrapnel shell. "Look here," he said, as soon as I came within range, "did you give orders for the mules to have water?" "Certainly not, sir; animals are only to be watered when the wells have been captured." "Very well; here is your representative, the officer!"—with withering scorn—"you leave in charge, breaking the orders and watering mules." Here the luckless A—— was understood to say that he was not doing anything of the sort, but was only looking at a paper on which some one had written a request for water for mules. "I don't care, sir! I saw you with my own eyes take this paper in your hand, and if you were not going to water the mules, what were you doing with it?" "Pardon me, sir," remarked A——meekly, "but if you are not more careful those tins will come down;" for he saw the pile beginning to tremble beneath his superior's wrath.

Down jumped the other as if they were red hot, but as soon as he found himself on firm ground continued the attack. "I'll tell you what it is, sir," he said, "this water is as precious as our life's blood, and there is only one thing to do to prevent its being squandered; we must make an example of an officer." Here he fixed his glance sternly on poor A——, whose enormous big eyes and somewhat cadaverous face gave him a most melancholy expression. "He must," continued he slowly, "be taken outside the zareba and shot." "Why, certainly, sir; a very good thing, too," I replied cheerfully; but just for decency's sake, before consigning my friend to an early death, I added: "If you will trust me, I will be responsible that the mules get no water, and there is still a large reserve in store." I did not dare to look at A——, who, notwithstanding his solemn face, was perceptibly shaking with internal spasms of suppressed mirth, which threatened at any moment to be too much for him, though he pulled himself together and managed to look as sober as a criminal at the bar, when the other replied, severely: "I am glad to hear you say so, and I will trust you; but—" and here he again fixed A——with his eye before turning away, as though regretting his leniency—"mark my word. If that officer attempts to give water to the mules he must be taken outside the zareba and shot." "You evidently are not good enough to be shot inside the zareba." I said to A——, as, bidding him prosper at his post, I returned to my breakfast. I feel I have described this scene very feebly, but there was a fine, old-fashioned flavor about the idea of casually shooting an officer before breakfast that tickled me immensely.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mary Macdonald was publicly decorated recently with the medal of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire for having, at the peril of her own life, saved that of a workman.

The women cricketers of Sidney, Australia, played a very successful match recently. The two elevens were led by two sisters, the colors being respectively cardinal and blue, and black and gold.

Princess Blanche d'Orleans, daughter of the Duke de Nemours, is a pupil of M. Aubert, and gives proof of great artistic talent. The hotel of the Duke de Nemours contains several remarkable works of the Princess.

The temperance hospital just established in Chicago, under the lead of Miss Frances Willard, is the second of its kind in the world, the first one having been founded in London in 1873.

A petition three hundred and seventy-one yards long, and signed by thirty thousand women of Ulster, has been addressed to the Queen, and beseeches her to withhold her assent from any Home Rule bill which may be passed.

Lady Archibald Campbell, the leader of the "Pastoral Players," has obtained permission from Lord Tennyson and Mr. Irving to bring out during the next "pastoral season," the Bower Scenes from the Laureate's drama of "Becket."

Miss Alma Murray, whose representations of Constance in Mr. Browning's "In a Balcony," of Colombe, and of Beatrice in the "Cenci," have marked her as an actress of high intellectual gifts, is engaged for the autumn to take the leading *roles* at Drury Lane.

A young married lady, Mrs. Lee, is Coquelin's most valued pupil. Her mother was a native of New Orleans, and her father of New York, and she was brought up in Europe. She can declaim in five languages as perfectly as though each were her mother-tongue.

At the fifteenth commencement of the London University, thirty girls were made bachelors of art or science. Several of them took high honors. Miss Mary Madeline Adamson taking first honor as bachelor of science over her male competitors.

The College for Higher Education of Women at Egham, England, raised by the munificence of the late Mr. Holloway, was opened by the Queen in person. Little short of two and a half millions of dollars has been spent on its erection.

A Miss Gibbons, who last year made a trip through unfrequented parts of North Devon, and published an account of it, under the title "*We Donkeys in Devon*," resumes her wanderings this season in the same little cart, with donkeys driven tandem, and will write an account under the head of "*The Donkeys on Dartmoor.*"

Harlem has a woman captain, Mrs. Mary E. Conns, who is licensed captain of the yacht of which her husband is engineer. Her application astonished the inspectors, but as she could "box the compass," knew the "rules of the road," and promised not to swear at the chief engineer, the licence was made out, and Mrs. Coons became the second licensed captain of the female persuasion in the world.

Lady Anne Blunt, the grandaughter of Lord and Lady Byron, is one of the cleverest women in England. She is an author, an adept in music and painting, a student of Oriental politics, a scholar capable of writing to her Ceylon friends in their own language, and capable manager of her beautiful home, Crabbet Park, and the teacher of her only daughter.

Through the founder, the Countess of Carnarvon, a society of Irish women have sent to the Edinburg Industrial Exhibition specimens of homespun and tweeds, knitting lace and crochet, embroidery and sprigging, besides plain sewing and the making of poplins, gloves, umbrellas, paper bags, mustard cakes and biscuits, Vere Foster's copy-books pottery painting and straw bottle-covers. The Society for the Employment of Women is sending samples of scrivenery, illuminating, engrassing, and wood-carving, tent-making, tobacco, matches, Indian carpets, artificial flies, fishing-lines, pollen-nets, and tennis-nets, pins, muslins, linens, and fans.

Lady Wolseley has originated the scheme of a "May-Fair" cart, which calls three times per week at such opulent houses in the west end of London, whose owners are willing to assist in the work. The food is put into different cans, and then taken to a coffee-house, where, under superintendence, it is made up into appetizing dishes, or arranged in cold portions. It is then sold to laborers out of work, or others in straitened circumstances, at a nominal figure, which does not cover the cost of collecting. Sixty families, three hotels, and two clubs have already become contributors, and there are many others, who on the occasion of a dinner or other entertainment, have signified their intention of sending for the May-Fair cart.

The Queen of Denmark has on several occasions presented her own oil paintings for charitable purposes, and a new instance of her Majesty's kindness has just transpired. The small and poor parish of Lundoe, in Jutland, was sadly in want of a new altar-piece for the church, but their finances would not allow of the expense. The parishoners, however, resolved to present a petition to Queen Louise, asking her to paint one, and accordingly a deputation of two men was sent to Copenhagen. Her Majesty received them very graciously, and promised to fulfil their request. The men, having been served with refreshments in another apartment, were again summoned before the Queen, who asked them if this was their first visit to Copenhagen, and then handed to each of them a closed envelope, saying she hoped they would enjoy themselves while in the capital. The envelopes contained some new bank-notes.

What Ailed the Baby.

Since the installation of the nurse, rather peculiar symptoms of some disorder had been noticed in the three-month-old boy—the first baby in the family. One day, when these symptoms appeared rather more alarming than usual, I was called upon for advice. I had dabbled a little in medicine, and the mother thought me symptom-wise. I went to the nursery unannounced and caught the nurse in the act of taking a strong pull at a big bottle, which she hastily concealed just as the young mother entered the room. There was no need of an analysis to prove that the bottle contained whiskey of rather rank quality. The nurse was full of it. The boy betrayed unmistakable signs of intoxications. I put on a professional gravity and informed the anxious mother that her darling was suffering from "acute alcoholism"—in a word, he had taken an overdose of milk punch. The family physician was called in and confirmed my diagnosis. The nurse was, of course, packed off at once. Douglas Jerrold showed how "Baby Bib" became a confirmed drunkard before he had completed his first year's pilgrimage in this wicked world. In his case infant "cordials" and "comforts" were responsible. The case that I have cited shows that a nurse who is fond of her "comforts" may harbor as much danger as any "soothing syrup" in the market.

Father—"What ought I to do to a boy who is lazy and disobedient, who has no respect for his parents? What should be done to that kind of a boy?" Son—"Don't, for goodness sake, talk him to death. Give me the lickin' that's comin' to me, an' be done with it."

HOUSEHOLD.

Choice Recipes.

TOMATO SOUP.—To one quart of boiling water add one quart of tomatoes; boil again and put in one teaspoonful of soda; as soon as it has ceased foaming, add one pint of milk, four rolled crackers, butter, pepper and salt, and serve very hot.

A NUTRITIOUS BROTH.—A quarter of a teaspoonful of beef extract, the yolk of an egg beaten up, a cup of boiling water, a little salt added, and served with a slice of hot toast, makes a palatable and nutritious luncheon, and an excellent repast for invalids.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS—One quart of milk, one pint of bread crumbs, the yolks of two eggs. After it is baked spread jelly or any kind of fruit over the top. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, mix with sugar, and put on the top and set in the oven until a little brown.

BROWN BREAD—Three cups cornmeal, two cups of rye, half a cup molasses, 1½ cups each of sour milk and warm water. Mix molasses, milk, and water thoroughly, adding one teaspoonful of soda; then stir in the meal; steam four hours. Be very careful not to let the water stop boiling while steaming.

LEMON TART—One cup of sugar, two lemons, all the juice, and a teaspoonful of grated peel, one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, and one and one-half dozen raisins, stewed, cut in two, and seeded. Beat up well, and bake with upper and lower crust.

ORANGE TARTLETS—Two fine oranges, juice of both and grated peel of one, one cup of sugar—three-fourths cup if the oranges are very sweet—one tablespoonful of butter, one-half lemon—juice only—to wet one teaspoonful of corn starch. Beat all well together and bake in tartlet shells without cover.

A DELICATE SOUFFLE—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of chocolate in luke-warm water; add the yolks of four eggs and a cup of powdered sugar, and mix well together until you have a smooth, frothy paste. Beat up the four whites to a stiff froth and add them to the mixture. Pour all into a baking dish; leave it for twenty minutes in the oven and serve.

INDIAN PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS—Boil a quart of milk, and stir in a scant pint of Indian meal mixed smooth with cold milk, boil for twenty minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one each of ginger and cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of salt. Stir in a cup of molasses, and bake for an hour and a half. This may be varied by the addition of a cupful of raisins and currants.

COFFEE CREAM.—Beat one quart of rich, sweet cream to a stiff froth, like the white of eggs for icing; then mix with one-quarter pound of granulated sugar, and shortly before serving, beat into it one cup of cold coffee extract, which has been made by slowly filtering two cups of boiling water through two ounces of finely ground coffee. Serve in a glass dish, with lady fingers or fresh sponge cake.

SHORT-CAKES FOR STRAWBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, OR RASPBERRIES—One teacup of cream, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, mix and beat in flour, roll out quickly one-half an inch thick and bake. When taken from the oven split, spread with sweet butter, and then add berries; lay the upper part on, crust side down, and cover with berries and sprinkle with sugar. Prepare your berries with sugar half an hour before using. Be sure the berries are ripe.

APPLE JELLY—Take any tart red apples and quarter them to be sure of no wormy ones, but not peel them. Nearly cover them with water and boil all to pieces. Strain through a jelly-bag without using much pressure, as it will not be clear if you get in much of the pulp. Allow three-fourths pounds of sugar to one pound of juice and boil twenty minutes. Jelly from crab apples is made in the same way, the little apples making the nicest and clearest jelly.

VEAL SALAD.—Mix one half teaspoonful of mustard with half a cupful of vinegar. Beat the yolks of two or three eggs, with a little salt, until they are quite thick and light, then, stirring briskly all the time, slowly add two or three tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, and four tablespoonfuls of rich, thick, sweet cream. Then add mustard, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, and some very finely chopped parsley and tarragon. Pour this sauce over a heaping plateful of cold roasted veal, cut into pieces about an inch long and a quarter-inch thick, cover tightly and let it stand in a cold place for an hour or two. Serve on a platter and garnish with sprigs of crips parsley and slices of a hard boiled egg.

Married Women's Names.

It is becoming the fashion among married ladies to keep their maiden name in addition to their husband's surnames. This practice has long been in vogue among actresses and other ladies who have made a reputation for themselves before marriage, the benefit of which they are unwilling to lose. The names of Mesdames Goldschmidt-Lind, Trebelli-Bettini, Lemmens-Sherrington, and hosts of others, will readily occur to everyone as cases in point. But until lately the fashion was confined to actresses, singers, authoresses, and other ladies whose loss at marriage through the change of name would have been so substantial a pecuniary one that it might be estimated in thousands of pounds. It is only now that ladies in private life have begun to realize the fact that their own lot in unchanging their name, and thus, to a great extent losing their identity, is quite as real, and quite as important to themselves as the actress' would be to her, although possibly no one would go so far as to say it had a monetary value.

When a girl marries, it is usually only the favored few who are present at the wedding breakfast who really manage to remember her new name and address. How often we hear the question: "What is Mary So-and-so's name now, and where does she live?" How often the answer brings the rejoinder: "Dear me! we must have been quite close to her the other day; what a pity we did not know, we should have liked so much to go and see her." Hence the present movement on the part of married women. It certainly will have many advantages if it becomes general, not only to the ladies themselves, but to all their friends and acquaintances, especially if the double surname comes, in course of time, to be the distinguishing mark of a married woman, for as it would form part of a lady's ordinary signature, which the title of Mrs. or Miss does not, many a correspondent would be relieved from the harassing doubt which now besets him as to whether he is to address his reply to Mrs, Miss, or Esq.

Journalism Under Difficulties.

When we first struck Vancouver a small medium safe would have held our gold without any special strain, but when we had interviewed the enterprising business men of the city, and sized up the prospect and position of this splendid lay-out the telegraph wires were worked, and the first steamer from San Francisco brough a neat and complete newspaper plant, including the best press in the province, upon which the *Advertiser* was printed for just six short weeks. The fire left us just enough type to print a respectable hand-bill, but encouraged by the example of our neighbors, and full of faith in the future of the city, we commenced business in a 14 x 17 building with a canvas roof, and we write this article in a tent next door. A small hand-press, which is slow enough to turn a man's hair gray and old enough to make a gray-haired men feel young, has been given us and enabled us once more to produce a newspaper.—*Vancouver Advertiser.*

"Pa," said a 5-year-old son, "can a rope walk?" "I think not my son," answered the father, "but it might if it were taut."

"LET ME OUT OF THIS."

The Astonishing Experience of a Farmer.

On the evening of June 18, 1868, George Wellington, a Quebec farmer, had a gathering of friends at his house. He was a man 42 years of age, and of robust health, and on this evening it was noticed that he was in particularly good spirits. After the guests had departed he remarked to his wife that he felt more like singing and dancing than going to bed. They retired about half-past 11 o'clock, and she was asleep before midnight.

The farmer was always out of bed at 5 o'clock, but on the morning following the party the wife awoke at 6 and found him still sleeping. When she attempted to arouse him she discovered that he was dead. A doctor was sent for, and he arrived in the course of an hour to pronounce it a case of heart disease. He said the man has been dead three hours when the wife awoke. The undertaker came and prepared the body for burial. It was remarked that the corpse retained a life-like appearance, and that none of the limbs grew rigid, but the two other physicians called in vigorously combatted the idea that he was in a trance and might be restored to life. Nevertheless, the wife and sons had a secret hope that death had not really come to him, and the funeral was put two days ahead. During the interval the

CORPSE WAS CONSTANTLY WATCHED

for signs of returning animation, but nothing occurred to delay the funeral arrangements.

The burial was to take place in a country graveyard, and most of the vehicles gathering at the house belonged to farmers. The usual ceremonies took place over the dead, and the coffin was brought out and placed in the hearse. While the procession was forming, a team attached to an empty wagon came down the road, running away. The wagon collided with the hearse and the latter vehicle was upset and the coffin flung out. Four or five men ran to pick it up, but before a hand had touched it a voice was heard saying:

"For God's sake, let me out of this!"

The people at first moved back in affright, but as the voice continued to address them the coffin was righted and opened, and Wellington was found struggling to get out. With a little assistance he pulled himself out of the box and walked into the house and sat down in a chair. In half an hour he had his clothes on and was moving around among the amazed people, to whom he related this experience:

"I did not fall asleep until sometime after midnight. When I awoke the clock was striking 5. I made a move to get out of bed, but, to my great amazement I could stir neither hand nor foot. I had the full use of my ears, but I could not open my eyes. I argued at first that I was not yet wide awake but

WHEN MY WIFE SHOOK ME

and called me by name and I could not respond by even moving an eyelid, I became satisfied that I was in a trance. My mind was never clearer, and painfully acute. I made effort after effort to throw off the great weight which seemed to be holding me down but I could not bend a toe or crook a finger. However, it was only after the doctor had pronounced me dead that I felt any alarm. Up to that time it had seemed as if I could soon manage to get rid of the weight. Had a pistol been fired in the room I am sure the spell would have been broken. After the doctor's ultimatum I felt that I should be buried alive. But was I alive? All of a sudden this query flashed across my brain, and I was troubled more than I can tell you. As I had never died before how was I to know the sensations? Could the dead hear and think? Was the mind of a corpse in active operation? It was a problem I could not solve.

"Not a word was spoken near me which I did not catch and fully understand. There was a great deal of weeping, and I failed to satisfy myself as to the cause. I had died, but it did not seem as if this was a sufficient excuse. When my wife bent over the coffin and grieved and refused to be comforted, I did not feel bad with her. On the contrary, her action surprised me. When the two other doctors pronounced me dead I made up my mind that I was dead and that

THE END HAD COME.

I had been taught to believe that the spirit of the dead ascended to heaven, and that the dead were dead in mind as well as body. It was a base deception. I felt indignant that it was so.

"As an instance of the acuteness of my hearing, let me explain that after I was placed in the coffin the receptacle was moved over to an open window in the parlor, where it was supported on sawhorses. Two of my neighbors took seats on a wagon box in the barnyard, fully 200 feet away, and for an hour conversed of my death in ordinary tones of voice. I did not miss one single word of the conversation, as both afterward admitted. I could hear every tick of the kitchen clock, and much of the conversation of the women in the up-stair room. On the night previous to the funeral about half past 10 o'clock, and while the two men sitting up with the corpse were reading, I heard two men climb the fence into the barnyard, cross the yard, and enter the barn. After a few minutes they came out, and I heard the jingle of something carried by one of the pair. I could not make out what was going on, but learned afterward. The two men stole a horse from a field opposite my barn, and they entered my premises in search of a bridle.

"I heard the people assemble for the funeral, and as I caught a word from this one or that one I identified them by name to myself. I

LISTENED CLOSELY TO THE SERMON,

but when the minister spoke of me I could not take it as personal. It was as if the name and person belonged to some one I had known years before. I knew when I was carried out and placed in the hearse, and I am certain that I heard the clatter of the team running away before anybody sighted them. When the people began to call out in affright I felt that same fear of being hurt that any live man does. I heard them trying to back the hearse out of the way to let the team go by, but they were not quick enough. As the collision came my eyes opened and my speech was restored and from that moment I was all right."

A Patagonian Paradise.

Not long ago Patagonia was believed to be one of the most desolate and uninviting parts of the world. It has been learned within the past three years, however, that a great deal of Patagonian is not to be judged by the bleak and verdureless Atlantic seaboard. The Argentine Military expeditions have brought home some astonishing reports, which are now supplemented by the discoveries of Col. Fontana.

This gentleman, the Argentine governor of the Chubut province, has just explored the Chebut river from itt mouthon the Atlantic coast to its head streams in the Cordilleras, travelling 3,000 miles, and crossing in various directions a large region extending 250 miles south of 4 20 south latitude. In a letter which the president of the Argentine Republic received from him a few weeks ago, Col. Fontana said that he had discovered many fertile valleys, well-watered plains, immense tracts of rich pasturage, a number of lakes, and extensive forests containing trees of unusual size.

"I have found," he writes, "new lands of a superior quality, well adapted for colonization and cattle raising, and a healthful climate, an abundance of wood, and useful minerals. This region, I believe, is destined to become one of the most beautiful and prosperous parts of the Argentine possession."

The country explored by Col. Fontana lies just a little south of the regions concerning which previous expeditions make almost equally glowing reports.

No man knows the state of another; it is always of some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest is speaking, therefore we should be careful of what we say.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

Arnprior stores close at six o'clock.

Prince Albert has a cornet band numbering fifteen pieces.

Battleford Presbyterians have decided to build a new church.

Frosts have injured the potato and other crops in Cape Breton.

At Summerside, P. E. I., during a recent storm, a cow, a cat, fifteen sheep, a horse, and a dog were killed by lightning. The dog was trotting along under a wagon when struck.

Brampton has a dog that has howled regularly every night for twelve months, and the effect on the dog has been to reduce a powerful baritone voice to a hoarse yelp. The animal's early decease is anxiously desired.

The first of a great drive of logs started through the drive at Eganville a few days ago. At the time of starting the tail of the drive was in Golden Lake, and it was thought that when the tail would reach Eganville the head would be at the mouth of the Bonnechere, over thirty-five miles distant.

The Sabbath School statistics of the Nova Scotia Methodist Conference show an average attendance of 1,000 in excess of last year. The number of conversions reported was 634, and the number of children pledged against intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and profanity, 3,187, an increase of 1,599 over the previous year.

Mr. George Park, a leading farmer of East Garafraxa, was found dead in a field a few days ago. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death. He was a native of Scotland, much respected in the community in which he was known. His widow and family are well provided for.

Mr. W English, of Peterborough, proposes that his children shall bathe without drowning. He has constructed a box thirty feet long by nine fee wide, and four feet deep, and has moored it to a large boom in the river, near the shore. It is so arranged th at the bathers may raise or lower the box to suit their requirements. With a prudent engineer the contrivance should effectually answer the purpose in view.

Israel McLaughlin, who attempted an assault on Miss Stewart, of Hampton, N. B., has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. He is a notorious character, and has been guilty of the same offence in Truro, Chatham, Newcastle, and Woodstock. Previously he had served a term of six years for assault on a young lady of Carelton. He is a native of St. John, and was a soldier in the Union army during the American war.

Mr. H. P. McCraney, son of Mr. W. McCraney, M. P., was in Vancouver during the first conflagration. He had a narrow escape with his life, and, as it was, lost all his clothes, except those in which he stood. Mr. McCraney having finished a heavy contract on the Vancouver Island Railway, recently purchased an interest in a sawmill in Vancouver city. He was one of the few fortunate ones whose premises were not burned out.

Advices from St. Catherines report an epidemic of black eyes. The trouble began with two young men connected with the retail coal and wood business. The first round resulted in nothing serious, and was followed by an hour's adjournment. The second round was participated in by half-a-dozen of the friends of the principals, and all succeeded in having themselves finished in more or less attractive colors. The police were at lunch.

An ex-student of the Agricultural College, now employed near Eden Mills, made loud professions of his abilities as a fisherman. Some persons, however, had so little faith in his attainments in this line that they made a wager that a young lady of the neighborhood could outfish him, he, however, to catch six to her one. The result was that the young woman caught nine fish, one of which was a trout weighing a pound and a half, while the ex-student caught six shiners.

Mr. Asa Fillmore, of Albert county, N. B., about three years ago changed what was apparently a fifty-dollar bill for a stranger The bill proved, however, to be only worth $5, a cypher having been ingeniously pasted beside the figure 5. The first person suspected proved his innocence. A second party was arrested, tried, and acquitted, and nothing calculated to throw light on the mystery transpired until a few days ago, when Mr. Fillmore was approached by one of his neighbors who acknowledged that he had the bogus bill changed, asked to be forgiven, and restored the money with interest.

A singular case was reported from Bristol, Que., recently. Miss Minnie Baird, aged about 22 years, daughter of Mr. John Baird, is just recovering from an illness of three months, and for four weeks and four days of that time she took no nourishment but a little lemon water. She became greatly emaciated, being reduced to a mere skeleton, and grave fears were entertained that she would not recover. Physicians were called in, but the case was beyond their power—they did not understand her case, and could do nothing to benefit her. A short time ago her appetite returned and developed to such an extent that she has a continual craving for food. Her complete recovery seems assured.

Mr. N. C. Blair, a landscape painter of Montreal, is supposed to have been drowned while sketching on the Upper Ottawa, near the outlet of the Chalk River. The guide who accompanied him says that about ten days ago he took his pencils and portfolio and started up the Chalk River in a canoe, presumably for the purpose of pursuing his daily work. He has not been seen since. His canoe was found bottom up in the river, and the hat he wore when leaving camp was discovered floating with the current. The river, at the point where he is supposed to have been lost, is neither wide or wild. To suspect him of suicide is out of the question, and there seems to be no reason to apprehend foul play. Mr. E. Alexander and Mr. F. Botsford, of Montreal, have started for the camp with the hope of finding some trace of the missing man.

Stewed Dog as an Advertisement.

The enterprising managers of a cowboy-Indian show, now exhibiting in the vicinity of New York, have devised an ingenious method of utilizing the common cur of low degree with much profit to themselves. They cause the dogs to be slain, stewed and eaten by the Indians, giving out to the press that the savages are celebrating their regular annual traditional sacred weird and mystical dog feast. The wide-awake editors detail their reporters to witness the dog feast and write up vivid reports of it; and the readers have a column or two of stewed dog served up to them at breakfast or dinner. At first the Indians refused to eat any other than the traditional snow white dog, and the regular annual feast was not celebrated oftener than once a month, but now a dog of any color will do, and the annual feast is a weekly institution. The Indians are not squeamish, but there are signs that the newspaper reading public is becoming satiated and the show managers will soon be obliged to devise other schemes of advertising.

Lots of Fun.

A Cambridge mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety has received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before; it is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water I didn't know nothin' for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother come from Chelsea, and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixin' my head. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud-turtles, and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck, if I can get 'em in my trunk."

WOOD PILE DISCIPLINE.

Burdette gives his Adirondack Experiences.

Every human male man, who possesses even a lingering taint of temper, should keep an axe and a wood pile somewhere handy, that he may rush out and work off his wrath when it waxes fierce. There is nothing in this vain old world that will send a man back to his appointed work, with a more wilted collar, and a truer comprehension of himself, than thirty minutes wrestling with a full flavored axe. He can use it so fiercely on the wood. All the fury of his nature, all the hate he feels for his enemy, he can infuse into that axe handle, and how the chips will fly. Not very artistically, probably, but they will fly. And presently it begins to dawn upon the man that he is feeling more calm. Evidently he is experiencing a change of heart. He does not hate his enemy so bitterly, after all. The axe weighs about eighty-one pounds on the up stroke. He does not hate his enemy at all. He changes his stroke and begins to chop on the system of Italian penmanship, the up-strokes heavy and the down ones light. He rather loves his enemy now. At last he puts all his failing strength into one terrific blow. He misses his tip with the axe and smites the chopping block with the handle. A tingle as though he had swallowed an alarm clock goes from elbow to hip, and back again, and the axe drops from his powerless hands, and a weak, limp, nerveless, perspiring, trembling, gasping thing, he staggers into the house, lies down on the first thing that looks like a lounge and is ready to die. There isn't a fear or a fault in his heart. Death has no terrors and life has no temptations for him. He has chopped out all his baser nature and is just as ethereal and spiritual as he can be be on this side of the Jordan. It is great medicine.

People with whom I have been quarrelling all Spring would be amazed to see me now. I foolishly contracted, two weeks ago, to keep a camp fire going. I didn't know then that it took all the forests in the Adirondack spurs to keep up one little camp fire. I am not a large, broad, tall, sinewy man, and the axe they gave me might have beaten down the brazen gates of what you may call it that what's-his-name beseiged, if ever he did besiege it. I have fallen trees with that axe that would have made Mr. Gladstone shudder. They tell me I must say felled, not fallen, but I know better, because I only cut down fallen trees. My wrists are larger than my knees, which goes to show that I don't pray as hard as I chop, but I haven't strength enough to hate anybody; I am too limp to commit the lightest sin, so I haven't much need of prayer. I didn't write last week because I couldn't close my fingers over anything smaller than an axe helve. We tried tying the penholder to my elbows, but they wouldn't bend with that kind of an implement. My hands are a little better this week, but I am as badly axe-ridden as ever. I hear voices calling even now for "More wood," though I assure you I have cut a cord between every paragraph. At least, I think I have. Farewell. I will go out and chop until the axe flies off the handle, which is every five minutes, and then I am going to heap high the faggots, and crawl into the camp-fire and show the old martyrs how sweetly and joyously a man can roast himself rather than cut one solitary stick of wood more.

The Rival Drummers.

A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of the seat in front of him and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark:

"You've been in Chicago, of course?"

"Where?"

An uncertain look came into the sandy-haired man's eyes.

"Let me see," he mused retrospectively; "'pears to me I must have passed through there. I've traveled a good deal. I know I've heard the name before. What line of road is it on?"

"Line of road. Why, it's the biggest railroad centre on earth."

"Not bigger'n Crestline, Ohio, is it?" asked the passenger with an amused expression. "I've seen four trains to one at Crestline, waitin' to start off. Is Chicago a place where the trains stop for dinner?"

"Naw," said the disgusted drummer; "Chicago is a place where the passengers stop for dinner."

"Of course, that's what I meant," explained the red-haired man gently. "Fact is," he went on with confidential frankness, "I've traveled so much and been in so many different places in my life that I don't pretend to remember more'n a quarter of em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?"

"There ain't any," said the drummer, gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the filter, filled his mouth full of water, gargled his throat, whooshed the liquid on the floor and hung his leg over the corner of the coal box.

"Who is that evil eyed, pink-haired, lumpy-legged, prairie-eared microbe at the other side of the car?" he asked of the conductor, who was passing through the train.

"Do you mean the gentleman looking out of the window?"

"Ya'as."

"He's a fish merchant from St. Louis."

Swedish Manners.

One great peculiarity of travelling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedes are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout; a Swedish crowd make singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat-lifting that one is obliged to move much more slowly than in England to give time to all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steamboat, or a pier, all the lookers on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travellers If you address the poorest persons in the streets you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs at a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal boats bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine English bargees indulging in such amenities.

What England Has Done for India.

M. Remenyi, the celebrated violinist, has been travelling in India, playing the part of a political observer, as well as musician, and he sums up his deductions from what he has seen as follows in the Madras *Mail*: "Englishmen ought to be more proud of having been able to govern India's vast population than of anything else. No other nation on earth could have undertaken such a great task with such glorious results. Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that England's rule in India is perfection—far from it; but it is the best possible under the million of difficulties which must have obstructed the path of the English; and I repeat it again, and with emphasis, that Englishmen ought to congratulate themselves on the happy result of their government for glorious, grand old India, for, through her colonizing genius, England has done more good to humanity than thousands of visionary utopists and politicasters."

A Boy's Reason.

Mission Teacher—"The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what obey means?"

Apt Pupil—"Yes, marm; I obey my pap."

"Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father?"

"He's bigger'n me."

CATCHING AN OUTLAW.

A Detective Lies in Ambush for a Desperado—An Exciting Capture.

State Detective Robert A. Davis has made the most important capture of a noted criminal that has been made in Maine for a long time. For years a gang of law-breaks known as the Bickford gang have infested the town of Lebanon, in York county, terrorizing the whole region. Three of his gang, and the worst were Fairfield Bickford, known as "Far," his brother Frank, and Jim Quimby. For breaking into a New Hampshire bank Quimby was sent to State Prison. Frank Bickford, after a desperate struggle, was arrested, tried and sentenced to the Maine State prison for robbery.

After his brother was sent to prison, "Far" Bickford grew more reckless and defiant. He was constantly armed, and gave out that he would never be taken alive, and that he would kill the first man who tried to arrest him. A short time ago he made an attempt to rob and murder a man named Roache, a resident of Spring Vale. Roache was the man who betrayed the gang, and caused Frank Bickford to be sent to prison. In revenge, "Far" Bickford laid for Roache, and, succeeding in finding him alone one day, pounded him with stones, leaving him senseless, and, as he supposed, dead. It was for this assault that a warrant was issued for "Far," who has been at large ever since.

Detective Davis of Portland went to Alfred and drove to Lebanon, reaching there early the other morning. He was told that "Far" would probably drive over to East Lebanon that day, and that if he did he would drive along a certain forest road. The detective hid himself in the woods and remained there until late in the afternoon, the rain pouring down all the time in torrents. In the forenoon "Far" rode to the East Lebanon Post Office and found a letter there from his brother in State prison. He told some of the bystanders the contents of the letter, and uttered threats against those who had assisted in capturing Frank. He started to drive home, and invited a boy to ride with him. They had not gone far when Detective Davis stepped out of the bushes, accompanied by another man, and both covered Bickford with shotguns. The detective called on the desperado to surrender.

"Not by a —— sight, I'll die first," said Bickford, at the same time striking his horse a sharp blow. Davis raised a gun to his shoulder, and said: "Stop, or I'll fire." At this "Far" turned and tried to get the drop on Davis, but the detective was too quick for him, and fired twice, both shots taking effect.

"Far" reeled in his seat, and then fell to the ground, striking his head against a rock. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in irons. He made even then a desperate attempt to get away, and declared he would kill Davis if it cost him his life. This morning Davis took his wounded prisoner to Alfred jail. He is likely to recover.

How a Man Goes to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says:

"There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair-pins out and her shoes untied."

"That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is in reality."

"I am going to bed, my dear. It's half-past ten."

No reply.

"Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning. Do get to bed!"

"Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed: "The Home Rule Question." Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bedroom: "John, come to bed and not keep the gas burning here all night," and murmuring something about "the bill being big enough now," she creeps between the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano-stool and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and seizing the shaker proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires:

"For pity sake! ain't you ready for bed yet?"

"Yes, yes, I'm coming! "Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?"

Then he discovers that there's coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment, dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When that is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he proceeds to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for a last "warm up." As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop of the bed-clothes brings forth the remark:

"Good gracious!" if that man aint enough to try the patience of Job!"

Setting her teeth hard she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires—"If he is settled for the night," to which he replies by muttering:

"If you ain't the provokingest woman!"

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

It was 104° in the shade at Regina on June 23rd.

Twenty-five Miles of the Regina and Long Lake Railway have been opened for traffic.

Three daughters of Mr. William Moulding, of Broadview, were drowned at that place, recently, by the capsizing of a boat.

The war waged against foxes and hawks has been suspended, settlers concentrating their exterminating energies against the gophers and squirrels.

Mrs. Bryant, of Birtle, was killed by lightning recently while entering her house. Mr. Bryant, who was near by, was stunned by the shock but recovered.

Small-pox is reported on the Dakota side of the boundary line, near Manitou, Man. Dr. Pennefather has been sent to take all necessary precautions. The infected parties make use of Snowflake Post Office on this side, and get their wood and water on the Canadian side.

It is estimated that five miles of shedding will have to be built on the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Selkirks, that the cost will be about $1,200,000, and that the sheds will be completed by the first of December. A great number of men are now employed in taking out square timber, driving piles, and running the lumber mills.

A young Englishman recently passed through Winnipeg *en route* for India *via* the Canadian Pacific transcontinental line. He will pass through the Rocky Mountains on construction trains, and take ship at Vancouver for his far eastern home. So far as known he is the first of the countless numbers who will in the future travel from England to India by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A little girl greeted her mother's return from a shopping expedition the other day with the news: "Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. called while you were gone." "Did they? I hope you answered 'Quite well, I thank you,' when they asked how you were." "N—o, mamma, I don't think I did." "And didn't you kiss them nicely?" "N—o, mamma, I didn't." "Well," impatiently, "what did you do, you ill-mannered little girl? I fear you quite disgraced your poor mother." "Oh! no, mamma, I did not; I talked to them in the same dressy tone that you use when company comes."

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

TAKE NOTICE.

As has been the usual custom the NEWS-ARGUS staff intend taking their annual holiday, as well as the rest of humanity, and therefore the NEWS-ARGUS will not be issued next week. Bear this in mind and don't be blaming the postmaster for not giving you a paper. The next issue of the NEWS ARGUS will be on the 20th inst.,—there will be none issued on the 13th, *and don't you forget it.*

Pictures framed neatly and cheaply at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A good stock of mouldings to select from.

A Picnic Excursion to Idyl Wild is being arranged by members of St John's Church, to take place about the 24th inst. Posters later.

The rate levied on Stirling this year, including school rate, is 18 mills on the dollar. The rate in Belleville, including schools, is 19 and 8-10th mills.

The first quarterly meeting of this conference year will be held in the Methodist Church, Stirling, next Sunday. Service at 10.30, conducted by the pastor.

Mr. S. G. Faulkner showed us a curiosity a few days since in the shape of a hen's egg, inside of which, when broken, was found another perfectly formed small egg.

Messrs. Meiklejohn and Boldrick, when out on Crow Lake a few days since, were fortunate enough to shoot a very large loon, which Mr. Boldrick intends to have stuffed as an ornament.

As will be seen by report in another column, the amount required by the school board is only $1,500, being some $300 less than last year. This will be a pleasing statement to taxpayers.

A little girl visiting a neighbor with her mother was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet when the owner queried:—"Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied:—"Why, mother said it was a perfect fright; but it don't scare me."

We learn that on Thursday of last week considerable damage was done to crops west and northwest of this village by a heavy rain and hail storm. Hail fell of a large size in some localities and standing grain was in some places almost completely destroyed.

Threshing machines have commenced operations and now are busy with barley and early wheat. A fine new machine passed through the village the other day. Steam has taken the place of horse power to a great extent, though some farmers still prefer the latter.

I will have a car of XX and X cedar and pine shingles at Midland Junction on Friday, the 6th inst., which will be sold cheap for cash. Parties wanting shingles can have them delivered anywhere on C. O. R. Samples can be seen at G. W. Faulkner's.
E. CANNIFF.

Camping parties are all the rage now and Crow Lake seems to be the favorite resort this year. Messrs. Arthur Judd, Thos. Milne, C. Sine and F. Boldrick went out on Tuesday last to be away nearly two weeks. Mr. Jas. Boldrick and others went yesterday for a couple of weeks; and more to follow.

The service in the Methodist Church last Sunday evening was of a specially interesting character. At the close of an appropriate sermon from Acts II, 47, the pastor, Rev. O. R. Lambly, gave the right hand of fellowship to a number of candidates who were received into full membership with the church.

For the past week or two a traction engine from the Brantford engine works has been in use by Mr. S. Mendell, who has given several exhibitions of its power by drawing loads through the streets. We believe he also intends to use it for threshing purposes. It is no doubt a very useful machine, the only complaint that we have heard being that it is liable to scare horses.

The Stirling Foundry has been doing a rushing business this season and Mr. Graham informs us that his orders have been more than double any previous year. He has now a large number of orders ahead for ploughs and other implements and says he will have to employ more help. We are glad to note his prosperity and would like to see him so busy that he would have to employ two or three dozen hands. One great reason of his success is that he always turns out first-class work.

This is an absolutely certain method of ridding the house of cockroaches. Put the green peel from the cucumber in generous slices and strew the floor of the infested rooms with it. If you sit up and watch you will shortly see it covered with the horny, black pests. Next night there will be fewer and the third there will be none. More fatal than the unripe apple to the small boy is the cucumber unto the cockroach. He simply partakes once, turns his face to the wall in vain repentance, crosses his legs and dies. Try it.

On Saturday afternoon, while returning from Belleville, Mr. Herman Bleecker, of Thurlow, died suddenly. He and his wife were in a buggy, on their way home, and when at Foxboro he gave the reins to her and leaning backward in the buggy suddenly expired without uttering a word. His remains were taken to Squire Palliser's Hotel and Dr. Faulkner was called in, who pronounced the cause of death enlargement of the heart. The deceased was about 30 years of age and was a farmer in good circumstances in the township of Thurlow. He leaves a wife, but no children, to mourn his sudden death.

We are informed by Mr. Holmes, general agent for Messrs. Herring & Sons, Napanee, that the firm he represents has determined to establish a permanent agency in our village as soon as a suitable lot can be obtained and building erected, where their goods can be obtained the year round and all repairs kept constantly on hand. This ought to be a boon to our farming community as not a farmer but knows the serious loss he makes should his reaper or mower break down in harvest time and he has to telegraph two or three hundred miles, pay express charges, and besides wait sometimes two or three days. The Messrs. Herring, although late in the field, have done a very satisfactory business and we have no doubt their implements will give the same satisfaction that they have given in this vicinity for the last twenty years, and this coupled with the fact that their repairs can be obtained at a minute's notice and free of charge ought to insure them the patronage of this vicinity for another year. Mr. Holmes desires us to call attention to the advertisement of the Messrs. Herring in another column and assures us that he will give some big bargains in any of the implements left on hand after to-day, at stand opposite Bennett's Hotel, rather than store them over. He also thanks the people of Stirling and vicinity for the courtesy extended to him during the season of '86, and hopes for a continuance of their favors for '87, guaranteeing satisfaction to all who may favor him with an order and relying entirely on the merits of the implements he represents to make sales and not by "running down other makers' goods" as other agents have done in regard to his and trusts that the farming community will appreciate the efforts of the Messrs. Herring to accomodate them as to terms and not be compelled to submit to the dictation of a monopoly.

Village Council.

A special meeting of the Village Council was held at the Clerk's Office on the 28th July, when on motion the following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

James Boldrick, lumber	$37.78
M. Seeley, lumber	49.50
Wilson Seeley, work	1.50

Council adjourned.

Another special meeting of the Council was held at the Clerk's Office on the evening of the 30th July, when a by-law was passed levying the rate for the current year. The following are the amounts required to be raised:—

For School purposes	$1137.50
" Railway "	601.25
" County "	698.75
" Local "	487.50
	$2,925.00

The rate for the whole is 18 mills on the dollar.
No other business. Council adjourned.

School Board Meeting.

A special meeting of the school board was held on Monday evening, the 26th inst., for the purpose of considering the estimates for the present year.
Members present.—Jas. Boldrick, Dr. Parker, F. B. Parker, Dr. Boulter, Jas. Milne, T. G. Clute, A. Chard.
It was found that for the expenses of the present year only about $1,500 would be required, being about $300 less than the amount levied last year.
This is caused by the fact that the expenses of the first quarter of 1886 were met by a surplus carried over from 1885.
Upon motion the proper requisition was ordered to be served upon the municipal Council for the sum of $1,500.
B. F. BUTLER, Sec'y.

Chatterton Chips.

We have noticed for some time back that there was something the matter with Fanny Foggs, but supposed it was some ordinary summer complaint, but it seems she has has taken an overdose of Dictionary. We advise her to consult a physician immediately.
Mrs. A. H. Morden, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., is visiting friends hereabouts.
Mr. Herman Bleecker, of the 7th con., died in his carriage while riding home from Belleville, last Saturday, of heart disease. His young wife has the sympathy of the whole neighborhood.
Mrs. S. Turner and children, from Belleville, are visiting relatives in the 7th concession.
R. V. W.
Chatterton, August 4th.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

[Through mistake of the Marmora postmaster in putting our Marmora correspondence in the wrong bag, the following was received too late for last week's issue.—EDITOR.]

MARMORA, July 28th, 1886.

The numerous readers of the ARGUS might easily imagine the good people of Marmora are greatly given to "lawn socials" and "garden parties," as the one on Thursday last, given by Mrs. McDonnell, was quite as well attended as the one of the previous week. The grounds were prettily illuminated by numbers of Chinese lanterns and lamps. The band as usual gave excellent music, making all present in the best possible humor. Lemonade, candies and lovely button hole bouquets sold rapidly, and it was amusing to see ice cream disappear in such quantities on so cool an evening, six large freezers full not being enough to satisfy the demand for it. The house was thrown open, and the parlors brilliantly lighted and beautifully adorned with natural flowers, were fully appreciated by those who found the night air too cool on the lawn. Mrs. and Miss Kelly sang and played with their usual good taste, and the entertainment closed successfully, the proceeds amounting to $55.60. Should the other two which are to be given for the same object do so well the R. C. burial ground will soon be enclosed by a handsome fence.

All who were present greatly enjoyed the picnic held on the shores of Crow Lake, for the children of St. Paul's Church Sunday School, on Tuesday, July 27th. The day being fine the children started off in high glee to drive to the lake, some of the older ones following, and others going in boats. On arriving at the grounds the party were agreeably surprised to find a number of Stirling gentlemen camping there, who joined them at dinner and tea; and after spending a pleasant day all returned home quite satisfied with their day's outing.

A number of strangers, mostly ladies, are visiting in our little village just now, which makes the place quite lively and interesting. Among them are some accomplished singers, and players also.

Every few days we have such drenching showers that it makes it quite inconvenient for farmers to take care of hay or grain, and a great deal of hay has been injured, some rendered quite unfit for use.

An interesting episode occurred in the northern part of Rawdon Township Sunday evening. On leaving church a young man from Marmora attempted to escort a young lady to her home. A Rawdon admirer interfered and a fight ensued. Rawdon assaulted Marmora, but the combatants did not settle their differences at that time. Arrangements were made for a meeting Tuesday afternoon for final settlement. A select party accompanied the combatants to the appointed place, one of the number being the girl's father. He directed that they should have a rough-and-tumble fight, the victor to have the girl. Marmora won.

MARMORA, Aug. 4th, 1886.

A large number of people attended the quarterly meeting services which were held in the Methodist Church, Marmora, on Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Andrews preached a very excellent and instructive sermon.

The monthly celebration of holy communion was also observed at St. Paul's Church on the same date.

On Monday last a complete change in the mail was effected,—all matter for places beyond Stirling being delivered at the Marmora Station to the railway mail clerk on the Central Ontario railway. All matter for the north also goes by railway. It is expected that a change in some mails by the C. P. R. will soon take place. By the new arrangements there is a difference of several hours in sending and receiving the mails at the Marmora office. The stage from here to Stirling still delivers the mails for all offices between the places.

Mr. W. E. Gladney's new house is nearly completed, and presents quite a handsome appearance.

The last and most successful lawn social was held on Thursday last at the residence of Mr. Dunley. The spacious lawn was dotted with refreshment tables, each one presided over by such attractive ladies that they could not fail to win all the loose change to be had, by their agreeable manners and excellent ice cream, etc. The band, as usual, was these, and played well, notwithstanding two of their members were unavoidably absent; while for the votaries of terpischore there was plenty of music, and dancing in the house was kept up in a spirited manner until a late hour. The proceeds were $71. (Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that Marmora is "getting along" in these socials.)

Died suddenly, of inflammatory croup, on Friday last, the only child of Mr. Dodge, making the third victim to this fatal disease within a few months.

On Monday, after an illness of ten days, little Mary, the youngest daughter of J. D. McNeil, died. She was a very bright and winning child, and a great pet in the family, who miss her sadly; and as she lay in her coffin, surrounded with flowers,—herself "the sweetest flower of all"—one could not but recall the words, "little children make death beautiful," she looked so peaceful and lovely in her last sleep.
G.E.M.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH,
and CANADIAN TWEEDS,
DIAGONAL COATINGS,
WORSTED SUITINGS,
and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of
Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,
Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Having been connected with C. Craige & Bro. for the past eight years as cutter, and knowing the wants of the trade, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of PUBLIC PATRONAGE, and would ask, and like to see, all my old customers and as many new ones as possible, to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. I have engaged COMPETENT hands for fulfilling orders, and under my own PERSONAL supervision, as a PRACTICAL TAILOR, I can guarantee STYLE, FIT and FINISH second to NONE.

F. T. WARD.

The August midsummer number American Agriculturist contains original articles from no less than forty-one well-known writers and nearly eighty original illustrations from well-known artists, on a great variety of subjects pertaining to the Farm, Garden, Hearth and Household. The genial Robert B. Roosevelt discourses on Headless Lettuce; Peter Henderson tells how a negro's heel revolutionized Turnip Culture in South Carolina; Seth Green gives full instructions for Raising your own Trout; Oscar R. Gleason gives full and illustrated instructions for Breaking and Training Vicious Horses, Peter Collier reviews the whole History of Sorghum in the United States; Col. Weld tells all about a drove of Wild Hogs that have been imported from Hungary and let loose in this State, recommending the same for other States. The Editors, Drs. Thurber, Hexamer and Joseph Harris descant upon a varety of topics; the Household and Children's Departments are unusually full, while the Humbug Department ventilates several new frauds. Price, $1.50 per year, Single numbers, 15 cents. Address AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, 751 Broadway, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A philosopher has discovered that the reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of its marvelous cures are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for names.

The extension of the C. P. R. from Ingersoll to London has been decided upon.

ALWAYS REQUIRED—A good cathartic medicine. National Pills will not disappoint you.

Sir Charles Tupper sails for Canada August 19th.

The most deadly foe to all malarial diseases is Ayer's Ague Cure, a combination of vegetable ingredients, of which the most valuable is used in no other preparation. This remedy is an absolute specific, and succeeds when other remedies fail. Warranted.

The abolition of fast freight trains on all American lines is a probability.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe, sure and speedy to remove worms from children or adults.

At the burning of a theatre in British India 100 lives were lost.

LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP should be found with every toilet. It is cleansing and healing.

An insane negro cook killed and roasted a child at a picnic party in Georgia, and on the discovery of her horrible crime the pleasure-seekers burned her alive.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP is a safe and reliable worm remedy for all worms afflicting children or adults.

An English writer says he knows of a certain cure for the gout. It is very simple. Very hard work, very spare living and a termagant wife with a shrill tongue; these remedies, taken together regularly, are infallible. The only question is whether life would be worth living with such drawbacks to happiness.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

During the Summer and Fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaints, and with no prompt remedy or medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has given them wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a Physician is seldom required.

Never talk in your sleep. A young man who had made up his mind to propose to his girl the next evening became so much occupied with the question of how it was to be done that he even talked about it in his sleep. His room-mate heard it and calling on the girl the next afternoon proposed and was accepted.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, Beamsville, Ont., had what was supposed to be a cancer on her nose. She was about to submit to a cancer doctor's treatment, when she concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, internally and externally, a few bottles of which entirely cured her.

Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, gave $500 to the Vancouver sufferers.

NONE BETTER.

There is no more wholesome or delicious fruit on earth than the Wild Strawberry, and there is no more effectual remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Cramps, and other summer complaints of infants or adults, than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Many a man is the architect of his own fortune, but never gets enough money to build.

OFF WORK.

"I was off work for two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until advised by a friend to try B.B.B. I was cured by two bottles, and consider it a miraculous cure." The above is the substance of a communication from Wm. Tier, of St. Mary's, Ont.

The corn crop in Illinois and Iowa has been generally ruined by drouth.

ON THE RISE.

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa and other Summer Complaints.

Extensive cannibalism is reported from one of the Labrador settlements, the bodies of over 25 victims of famine and cold having been eaten by their friends.

IN BAD HUMOR.

A year ago my head was covered with sores, and the eruption covered my face also, and spread even until the backs of my hands were sore. I became weak and ill. Finding no cure I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles perfectly cured me." Statement of Miss Minnie Stevenson, Cocagne, N. B.

There are several towns in Montana without a single unmarried woman and the local papers tell piteous tales of rich and eligible bachelors who are travelling about from town to town looking for a wife. In some parts of the Territory, it is said, a commission of from $10 to $20 is freely offered for a good article in wives.

McGREGOR & PARKE.

of Hamilton, Ont., are the manufacturers of the greatest healing and purifying compound known for Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Frost Bites, etc. It is called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Be sure and get the genuine McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold by PARKER & BUTLER, at 25c. a box.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS.

There is now being being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Stirling by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

"WHAT SAY YOU TO A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF AND MUSTARD?"

Well, there is much to be said. The question being asked of the banqueter at the average boarding house, calls up reminiscences of close contiguity to the horns, and beefsteak three cuts south thereof. He, of course, will pass, unless it occurs to him that he needs a hinge for his trunk. Should there be any suffering, the effects of an indulgence in such sinuous fare, use McGregor's Speedy Cure, a sure and effectual remedy for Dyspepsia, Constipation and all affections of the stomach and liver. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottles free.

FORCED SALE

Of a Bankrupt Stock

At DREWRY'S:

We have just bought a part of a wholesale bankrupt stock from one of the recent failures in Toronto, and will offer the most terrific reductions in prices as we are forced to clear this out of the way in the next four weeks before our regular fall stock comes to hand. We shall force this sale by offering new fresh goods at half, and less than half of any prices we have ever shown. 1000 yds. of 15c dress goods at 5c. 2500 yds of 20c dress goods at 8c. 2000 yds of 30c dress goods at 12½c. These prices will force them out of the way rapidly. 1000 yds. clean all wool 50c Tweeds at 30c. 1000 yds. clean all wool 50c. tweeds at 38c. 1500 yds. clean all wool 75c. tweeds at 45c. 2000 yds. cream and white Lawns at 8c., were 20c. goods. 1000 yds. of 10c. and 12½c. fancy muslins at 5c. 1000 yds. of 12½c. Cretonne Fringe at 5c. One case gents' white and colored shirts at 50c. One case Black Satin Parasols, were $2.25, for $1 25, with gold ribs. One case 20c white goods at 8c. Ten dozen boys' Felt Hats at 10c. One case 15c. Feather Tickings at 10c.

NOW—

There is going to be bigger crowds than ever buying goods at the Bon Marche and you will do well to avoid market days, but we will be pleased to see you and will do our level best to wait on you at any time that you are kind enough to favor us with your patronage.

A. H. DREWRY & Co.
BON MARCHE,
TRENTON.

DON'T FAIL TO

C

J. BOLDRICK'S
CHILDREN'S SUITS,
Just in, at $4.50. Beautifully made from all wool Tweeds. Choice patterns. An inspection is invited.
J. BOLDRICK.

JUST OPENED!

New DRESS GOODS.
New Plush Trimming,
In Plain and Stripe.
New Wool Shawls,
In Fawn, Cream and White.
NEW SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.
NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Close Prices to Cash Buyers.
Come and See.

MILNE & CLUTE

See what you can buy for Money
AT MARTIN BROS.,
STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$ 6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " "	6 00	10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50	8.50 " " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50	10.00 Extension Table "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75	8.00 " " "	7 00
1.50 " " "	1 25	60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	2 00	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " " "	3 50	7.50 " " "	6 00
6.00 " " "	4 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00 " " "	5 50	18.00 " " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00 Sofa "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00 " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.
UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,
IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Pork, Bacon and Hams,
On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.
O. HEWAT.

BOOTS & SHOES,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
LADIES' SATCHELS,
—AT—
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.
He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.
Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.
Clothing made to order.
Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS
From now to the end of year for 40c.

PICTURES FRAMED
At the lowest possible prices at the NEWS-ARGUS Office.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS**, of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.
The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.
Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.
PARKER & BUTLER.

For Sale, Cheap.

TO ANY ONE REQUIRING A REAPER or Mower, having a rough place, or contemplating purchasing a binder, I have two or three machines on hand which have been out as samples, but which I guarantee none the worse, and as good as anybody's machines, excepting paint, which I can sell at a little over half price, and warrant perfect in every particular, as they are our own make.
ALFRED F. HOLMES,
Agent for John Herring & Sons.
Stand next to Graham's Foundry.

HARDWARE.

A CAR OF BEST
Land Plaster
On hand. Will sell it at bottom prices.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!
H. & J. Warren,
CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.
H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD
PIANO, ORGAN,
—OR—
SEWINGMA CHINE
—GO TO—
JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.
Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.
FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.
J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D. C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 48.

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Stirling News-Argus

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JAMES CURRIE.

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Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, but the name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

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Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora. Will also be at Mrs. Birdi's Hotel, Springbrook, on Mondays and Fridays, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to the diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve. Aug. 19, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 229,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge Room P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
at 8 o'clock. J. MCDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12 ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered. Also 15c. at the kiln.
JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of lot 7 in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—as well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P.O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!
MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN
Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.
SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.
THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons,
Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.
The BOOTS & SHOES again nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.
The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.
C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

CROCKERY!
I have just received another lot of those
BEAUTIFUL DISHES, SPRIG AND BAND WARE,
And can again supply customers with parts or full
Dinner, Tea & Breakfast Sets,
At prices as low as the common white ware. Call early and secure full sets.
Remnant sale of Summer Dry Goods still going on.
M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.
During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.
EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.
READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK
Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.
TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.
J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

Camping Out.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

CAMP MCGRATH, Aug. 7, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—Great anticipations and dreams of imagination have usually always freely indulged in in camp life, near a pleasant lake, just such a place as your scribe is at present enjoying at Crow Lake, and it feels as it were a balm for the weary and heavy-laden, comparatively free of notices to quit, of the constant round of care, for which you are expected to provide for at maturity. Indeed the change seems almost too much to expect for this side of tears; a kind of oasis in the desert. I am at present enjoying a seat under the shade of some beautiful maple and poplar trees, just close enough to produce a gentle rustling of the silver back leaves of the white poplar, plentifully distributed along the shores where we are encamped; and the ripple of the waves as they advance and recede along the shores of Camp McGrath, seems to give one a feeling that life is too short and its struggles too severe to fully realize the beauties which a kind Providence has given us for reflection and enjoyment. Burns said in his famous poem,

"Man was made to mourn,"

I take exception to the thought and suggest had he ever been out on the shores of Crow Lake he would no doubt have written that man was made to praise his Creator and enjoy the beauties of His creation. Crow Lake is situated about 3 miles from the ambitious little village of Marmora, of which your correspondent says it knows all its competitors into the sterotyped cocked hat for lawn and garden socials; and indeed I must confess I have no opportunity of saying that in no village within the range of my knowledge does there live a more wide-awake, ambitious and live people; and if there is one thing more prominent than another it is the unity that exists in aiding each other in Church work generally. Well for Marmora it has a few good ambitious men Pity there was not more Tom Pearces in this County.

Crow Lake is about 5 mil s long and 3 wide; at its head is Blairton Bay where the productive iron mines is situated and the terminus of the old Cobourg & Marmora Railway, now, I believe, owned and operated by Mr. Tom Pearce, of Marmora, and it is expected and hoped it change of ownership will be fruitful of good results. The bay affords excellent duck shooting for a short season in the fall, when one of his crew on it by a lot of hunters from Campbellford, who stay sometimes a week shouting, yelling and shooting until every duck is driven from the place, what they do not kill are scared away. The western boundary of this lake produces nothing merchantable but blue berries and big black berries, the latter are now in abundance. The land east is owned principally by the brothers Michael and Tom McGrath; both good farmers and comfortably fixed. Our genial friend Michael, on whose land we are camped, is above the ordinary farmer in shrewdness and intelligence, and for genuine, original, unadulterated Irish wit I have met few his equal. The smallest boy or girl in camp always equites their presence if they see Michael coming, as he is sure to say something witty or pleasant when he meets them, and its right well does Michael know where the big jungles frequent, and can get them, he says, every time. He is fond of a game of euchre and is positively an expert at it. He has challenged your scribe to a game of forty-fives, and I'm afraid if I accept the challenge I may suffer an inglorious defeat. The consolation I may have is that fortune favors the brave. The sincere wish of the writer and all the ladies who have had the pleasure of meeting Michael is that he may long be the owner of Camp McGrath, and indeed he tells us he enjoys the company of the ladies and gentlemen who come here to camp so much that if he ever sells the fine farm he has here that he will reserve this camping ground for the boys.

SYDNEY MORNING.

Fine, balmy and pleasant with a gentle ripple on the lake, with every little while the shrill call of the loon, as all who may have heard it in the stillness of night know its peculiarity. Breakfast over of maskinonge and other dainties unmentionable, we sent ourselves in the shade of some beautiful fragrant balsams, so good for the consumptive, and we cannot but feel, and who does not, that on a Sunday morning there is in the very atmosphere and in all our surroundings a feeling of solemnity as if everyting with a still small voice whispered this is the Sabbath; put away guns, paddles and boats and let there be a general truce to pleasure seeking to-day, and let it be a day of reflection and thanksgiving for the blessings we enjoy by the hand of a kind and merciful Providence. We cannot, it is true, hear the sound of the church-going bell as usual, but we can, under this leafy canopy, lift up our hearts in praise and thanksgiving that we are permitted to spend a few weeks in a healthful and quiet retirement. Some four or five friends from Stirling come to spend the day at camp and bring some Sunday reading. They have again to-night. A great many young people come here from Marmora by boat and spend the day in various ways, some boating; others fishing; one man from Marmora (not a native) had a large lunge in his boat he caught coming up, and others spend the time in the acceptable shade of a tree from the rays of the hot sun, that is to-day indicating about 96° in the shade; almost hot enough out of shade the writer's hair as he steps out, pencil in hand, to see if it is cooling off any.

Two other camps are a short distance from ours with five youthful occupents, all from Stirling, one of them, Mr. H. Meikle-john, who, by the way, is an excellent marksman with the rifle, secured a couple of loons, tine specimens, weighing 10 lbs. each. They are both in the hands of the taxadermist of Belleville, one of which Mr. B. F. Butler, M. D., is the proud owner, and Mr. C. J. Boldrick the other.

There is evidently something about the taking of large fish which is only known to the expert, such as friend Michael, spoken of before, and possessed by the writer, as what we capture are very limited in number and deficient in size; but Michael and Tom have promised if I stay there long enough they will give me a wrinkle as one of the boys, with a strict injunction to keep it to myself and not be annihilated

The air now shows signs of cooling off, so I will close for the day and give you some more experience next week.

MONDAY EVENING.

Our mutual and obliging friend Michael Meikle-john, according to promise, at five this morning, got into a boat and we are off for maskinonge bars, where he knows they live. Right well he does and no mistake, for we had no sooner got there than snap, whiz goes Michael's line. "I have him," says he, "well done," says I, "see you keep him." The bottom of our craft was cleared for the encounter with Michael and the big maskinonge. "He's a good one," says Michael, "I hand me that club," meaning a short stick, he armed himself with, ready for fight, got him up until we got a look at him, but splash, whiz goes the line again; another few minutes is spent in hauling and coaxing him to the boat, when up he comes and whack goes the aforesaid club of Michael on the head or neck of the fish; "take that now," says he, "that ought to settle you." Gets a slack line again for a short distance, try to land him this time. Michael reaches his great hand and got hold of him behind the gills, and in he comes to the boat, but not for long, for he got over one of Michael's legs, and a fish pole being some in the way, he jumps and away he goes. I think it will be long ere I forget the look he gave after that fish when he saw he had lost it; nearly a minute elapsed before he spoke, and when he did he, looking at me, said: "He has a sore head anyway, wherever he is." After about fifteen minutes longer fishing we secured another fine one and landed him successfully. Two large bass were afterwards caught, and we returned to camp well satified with the morning's exciting sport. The remainder of the day is spent in reading, writing and bathing. More next week.

QUIZ.

Making an Experiment.

Let us make an experiment. Here is a boy, ten years old, who has never used tobacco.

"Charles, will you help us make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of ping tobacco as large as a pea. Put it in your mouth when I say. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice in that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, he is expectorating the juice out of it without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold, deathlike perspiration. He will throw up his wind. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, take a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if not very careful, you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco in its ordinary state is an extremely powerful poison;

Go to the drug store; begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some mineral) for which, taken into the mouth of that ten year-old boy and not swallowed, will produce such dreadful effects.

During the time Heenan was in training for one of his historic fights I had a long conversation with him and his famous trainer, about tobacco. While at Benicia, as some of his fellow workmen have since told me, John was a devotee of the pipe. In my first conversation with him we had been talking over some of his California experiences, particularly the discovery of that wonderful left fist, when one of his crew, with cigar in hand, came in crying out: "I've got a good one for you, Jack; none of all and that "boy was the boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference.

Don't be too soft. Don't say "These little hands shall never do a piece of work while they are mine," and "You shall have nothing to do in our home but sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style. A girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your pantaloons, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.

Push.

If there were more push in the world there would be fewer hungry, half-clothed, homeless, suffering children; fewer broken down, dissipated men and women; less need of alm houses, houses of correction and homes for the friendless.

Push means a lift for a neighbor in trouble. Push means a lift for yourself out of the slough of despondency and shiftlessness, out of trouble, real and fancied. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push the better if it is given in the right direction. Always push up hill—few people need to push down hill. Don't be afraid of your muscles and sinews; they were given you to use. Don't be afraid of your hands; they were meant for service. Don't be afraid of what your companion may say. Don't be afraid of your conscience; it will never reproach you for a good deed—but push with all your heart, might and soul, whenever you see anything or anybody that will be better for a good, long, strong, determined push.

Push! It is just the word grand, clear morning of life; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is as full of work as this is. If anybody is in trouble help him you see it don't stand back; push! If there is any good being done in any place where you happen to be, push!

For Husband and Wife.

"It is not infrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband when she has made an effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns from the labors of the day, who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home. This is the man's story.

"A woman's advice is generally worth having, so if you are in trouble that your mother, or your wife, or your sister all about it. Be assured that light will flash upon darkness. Women are commonly judged in experienced in all but pure woman ish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions or insights are the most subtle and if they cannot see a cat in the meal there is no cat there. A man should keep none of his affairs from his wife. Many a home has been saved and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man if she be given a fair chance. As a general thing wives confide the minutest of their affairs and thoughts to their husbands. The man who succeeds are those who make confidantes of their wives. This is the wife's story.

A method of sending a picture by telegraph has been invented by a Scotchman, W. Gemmill, by which a photograph taken at one end of a wire is transmitted and reproduced at the other.

As intimated a couple of weeks ago the Methodist Church of the town of Trenton has secured that beautiful spot at the head of the Bay of Quinte, Twelve o'clock Point, for a camp meeting and Sabbath school camp meetings. It has been fitted up in good shape and bids fair to become a most pleasant resort. It has been decided to begin the first of these camp meetings on Thursday, 26th August, and the dedicatory services will be held there on that day, commencing at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Services will also be held at 7:00 in the evening. These services will be continued on the grounds for about two weeks, three services each day. Distinguished clergymen will be present and take part and everything points to most successful meetings. Arrangements have been made with the C. O. R. Ry to run three trains each way daily, which will land passengers within a few minutes walk of this picturesque spot. Carriages can be driven right to the ground. Excursions will be also run by steamer. These meetings being held under the auspices of the Methodist Church is a sufficient guarantee that the wants of all will be well attended to. Refreshments can be had on the grounds. We advise all our readers who possibly can to attend these meetings.

—*Trenton Advocate.*

The latest U.S. crop report a change the situation consi derably from what it appeared to be a month or six weeks ago. Then it was said that the prospect was for a poor yield of wheat, with a much better yield of corn. But the National Bureau report for August, which was issued only on Tuesday of last week, tells a different tale. It entirely confirms the opinion that the stories of great injury to the wheat crop which were circulated so extensively early in July were much exaggerated. No change is made in the estimate for winter wheat, which leaves the probable yield about 295,000,000 bushels, although the partial returns of harvesting make it probable that the actual outcome will be somewhat great er. But the injury to spring wheat, according to the Bureau, proves to have been so unimportant that the average condition only declined from 83.3 at the beginning to 80.1 at the end of July. The Bureau estimates the aggregate yield of the country at 36,000,000 bushels of spring wheat, or a total of 431,000,000 bushels of spring and fall wheat together, whereas the speculators estimate a few weeks ago only went up to about 400,000,000 total. It is said now that with a supply carried over from last year of not less than 70,000,000 bushels in excess of the minimum midsummer supply, the country has over 500,000,000 bushels to meet home requirements and foreign demands for the coming year, which, it is hardly necessary to add, is likely to prove an abundant supply for all purposes.

The new cruiser purchased in New York by the Dominion Government has arrived at Halifax. She is named the "Acadia." "Acadia." Slue is capable of steaming twenty miles per hour.

The field and forest fires which have lately devastated several districts in the North western States are described as the most destructive on record. Hundreds of settlers are utterly ruined by them.

The first total abstinence pledge offered for signature in Ontario was issued in 1830, in Prince Edward county, by Francis Davis, who recently died at Uxbridge. The 25 persons who signed it were publicly denounced by the minister on the circuit.

The objects of Lord Carlow's early return to Canada are, it is said, to promote the establishment of a subsidized line of steamers between Vancouver and Japan, the commission of Imperial mails over the C. P. R., and the permanent establishment of the Canadian Exhibition. These are all praiseworthy purposes, from a Canadian point of view, and are understood to be favored by the Canadian Government.

The Marquis of Lorne, on behalf of the Canadian exhibitors at the Colonial Exhibition, on Friday last, presented to Sir Charles Tupper an address in recognition of the value of his efforts to promote Canada's interest. Lord Lorne, in presenting the address, spoke of the pleasant memories he and the Princess Louise had of their sojourn in Canada. He said he hoped soon to revisit Canada and see the progress which the Dominion had made since he was a resident.

Fleuro-pneumonia of a very virulent type has broken out at the cattle quarantine station in Quebec. Dr. McEachern, Dominion Inspector of Live Stock, returned from there on Tuesday and ordered the slaughtering and cremating of two herds, one of Jerseys belonging to Mr. McCrae of London, and another belonging to Andrew Allan here. These two herds are valued at $30,000. There are now over 400 imported cattle in quarantine, some of them belonging to J. J. Hill of St. Paul, others to Mr. Dawes of Lachine, some of them being the finest specimens of Jerseys, Galloways and Ayrshires ever brought to this continent. They cost over half a million dollars. Many of these cattle were imported for the Canadian fall shows. Government bears a portion of the loss to owners.

The chief of the Madoc police was recently married to the captain of the Salvation Army in that village.

At Clayton, New York, on Friday night, the roof of a building about 40x100 was hoisted high in the air by the wind, carried about 200 ft. and deposited on the upper deck of the steamer St. Lawrence. All the upper works of the steamer were badly wrecked but the hull was uninjured. The vessel continued her regular trips, taking a large force of carpenters on board to make repairs.

Many unhappy results arise from foreign-American marriages. Not the least of these is the plight of an American girl married to a Frenchman, if the ceremony is performed in the States and it is afterward necessary that she should live in France. Such marriages are not considered legal there and Paris holds not a few miserable women who are the cast-off wives of fickle Frenchmen. Under the laws in force in America may marry a French girl in his own country either the impression that nothing but death or divorce can separate them. But the girl may return to France and marry again as legally as if she had never entered matrimony.

Lawless characters are becoming so numerous and bold in Belleville that a man is hardly safe from molestation in the middle of the night unless he is accompanied by a companion. On Thursday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, as Thomas Watson was passing up Bridge Street he was assaulted by two men at the corner of William Street, who relieved him of a watch, a gold-plated chain and $1.75 in change, all the money he had about him. Mr. Watson stated to the police after the affair was over, that he was walking quietly along the south side of Bridge Street. As he neared the corner of Col. Brown's grounds he was suddenly pounced upon by two men. One choked him to the ground and threatened him with violence if he cried out, whilst the other went through his pockets and relieved him of what valuables he possessed. As soon as the men secured their plunder they made off. When Mr. Watson reported to the police he was able to give a detailed and could give no intelligible description of his assailants. The police have no clue to work upon. This is the second highway robbery in Belleville in a little over a week.—*Intelligencer.*

"I left a check for ten thousand dollars among the wedding gifts," said the girl's father to his prospective son-in-law, "and after the ceremony I expect we will quietly tear it up. See? That's the style nowadays, George." "Yes," hesitated George, "that's the style, but I'm afraid it will be late to tear it up now." "Why?" "Because I went down to the bank and got it cashed."

Births.

In Springbrook, on the 18th inst., the wife of G. D. WIGGINS, Esq., of a son.

In Madoc, on the 12th inst., the wife of D. A. CALDWELL, of a daughter.

In Sidney, on the 16th inst., the wife of Geo. COOK, of a son.

In Stirling, on the 17th inst., the wife of JOHN LANGMAN, of a son.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Please send for Prospectus.
JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.
MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

Glen Ross Mills.
THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM the public generally that he has put his mill thoroughly overhauled and repaired where necessary, and that he now is prepared to execute with promptness all orders with which he may be intrusted for
Flouring, Chopping, and Cristing.
—ALSO—
SAWING AND CARDING!
He would call special attention to his extra brand of
Patent Process Flour,
Which he guarantees to be equal to any, and superior to most brands offered in market. He also calls attention to the fact that his is always ready to wait upon those who may prefer him with a call, and that he does not spend upon getting your grist home with you. There is no lack of water at this mill, even for the pond to fill. A first-class miller always in attendance.
D. MORGAN.
Glen Ross, Aug. 20th, 1886.

WANTED.
A GIRL, ABOUT 14 OR 15 YEARS OLD, TO do light house work in small family. Good wages to suitable party. Apply to MRS. C. HEWAT, Stirling.

NOTICE.
BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing the dead from the old burying ground in Stirling must remove the same before the First day of December next, at the last to be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.
A. GLASS, Clerk.
Stirling, 4th August, 1886.

TO RENT
AT SPRINGBROOK.
A VERY COMMODIOUS AND CONVENIENT Grain Elevator situated on the Central Ontario Railway, in the centre of a good grain growing country. Applications will be received up to the 1st of September. For particulars apply to
THOS. RUFERT,
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Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows—
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Express for Montreal ..... 1.44 p.m.
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Express for Toronto ..... 5.18 p.m.
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For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

FARM TO LET.
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Hinchinbrook, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

Indigestion is a most productive source of suffering to humanity, but it may be cured by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. "Words fail to express the misery I suffered, from dyspepsia, until I commenced using Ayer's Cathartic Pills, five boxes of which restored me to perfect health." —D. L. Benson, Tamaron, Ill.

Headache, whether arising from foul stomach, biliousness, or from any other cause, may be cured by the use of Ayer's Pills. "I have been a great sufferer from Sick Headache, and found complete relief in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I have not had the headache since I began to take them.—John P. Lyman, Portsmouth, N. H.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

WON AND LOST.

CHAPTER I.

The parish church of St. Ethelmlnda, in the fashionable watering-place of St. Sebastian by the Sea, was crowded for a wedding—a grand wedding apparently, judging from the important flurry of the white haired verger; a wedding well to be looking at, according to the significant indications of red carpet inside the church and unstitched lengths of cocoa-nut matting outside; suggestive of a bride in white satin and Brussels lace, and a train of elegant bridesmaids en suite, of flowers and favors, and all the conventional attributes of the ceremony when it concerns the envied and privileged "upper ten."

So, attracted by the promised excitement, the crowd gathered; a somewhat unruly little mob harnessing the palisades of the cocoa-nut matting, and a more orderly and aristocratic assemblage dropping in by twos and threes, gradually filling the nave—where the interest would naturally concentrate—and giving the flushed verger occupation enough to keep the rows of seats nearest to the altar reserved for the wedding guests.

Presently the ever-increasing crowd of spectators overflowed into the chancel. There the September sun streamed through the ancient ivy-mantled windows and flooded the whole space with golden light, which and gay as befitted the occasion. But the nave remained in a dim sombreness, due to heavy carved tracery, stained glass, and the gold and purple of the High Church altar.

St. Ethelmlnda's was a fine old church, or rather, two churches combined—the smaller one, an ancient abbey chapel dedicated to the saint whose name it bore, form-fair bury of celebrity, and the larger, of later date, constituting the wider chancel; the two being connected by double rows of arches in the centre. Thus it happened that the altar and nave were in great measure hidden from the points of the chancel save the centre. These of the wedding guests therefore who were relegated to the chancel consoled themselves for their less advantageous position by feeling that they commanded the door of entrance and exit, and would be first to see the wedding procession arrive, as they would be the last to see it depart.

It was the fall season at St. Sebastian's, and the crowd which gathered and whispered in the church was more curious than interested, for the wedding was among the "visitors," and the greater part of the crowd were "visitors" too. There was consequently neither hereditary allegiance nor personal sympathy amongst the on-looker, but only the common human interest that makes "the whole world kin" in such events as gay marriage festivals and solemn funerals

Time passed on, and the large old church was filled to overflowing. Up and by the flitter amongst the rows of girls in pretty seaside costumes, and the whispered talk which had hitherto beguiled the waiting moments, gave place to an expectant hush, through which the ticking of the clock in the tower above could be heard distinctly from second to second. The verger grew visibly restless; he wandered to and from the chancel steps, whence a view of the entrance door could be obtained, returning at each time with a face devoid of all expression, to the tantalizing disappointment of those whose stationary position in the nave made them dependent upon his observations.

At last a faint rustle, a sort of thrill, was communicated from the chancel to the nave, and every head was bent eagerly towards the steps. The first arrival had taken place—not a very important arrival probably; but it was a relief to have something to look at, and it was a very pretty "something," everybody agreed. Two bridesmaids, as much alike as two ladies could possibly be, twins apparently, young and fair, in charming toilets of pale pink and pale blue, came shyly up the aisle, coloring slightly as they came, and considerably disconcerted at finding themselves the cynosure of all eyes. The verger, quite revived at having something to do, ushered them into front seats, and they sat, nestling shyly together, with dropped lashes and flushes of gentle doves, whilst the little stir subsided and the ticking of the big clock was audible again through the silence.

Another flutter—another arrival. This time it was a tall stately lady in violet velvet, who came sailing up the church on the arm of a little gentleman with a small bonquet in his button-hole. These were quickly followed by a stout clergyman, conducting a quiet looking lady in gray silk. Next a generously developed dowager in drab satin and point lace passed, with her attendant cavalier; and then a whole cluster of brilliant butterfly forms congregated for a moment in the entrance porch, and spread apart up the chancel, to group themselves again in the nave and make th bloom like a parterre of many-hued flowers.

After this there was enough of fashion and elegance to gaze upon, for the reserved seats filled rapidly, and the show was as rich and *recherche* as Madame Elise and West-end milliners could make it. The gloom of the shadowed nave was relieved by the dainty sheen of pale "moonlight blue," with "Ivory" and "peacock green," and delicate creamy pink, and the deep shadows were gemmed with fair faces and sparkling eyes.

For the space of twenty minutes or more the wedding guests chatted together in low tones, and with a wedding party scarcely in keeping with their surroundings. Then the great clock sounded the half hour; and, just as the deep strokes fell, the bridegroom walked up the church.

He was well able to bear the ordeal of innumerable scrutinizing eyes. He was a man about thirty years old, of splendid figure, and dressed in clothes which were perfect in their fit—a man of the world and of society evidently, and with the kind of reputation which, whilst it had given him the finished grace which all women adore, had left his youth a long way behind. He was very handsome too. His smooth dark face was relieved by a full moustache, and his dark eyes looked out from under a heavy shadow of eyebrows. His mouth was firm and compressed. He filled his trying *role* of bridegroom with consummate grace and ease.

"One could almost imagine he had been in the habit of getting married," one young lady in the company remarked.

"A handsome face, a magnificent figure!" the assemblage voted. "A charming bridegroom!"

There was one however who dissented from this verdict.

"What a hateful-looking man!" the young lady who had already spoken said in a low voice to her companion—a gentleman.

"Hateful!" he echoed in the same tone.

"Why, no! Now he is what I should call a fine-looking fellow—a handsome fellow even."

"Oh, handsome! Yes, perhaps—in a way. A *beaute de diable*," she whispered back.

"Are you not severely critical—for the occasion too?" he retorted.

"I am sorry for the girl who is going to marry that man," the young lady pronounced emphatically, and, as it seemed, unreasonably.

"She may not be a girl; she may be a woman—or a widow," the gentleman suggested.

"We shall soon see."

Not very soon though. The wedding had been fixed for half past eleven; the bridegroom had been punctuality itself; but the minutes passed, and the bride did not appear. Twenty-five minutes to twelve, twenty minutes, eighteen, seventeen! The great clock seemed to beat out each twelfth, succeeding second with a sort of sledge-hammer determination in the performance of a disagreeable duty.

The little stir attendant upon the bridegroom's entrance had subsided; he had greeted his friends, and he was standing now in his place at the chancel steps; the hush of expectation had fallen again upon the waiting crowd—deeper, more anxious hush than before. The situation was growing critical. The verger looked at his watch—others looked at their watches. The wedding guests lifted their eyebrows and shook their heads at one another; the bridegroom knitted his handsome forehead and pulled demonstratively at his moustache.

The church clock chimed the three quarters, seeming to pause on each stroke, as if to impress its warning more solemnly. The excitement was breathless now; every head was turned towards the entrance, every heart beat with a quickened throb. The bridegroom grew pale—"Hold," the young lady critic called it—and the verger tugged at his waistcoat as he saw his golden fee hanging in the balance. And still the pulse of the fateful clock throbbed on—twelve minutes to twelve, ten, eight—another stroke or two, and there would be no wedding that morning.

"The bride is of my opinion," whispered the young lady triumphantly.

"Hush!" breathed her companion, lifting his hand, with his eyes fixed on the porch.

At the same moment the diaphanous cloud of bridesmaids, which had been hovering there at intervals these last few moments, swayed and opened, and the bride's mother—the herald of the bride—appeared, and swept up the church with as hurried a step as her stateliness permitted.

Then, after an instant's pause, the bride herself appeared, and an admiring murmur passed through the assembly. She was an ideal bride—so young, so fair, so downcast, so pale—too pale perhaps; for the long white veil seen through the floating tulle veil was whiter than the soft satin of the wedding robe. She was more like a beautiful statue than a living, breathing woman as she came forward, moving in a sort of mechanical obedience to the guidance of her mother—a young brother apparently; and only the shining gold of her hair gave any relief of colour to the lovely picture. The fair bevy of attendants closed in after her and flittered up the aisle amid the solemn silence of the bystanders.

The young lady critic held her breath as the sweet vision passed her, followed by the long train of maidens; then, as the half floating white robe disappeared under the archway into the nave, she stepped quickly out at the opened door, and never stopped until she had reached the churchyard gates.

"Oh, Leonard!" she cried then to her companion, who accompanied her in her odd eccentric movements, had dutifully followed her so far. "Oh, Leonard, I cannot look on at it! It is a tragedy!"

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

"Why?" he said. "Because the bridegroom has dark eyebrows and the bride is pale? I thought it was the orthodox thing for a bride to be pale."

"Do you call that the paleness of a happy bride? It is the deadly chill of despair," she replied. "I am sure of it. And the mother—"

"A handsome well-preserved British matron—a representative mother, performing her firstduty in life—marrying her daughter and doing it gracefully, in a very becoming gown of gold-colored satin. My dear Cynthia, what mystery can even your lively imagination find in such a very unexceptionable and respectable person?"

"She looked like a woman who was committing a crime," declared Cynthia, so seriously that Leonard laughed outright—"like one who had sold her soul, forfeiting that girl into a marriage she hates. It is a sacrifice."

"A sort of Indian suttee in fact," said Leonard. "Be comforted, Cynthia; these are not the days when young women—even as young as this one—are dragged to the stake against their will."

"I don't know. There is a sort of moral coercion even in these times—a domestic pressure which is very important and forcible," Cynthia answered, walking on quickly in her excitement. "And that mother looks as if she would be a difficult person for a young girl to resist."

"Yes—she is solid," Leonard conceded, walking by his cousin's side—for they had set out—as she continued to hurry forward.

"Don't laugh, Leonard," Cynthia entreated. "I tell you I am sure that I am right, if ever we hear the story."

"Which we are not likely to do," said Leonard. "Are you going in already? He asked, as they reached the door of their hotel.

"Yes, I am tired, and—faint. Are you coming?"

"Not yet, I think," he answered. "I shall have a stroll on the beach first"—lifting his hat as she went in.

But he did not take the turning to the beach. After a moment's hesitation, he walked back along the road he had just traversed, until he reached the church gates again.

"I may as well see the end of it," he muttered, as if apologizing to himself, "although nothing can be more like the last act. And he entered the open door of the church once more.

At the same moment a lady was passing through the churchyard—which was a thoroughfare—walking slowly with the listless step which betokened either ill health or heart-weariness. She glanced at the open door. Perhaps she was tired; and needed rest; perhaps a wedding had its attraction for her as for the idlers. She hesitated for a moment, and then she entered quietly behind Leonard Hope, and slipped into the nave unnoticed by the crowds—the seat which had just been Cynthia's—before which the young man was standing.

The wedding party was not of course visible from this point; and evidently preparations were at that moment being signed in the vestry, for the crowd in the church was breaking up quietly, and evidently preparing to move outside. In another moment the "Wedding March" pealed forth, the rustle of silk and lace permeated the aisle of the church, and the bridegroom led the bride down the aisle.

She was not pale now; the richest carmine burnt on either cheek, and her dark eyes, feverishly brilliant, looked straight before her with a strained unseeing gaze, as if she had braced herself to a struggle of fort and dared not turn to the right or to the left lest her courage should break down.

The bridegroom did not look towards her, but held her tightly on his arm as he stepped quickly towards the door; and the pallor of anxiety had given place to a glow of triumphant satisfaction, natural and becoming enough in a bridegroom, as the spectators agreed.

Leonard Hope, at all events, had no interest to spare for this secondary personage in the wedding drama; his eyes were fixed upon the bride, as she came nearer, and his gaze was unconsciously so intent as to be almost indiscreet. Perhaps in the bridegroom's altered mien he read something of the tragedy which his cousin Cynthia professed to have discerned; perhaps her criticism had roused his interest and his curiosity in spite of himself. However that might be, his eyes followed the last gleam of golden hair as it vanished in the shadow of the porch; and then he stepped back out of the crowd of bridesmaids, by whom he suddenly found himself surrounded, with an involuntary sigh, for which he would have been much puzzled to account.

The sigh was echoed faintly at his side. A figure, a woman's, swayed for an instant and then sank suddenly and silently in a dead faint at his feet.

CHAPTER II.

"It was the heat, sir—that's what it was. You see it's a warm morning, and the church was so over-full o' folks," the old verger said to Leonard, as he handed Leonard Hope a glass of water in the vestry.

"It was the heat—yes, the heat. I—I am sorry to have given you all this trouble," echoed a sweet voice, speaking with an accent which was not altogether English.

The speaker sat up in the Vicar's carved oak chair and pushed back a thick mass of dark hair, which had fallen over her forehead, and which was in startling contrast to its pure whiteness. She raised a pale if large pathetic dark eyes to Leonard's face.

"I must go!" she murmured, trying to rise.

"I am afraid you are hardly strong enough yet. Will you not rest a little longer?" the young man returned gently.

"I can go—I must go," she repeated hurriedly, succeeding this time in rising to her feet, and trying to fasten her loosened ribbons with hands that trembled nervously.

But she had overdrawn her strength; and as she stood, she was compelled to cling to the table for support. As she did so her eyes fell on the open register, wet still with the ink which had just written the signatures.

"Percival Danvers, bachelor and Eva Dolabarre, spinster."

The old verger's glance followed the direction of hers.

"We've had a gay wedding," he remarked, mindful of the gold pieces lying in his waistcoat pocket. "Did you happen to see the parties, sir?"—addressing Hope. "They be strangers here—visitors from London—a high family, I'm told. They've taken the Grange, leastways, they've not at their own place"—and he chinked his fee complacently. "The lady and gentleman's going to travel in the old man's yacht, I'm told, where in the Indies or Ameriky, I believe—a long way, in any case. They don't even stop to take the wedding breakfast in company; they've got to catch the half past one o'clock train at the station, and go right off, to be in time for the steamer or something."

"Indeed." Leonard appeared to be interested in the old man's gossip.

"Yes—a noble-looking gentleman; and very rich too, I'm told. A good match for the young lady; they're a large family as it seems."

Mr. Hope remembered the sick lady now, and turned to her. She too was listening to the verger's garrulous talk; and somehow—although of course it could have no connection with the subject—there was a look of eager anxiety in her face, in the large, wide-open eyes which met Leonard's with a mute, unconscious appeal.

"We had better go," she reiterated, turning away as she met his glance. "Can you"—to the verger—"get me a carriage—now—on the instant?"

And with a sort of restless impatience she moved towards the door, following him as he departed on his errand.

"The stand is some little distance away; and the man cannot be back for five minutes or more. You had better rest until he returns," Leonard ventured, with a protecting arm as she walked feebly down the church.

She accepted his assistance with frank simplicity, and sat down in the gray old porch looking over the churchyard, where the salt breeze from the sea and the bride's grave were the green flower-planted graves; but she leaned her soft white cheek against the cool stone, and sat thus, looking down the path with earnest expectation for the verger's return.

She had apparently forgotten Leonard Hope's presence. Her small well-gloved hands rested languidly in her lap; it seemed as if the tide of life within her ebbed so slow that she had not energy enough left to rise higher. And yet her anxious eyes were fixed on the path as if her whole soul were concentrated on the watch for the messenger's return.

The wedding bells were clanging forth their joy notes in the old tower overhead, and she put up her hand at last, as if to shut out the sound, whilst her brow contracted, as if with pain.

"A sweet face," Leonard Hope thought, as he stood leaning down upon it; "but so ineffably sad!"

The pathos of the large blue eyes, the hopless languid weariness of the white fingers, touched and interested the young man; he being for a moment an idle seaside lounger, and open to passing interests. And he wondered if he was mistaken, and another "tragedy," or if impetuous Cynthia's fancies had actually infected him, who had been proof against the dramas in every stranger's face that morning. Leonard smiled a little at himself, and then went back, irresistibly attracted, to the study of the figure before him. The lady was tall and slight, though not so young as the girl-bride; she was a woman who had passed her girlhood—at some time or other—by a few years at most, and the beautiful oval cheeks were worn, as if she had known suffering. There was a faint hollow beneath the cheek-bone, a most delicate features and the clear colorless complexion, relieved by the beautiful blue-black curve of the eyebrows and by the rich dark mass of hair which was drawn in waves from every feature and movement of the slight supple figure, which all grew on Leonard, as he had time to study it, more graceful to note them. The dress, too, simple and unstudied as it seemed, was graceful and becoming. She was a lady of the best type, Leonard decided; but that type was not exactly English.

The sound of wheels broke the silence; the lady rose quickly to her feet.

"It is there," she said, with a weary sigh, "at last!"—accepting Leonard's escort and allowing him to hand her into the carriage. "I thank you for your kindness," she added; then, bowing to him, "Will you tell the coachman to drive quickly—very quickly—to Marine Cottage, at the end of Marine Terrace?"

Leonard saw her for a few moments longer, as the carriage dashed up the quiet cushion of the open fly as it turned the corner of the street. And then she disappeared out of his sight, and out of his life he thought. And he strolled down the shingly beach to the end of Marine Terrace; and there, sheltered by a shoulder of the cliff from the sea breeze, he took from his little garden enclosed in tamarisk bushes, running down to the stretch of red beach, the pipe and tobacco jar hung with a great tangle of blossoming clematis, he found Marine Cottage. A long reclining chair of cane-work, such as one meets with everywhere, heaped up with shawls of many colours, stood on the gravel path, and a sharp little terrier yelped at his feet beneath. But there was no other sign of life or movement about the little dwelling. With its green Venetian blinds all down, it seemed to doze and blink in the hot September sunshine; while the fresh sweet odour of mignonette and in odious breathe of clamatis perfume came wafted towards Leonard Hope.

* * *

Cynthia was sitting at her writing table as Leonard walked into his aunt's room at the hotel, and Lady Kleth was reading in the open window, with her foot on the balcony.

"Well Leonard," the elder lady said, looking up at his entrance, "have you heard or seen anything more of this wedding which so interested Cynthia? I saw the carriage pass from the church; there seemed a great many of them. It must have been quite a grand affair. I wonder who the people are? I am so sorry I did not know about it, as I was on the promenade all the morning in my chair. I should have liked to see it. Cynthia was—"

"Don't talk about it, mamma; I want to forget it," Cynthia interrupted. "Is it not time for tea? Leonard, has you served? Ring the bell, Leonard, please."

Then she stepped out on the balcony, and Lady Kleth said to Leonard in a demonstrative whisper—

"Was it as bad as Cynthia says, Leonard? Is the girl being sacrificed?"

Before he could answer Cynthia came back again, and returned with characteristic inconsistency to the forbidden subject.

"I wish you had seen the end of it, Leonard. I am haunted by the whole affair," she said.

Why did he not tell her that he had "seen the end of it?" Why did he also keep silence on the strange little adventure which was, unreasonably enough, as he told him, self, associated with Cynthia's "tragedy" in his mind?

He gave no hint of further knowledge, although the interdicted subject was discussed all through the luncheon. He only laughed a little at "Donna Quixotina," as he was in the habit of calling his cousin.

"This is beyond you, most sympathetic and chivalrous of lady champions," he said. "I wish you can scarcely break a lance in this cause."

"No, more's the pity," she said. "But I wish I could forgive him."

"Try to think that it is all right; that it is a very happy marriage; that the bride is only shy, and that the bridegroom is a devoted lover, and will be a paragon husband."

"Do you believe all that?" she asked, turning sharply upon him.

"I!"—he was thrown off his guard by her sudden challenge—"I!" he stammered, "I wish I could forgive him, I am sure of it. "Well, no, I don't believe it. I don't know."

"Then I am right," she said decidedly, turning away.

"Oh dear!" sighed Lady Kleth. "How sorry I am! I wish I could bring it!"

Leonard Hope found his hat and retired in unaccountable confusion, to that refuge to a man in all difficulties, a cigar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Misers.

Ostervalde, the rich Paris banker, a few days before his death, refused to allow his servants to purchase a little broth. "True, I should like the soup," said the dying miser, "but I have no appetite for the meat. What is to become of that? It will be a waste."

Lord Chancellor Hardwick was nicknamed "Judge Gripus," on account of his avarice, though he was a learned judge and an excellent judge. When visited on his estate by country gentlemen, who came to pay their respects to the Lord High Chancellor, he would order them to send their horses to an inn, half a mile distant, that he might be saved the expense of baiting them. Yet he was then worth four millions of dollars, but dreaded to part with a shilling.

Marlborough, the great soldier of his age, was left between eleven and eight millions of dollars at his death, would not hesitate at any meanness to save a sixpence.

Sir William Smyth, a parsimonious English squire, with immense possessions, became blind at seventy by the formation of cataracts over his eyes. He made a bargain with a Leamington surgeon to couch his eyes, agreeing to pay sixty guineas if his sight was restored in the least.

The operation was successful that the patient could read without glasses. But no sooner did he see than he began to grieve at the thought of paying the promised fee, and he refused to pay him a cheat. He pretended that he could see nothing distinctly, and submitted to wearing the bandages for a month longer than the usual time.

When the month expired, he still insisted that he had only a glimmering of light, and the oculist compromised by accepting twenty guineas, instead of sixty. Yet at that time the baronet had thirty thousand dollars in his house.

A miser, whose parsimony and business abilities had amassed for him enormous wealth, was requested to lend to his Government a sum of money. He refused, as the interest offered was not high enough. He mauded, giving as a reason that he had met with severe losses which had reduced him very poorly.

Fearing that his excuse might be discovered to be a falsehood, he dug a cave in his garden and hid his money there. A trusty dog, with a spring-lock and a ladder, gave him access to his gold, which he daily visited.

At last, the miser disappeared. Search was made for him, but could not be found. His house was sold, and workmen began to repair it.

One day, they came upon a door in the cellar, with the key in the lock outside. They opened the door, descended the ladder and by the light of a lantern discovered the miser dead. The miser, surrounded by bags and boxes of gold and silver.

He had gone into his cave, the door had blown to, the lock could only be opened by the key which he had left outside, and the miser had perished amid his money-bags.

SUMMER SMILES.

The proper study for mankind is man. That is the only reason why girls go to school.

Bishop says that he shun's purchase a thermometer until fall. The plaguey things are too high now.

"It is hard for a rich man to die," says a philosopher. Yes, but it is slightly harder for a poor man to live.

A writer says that "dress is woman's great conundrum." It is hoped she will never be compelled to "give it up."

An exchange says that too two inches thick is enough for any man. In midsummer it supports the too man and his entire family.

What is more pathetic than to see the simple girls who wear black hats and hooded man will buy an infallible hair restorative from a bald headed barber.

"Arthur"—Yes, we should like to have your write up on our paper. Address your letter to the business office and it will be sent to you.

A pertinent question for the next hot weather from the Northwest: "Where are you hail from, and if so, why don't you hail?"

That dog with hydrophobia, which rushed into a saloon, was in search of congenial company. Everybody there was afraid of water.

The fellow who forgots a good deal that has happened doesn't worryus half as much as the fellow who remembers a good deal that never happened.

A colored woman was heard this morning informing a neighbor that last night's moonlight was so bright so that she "shook like an ash-pan."

The wealth of affection treasured by the city cousin for the country cousin finds expression in letters of tender friendliness about this time.

"We are beginning to doubt that "economony is wealth." At least we have a good deal of economy piled away which we would like to exchange for a little wealth.

A young man came to us the other day, and wanted to know if we could sell him a good wife, but we got out from him a chance to rise. We directed him to the nearest powder mill.

A man went into a saloon under the influence of liquor and asked a prominent politician to treat. "You can't be thirsty again; you have just had a drink," said the politician. "Of course (hic) I'm not thirsty, was the indignant response of the suffering drinker. "If I don't drink sompthen when I am thirsty, what's mattage have I got over a beasht of the field?"

The Irrepressible.

Worldly Mamma—"Clara, you should learn something of Mr. De Vincent's income before you encourage him too far."

Willie (Clara's small brother)—"I know all about it, and his outgo, too."

Clara—"Willie, what are you talking about?"

Willie—"Well, I do. Last night his income was about seven o'clock and his outgo after eleven."

HEALTH.

Medical Virtues of Onions.

A mother writes: "Once a week invariably—and it was generally when we had cold meat minced—I gave the children a dinner which was hailed with delight and which consisted of a good dish of stuffed onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best of medicine for expelling what most children suffer from, worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but cold slices they were encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of chives in their little gardens. When any little ones who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at the time, of course, I told him, that they were good for anything else."

The above appeared in the Lancaster *New Era*, and having fallen under the eye of an experienced physician of that county he writes as follows:

"The above ought to be published in letters of gold, and hung up beside the table, so that the children could read it, and understand that parents that love them ought to be without onions the whole year round. Plant old onions, alleed, in the Fall and they will come up in the Spring, and earlier in the Spring than by Spring planting. Give children of all ages a few of them raw, as soon as they can bear to eat them; do not miss treating them with a mess of raw onions three or four times a week. When they are old enough and strong to be eaten raw, then boil or roast them. During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like dangerous diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the Spring of the year at least once a day. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic against diphtheria. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity, or any mother, to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlet fever, diphtheria etc., where onions were freely eaten."

Good Disinfectants.

This is the season of the year when disinfectants are of the highest importance. They should be regularly employed in every house where there is any occasion for their use. Everything that is offensive or is disposed of should be burned. Potato parings, remnants of food from table, and the matter from the kitchen pail are more easily disposed of in this way than in any other. Substances which cannot be gotten rid of in this way, such as house slops, etc., may be disinfected by means of copperas, or sulphate of iron. It is well to have a solution of disinfectant always on hand. Dissolve one pound of copperas in a gallon of hot water. Keep in a wooden or earthen vessel. A quart of this solution will thoroughly disinfect two gallons of decomposing matter in fluid form.

A Lesson.

A beautiful character has just passed away—a faithful and sympathising pastor and friend. He was an invalid, suffering in the mental and moral good of the community. His friends looked on his life as an idle, useless one, and pitied him. For years disease had been insidiously preying upon him. He made his horse his doctor, and fully hoped to ride back to health.

He evidently did not understand his case. The extra work of the Week of Prayer left him utterly broken.

Everybody knows your blackberry jam. It is the finest jam in town. Many a lady enjoyed your table says she wishes she had the recipe. Don't tell her. It is your trade secret. It means bread and butter to you, if she wants that particular blackberry jam, let her pay for it. Generosity is business. You mean to base your hopes on blackberry jam. How shall you do it? Of, course, you will make it better than any. We all know you can make it better than any one else. The thing to consider now is the business of selling blackberry jam.

Blackberry jam is sold by a trade mark. The jam is to be put up in glass jars. You must go to some wholesale glass dealer and select a pattern of jar. Get a good quart jar of convenient size and shape. Select two sizes, a quart jar and a pint jar, and have them carefully measured to be sure they really hold what they claim to hold. Remember. Start right here to give good honest measure, for you may be sure, if you give your customers, people will some day find it out and then you will wonder why they buy no more jam. Having settled on the jars, find out you can always have that pattern jar jar, and then be sure of it. The jar is to be one of your trade marks, so that when people once see that jar they will know it means your special blackberry jam.

Next go to the printer and get a neat label with your full name and address, and plainly printed on it what is in the jar—"one full pint (or quart) blackberry jam." This particular style of jar and label is your trade mark, whereby your work is known and recognized. Your jam is your trade mark the law will protect you in it.

All this supposes you mean business. If you are a mere dabbler, if you put up a few bottles to your friends to get a little pocket money, it does not matter what bottles you use, because in a year your trade will be at an end and all is lost. In fact, if you are only going to play with the business just for one summer, and if you are just a little ashamed of it, it is not worth while. If to get some money, you will be surprised to find how quickly the whole business will slipped out of your hands. Don't do it. It is a lie and a heart full of mortification.

You are in earnest, you mean business. Blackberries are ripe, and you are buying them by the bushel. Your wife has been up in that neat and tasteful manner we know so well.

The work you pass quickly, and there they stand, a gross and a half of pints and quarts all exactly alike, neatly labeled and looking as if they knew it. Now, let us correct accounts and you find they cost just $42 for the gross of quarts and $10 50 for the half gross of pints, or $52 50 for the lot. Included in jars, labels and jam, not in fruit or labor. Oa such a small venture you ought to double your money or very nearly so, for your purpose is not to make a profit on packing, and freight. If you charge $7 a dozen for the large jars and $3 a dozen for the small ones, and do some work and 30 cents for single jars, you ought to get a clear profit on the venture. I know of one lady who started out in just this small way with just such things as she could make, bought and sold enough among her friends and acquaintances to make a clear profit of $40 the first year.

Next we come to the selling. Naturally you look about among your friends and see them or write them to inquire about the jam, and give the exact wholesale and retail price. Do not on any account vary from the first price. Charge a fair price and stick to it. Do not on any account sell a single jar, even to your own sister, under the fixed wholesale price. If people want to be dog in by pursuit of high pay for light work. It is the saddest of all ventures, for seeking a country home for the illusions and deceptions of a large town.

Not of a Practical Kind.

"Ah," said the Summer tourist, leaning over the fence and addressing the farmer, "may I make bold to inquire what that great quantity of green vegetation over there is?"

"Certainly, mister; I reckon it's cabbages."

"Oh, cows, my friend, every one of 'em cows. Say, you don't seem to be very well posted on these 'ere things."

"Perhaps not. The fact is, my business has kept me so closely confined that this is the first chance I've had to get out in the country."

"Running a bank or something like that?"

"No, sir, I am editor of an agricultural paper. I have held that position for thirty years."

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BERNARD.

In looking at the matter of earning money we find the people who succeed are in love with their work. They are in earnest, glad to do it, and take pride in doing it well, and it does not make much difference what the work may be. Their work pays because it meets a want, and they supply the want in the best manner. People want to eat. Here is a human want. Why not supply it?

Talk talk is for girls and one says,

"Oh, you mean cooking. I couldn't do it. It's arduous work."

All right, my girl. It is not fine hands and dainty ways that make the lady, neither is it honesty and that one who can do work. Many a real lady wears a housemaid's cap. Many a woman in a carriage wishes she had the health to walk and never suffer as easily as she hides her pudgy hands in kid gloves. If you were a lady you would do, but you are not, and therefore you are a hybrid—cook, whether you made your own coffee for breakfast or not.

There was once a New York a true lady. She had everything she could wish: a home, a good education, refined manners, and wealth, and she was a lovely and lovable woman. One day her wealth flew away. What did she do? Sit down in idleness, and hold her hands and complain of the disgrace of depending on others? Not at all. She looked about to see what she could do. Her eye fell on her garden, and she often spoke with enthusiasm of her lovely—pickles. Here was a human want. People want pickles. Pickles are made in every house, pickles of every kind in the stores, and every good housekeeper can make her own.

What is the use of making more pickles? She did not stop to ask this foolish question. She said,

"I will make better pickles than any to be bought in the stores. I will make such extra fine pickles that housekeepers will buy only mine in preference to any other, even at home. I will make the best pickles ever placed on any table.

Here was the ladyline ambition, a clear good common sense view of the business. She rolled up her sleeves and with her own fair hands with her own and her own fair ladyline ambition, she made the best pickles, put them up in glass jars, and put her own initials on the labels. She took pride in her work, and didn't hesitate to let people who made them herself, and that they were good honest, pickles. As a natural result she sold a few bottles.

People bought them out of curiosity, just to see if they were really so very fine. It was true. They were prime. They told their friends, and people began to send for more and more. She had succeeded. She had established a business, and in a short time her profits amounted to over $10,000 a year.

Naturally enough, other women and girls read of her wonderful success, and how many hundreds of them did the same thing. Here is a regular home business for girls—home-cooking, pickle making, cake-making, preserves and fruits, preparing choice dishes and salads. Naturally the mercenary girls will here ask if the business is being overcrowded. Are not too many trying to sell pickles and cakes?

No, because while many try the entire product is consumed at some price every year, and the good cooks live they much get. A certain proportion fails because they do poor work and you must know the business.

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A BEGGAR'S ROMANCE.

Once the Belle of Salt Lake—New Grinding a Hand-Organ for a Living.

The Chicago Tribune relates the following pathetic story:—Did you ever notice the little old woman who has been selling the wheezy hand-organ on one of the railroad viaducts? Day after day, summer and winter, rain or shine, she has been seated on a little camp-stool grinding out the same old distracting tunes. Hot or cold, she always wears some kind of a shawl, and the ends of threadbare shawl is always drawn tightly across her shoulders. A little black bonnet, rusty with age, hides her face from her forehead so as to hide her pinched and careworn features. Perhaps you have caught a chance glimpse of her face and have felt something in the pitiful expression that caused you to pause for an instant and drop a coin into the little tin cup. It probably never occurred to you that the

LIVE HISTORY OF THIS STREET BEGGAR

is interlined with a choice bit of romance. You certainly never dreamed that the humble creature before you was one of the belle of Salt Lake City, a leader of fashion, and the heiress of millions. Yet she was. She is the adopted daughter of John Brigham Young, one of the wealthiest men in Utah, and a favourite niece of the once famous Mormon prophet. She was reared in luxury and received a liberal education, filled with rare musical talents she became celebrated among her people as an accomplished vocalist, and was prominent as a dramatic contralto in the choir at the tabernacle. She was her father's joy, and just as she was ripe for a brilliant marriage her father had her hand to a rising young elder who had been active in proselyting for the Mormon Church. The daughter remonstrated, but without avail.

A short time before the day set for the wedding she was secretly

MARRIED TO A YOUNG NEWSPAPER MAN.

He was a Gentile. When her father got wind of the marriage he renounced his daughter, and cast her out of his house. She fled with her husband to New York, where he obtained employment on the staff of a morning newspaper. Shortly after, his eyesight became affected, and he was unable to retain his position. The case became a struggle for an existence. Their little savings were soon exhausted in trying to restore the husband's eyesight, and after three years' treatment he became totally blind. Though disinherited and reduced to poverty, the devoted wife remained true to her marriage vows, let her husband go his way. Finally he sent her to aid her, but receiving no reply, sought for employment. Every one turned a deaf ear to her pathetic story, and at a last resort she accepted an engagement in a concert saloon. There her splendid voice attracted attention, and she was able to earn enough to give her husband a home and comfortable home. Their prosperity, however, was short lived, for not long after she was prostrated by a severe illness, and died and her of her voice and left but a wreck of her former self. Disheartened in spirit and feeble in health she began the life of a street beggar, wandering from place to place, and finally locating in Chicago, the Mecca for poverty-stricken Bohemians. Although dragged down to the very depths of misery and degradation, she has steadfastly clung to the sightless old man who unwittingly caused her downfall. Recently a woman who knew the beggar many years ago met her and recognized her, and by close questioning elicited the sad story of her unfortunate career.

Sermons of Preachers

In the records of St. Catherine's Church, London, under the date of 1594, there is this passage, illustrative of the pains taken to prevent prolix preaching: "Paid for an hour-glass that hangeth by the pulpit when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away."

In these days there was one clergyman who, not being willing to be "cut short" by a good preacher, "that he should know when to stop," announced twenty four divisions of his sermon, and the congregation heard a bell rung for his eight-cap and slippers.

A preacher ought to know, also, when to begin. Bishop Latimer, when preaching, and having on a certain occasion announced as his text, "I am the Good Shepherd," kept repeating it over and over. Dr. Donne, who was in the pulpit with him, said, "You are a very good sheep," and telling him to sit down, he took the same text and preached an excellent sermon from it.

There have been many humorous preachers. One of this class was Father Andre, a Roman Catholic preacher, who had a great humor to satirize the faults of his brethren. Preaching once in a monastery which had been plundered by the Huns, he expatiated on the goodness of God, who took special care of His children. Said he,—

"Brethren, consider, among other evidences, what has happened to

FOREIGN ECHOES.

The stud of the Empress of Austria is to be brought to the hammer, to her Majesty's great regret. She obeys the doctor's orders by riding no more.

Mme. Schulze Delitzsch, widow of the famous political economist, was burned to death in her house near Berlin, owing to a candle she had forgotten to extinguish setting the bed on fire.

The late William E. Forster, the illustrious British statesman, left a considerable landed estate, and personal property valued at $400,000. He bequeathed it all absolutely and unconditionally to his wife.

On his journey through Paris to St. Petersburg, Herr Rubinstein, it is said, informed a friend that his net profits in the 106 "historical" and other recitals which he has given since last October amounted to, in round numbers, £20,000.

A resolution was unanimously carried at a general meeting of the New University Club in London, a few days ago, to admit as hon. members during the Exhibition graduates of Colonial universities introduced by two members of the club.

The latest high-life innovation in fashionable marriages in Paris is the display of the bride's outfit on dummy figures ranged on a platform, as was done at the late reception for the signing of the marriage contract of the daughter of the Countess de P——. Assistants from the dressmakers who had produced the toilettes attended to point out the beauties of their creation.

A very valuable consignment to the Louvre Museum reached Paris recently. It consists of 215 packing cases, containing the fragments of the decorations of the palaces of Artaxerxes and of Darius at Susa, in Persia, and the objects of ancient art discovered by the mission sent to Susa, under the direction of M. Dieulafoy. A vast *salle*, situated on the first floor of the Louvre, has been prepared for the reception of these precious vestiges of antiquity.

The Queen's jubilee is to be celebrated by one sensible step, at any rate. The royal portrait on the coinage is to be brought down to date, and the Queen has given Mr. Boehm a sitting for the purpose. It is inconceivable why this was not done years ago. The image and superscription of the Sovereign become meaningless if not true, and the "Queen's head" on the coinage and postage stamps has had no pretensions to be considered a portrait for these forty years past and more.

The visit of the Colonists to Windsor Castle was a complete success in every way, and all the guests returned delighted with their experience of Royal hospitality. The Queen was most kindly and gracious, and, in Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, she "said the right thing in the right way" to everybody who was presented to her. There was a splendid luncheon, and special orders had been given that the visitors were to see everything, and all the beautiful and interesting art treasures in the castle were inspected, and then they saw the gardens, Frogmore and the Mausoleum, finishing at the dairy, where unlimited supplies of strawberries and cream were provided.

The Emperor of Russia is desirous of forming a new sort of Holy Alliance for the purpose of "boycotting" France, as a punishment for the expulsion of the Orleans Princes. It is proposed that the members of this solemn league and covenant shall bind themselves not to visit Paris, Cannes, Nice, or any place in France, and the *mot d'ordre* is to be sent about that courtiers and others who disport themselves in that country will get into disgrace. The abrupt departure from Paris last month of several members of the Imperial family was caused by the Emperor's order that they should quit France. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and the King of Italy are all more or less favourable to the Czar's proposal.

The Russian empire contains 884 penitentiary establishments (at least that is the number of which the Administrator of Prisons publishes any account.) Their occupants on the 1st of January last year numbered 94,515 of both sexes, an excess of nearly 8 per cent. above the returns of the preceding twelve months. Of these persons, the ordinary houses of detention contained 68,000, the convict prisons 6,500, the reformatories 8,000, the prisons in Poland 8,000. The proportion of women was less than 10 per cent. of the whole, but in the kingdom of Poland the women amounted to 16 per cent. of the incarcerated (probably owing to their participation in political agitation). Nearly three-quarters of a million arrests take place in the year.

Zigzag Morality.

It is of no avail to shake your head, for I propose to show you in this brief article, that zigzag morality will apply admirably, to the occasional acute curves in the line of conduct of certain individuals inhabiting this mundane sphere.

Many persons of observant habits, must have noticed that there does exist a class of men who possess a double character; or the power, when abroad, to metamorphose the morality which we have become accustomed at home, to associate with their names. They are much like bats. We sometimes mistake them for what they are not, but what they seem.

Some so-called respectable persons, at home are paragons of all that merits imitation, in a moral sense; but away from home, they present to view a widely different picture. Look at the moral married man suddenly summoned to the city to attend to particular business. Forgetting home restraints and his influence there, he rushes into a "lark" that would shock his trusting wife and tender children could they but see. Of course, he does not neglect his business. It is merely a recreation after business hours, you understand. Then he gets home so refreshed, or, on the other hand, worn out with business cares. Little does his patient wife know the true cause of that frown on her husband's brow, is due to a loss at a game of pool and not to business perplexities at all.

It Would be Pleasant

BY W. B. HOLLAND.

There are many pleasant events in this little world of ours,
There are lots of sunny moments, there are loads of pretty flowers.
But, one pleasure I have wished for, and have longed for night and day,
'Tis to write the obituary of the man that's known to say:
"Is this hot enough for you?'

I've had pleasures without number in my uneventful life;
I have money 'nuff to live on, I've a sweet and loving wife,
But for one thing I'd be happy, for that thing I ever pray;
I want to attend the funeral of the man that's heard to say:
"Is this hot enough for you?'

I have always lived quite happy, and have had but little woe,
My train has never run too fast, nor never yet too slow.
But, there's one delightful pleasure that I wish before I die;
'Tis to club to peace and quiet every man that's heard to cry:
"Is this hot enough for you?"

An Improbable Yarn.

"One of my ancestors won a battle during the Crusades by his skill in handling his artillery," said the baron.

"But, my dear baron," said his friend, "at the time of the Crusades gunpowder had not yet been discovered."

"I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor."

"How did he win the battle, then?"

"He brought his artillery to bear on the Saracens, and the stupid fools, seeing the guns, supposed that powder had at last been discovered, and fled in dismay."

"Any port in the storm," so long as it is not a Canada port in the mackerel season.

THE FARM.

Soiling Hogs.

There is a growing tendency to give hogs more green feed than formerly. We have recommended pasturing in clover, but some object to this because the hogs will root up the ground more or less. Ringing is considered a preventive, although it is not always completely so; besides it is some trouble to ring hogs, to say nothing of the cruelty of the practice which violates the nature of the hog by depriving it of the privilege of indulging one of its strongest instincts, which the peculiar construction of its snout was designed to gratify.

But because hogs are kept in the pen, or not given a wide range, is no reason why they should not have plenty of green feed that may be thrown to them. Peas and oats, put in early, make an excellent soiling crop for hogs, and are of the right kind to put on muscle and promote growth. Corn properly grown may follow these But do not "drill it in or plant it thickly," as we see an exchange recommends. You want all the substance in the stalks that can be got into them, and the most is obtained by planting in the usual way for a field crop. Not only more nutriment, but about as much weight of feed, can be obtained in this way as by drilling or in planting thicker. If drilled in, the kernels should be dropped not closer than three or four inches in the row, with the rows three and a half or four feet apart. The corn should reach the milk stage before being fed to the hogs, as it then has accumulated all the gums, sugars, and starches for the production of a full crop of grain.

By a succession of crops, or planting at different dates in patches corresponding to the number of hogs to be fed, they may be kept in a full supply of green corn from the middle of July or 1st of August until frost comes. The same is true of peas and oats, and it would work excellently well to grow the two crops—corn and peas and oats—so that they may be fed together, first a meal of the one and then of the other. This would make a better balanced ration and give the hogs a greater variety, which they relish, as well as the human animal, exceedingly well. And in conjunction with these we would not omit a patch of clover to be mown and thrown to them if they cannot be allowed to help themselves. Should it happen that any of the patches are larger than needed to feed the swine the fodder would be relished by other animals; or, if not needed at all for soiling, they could be permitted to ripen, or to be cut green and cured, as might be the most preferred.

Farmers must study economy in hog-raising and everything else and look for their profit in reduced cost rather than in high prices, and there is no cheaper or better way of raising pork than by making free use of green food.

Timely Suggestions.

Arba Campbell, according to experiments reported in the Husbandman, finds that much the cheapest feed for cattle in winter is wheat straw, wheat bran, and cotton-seed meal.

G. S. McCann stated to the Farmer's club that he found the limbs of the white oak much more durable for posts than the body of the tree. He had tried setting posts erect and inverted, but could find no difference in their durability. Posts were found to last longer when set in clay soil beaten compactly about them to prevent the passage of water, and to keep them in a uniform state of moisture. In gravelly soils, which permit them to become often water-soaked and again soon dry, they did not last long.

The best thing to oil leather and keep it soft is neats-foot oil. This is made from the legs and feet of beef cattle. A great many people use castor oil but some contend it rots the leather. Animal oils are the safest. A harness well oiled will outlast ten not cared for. It must not be forgotten that when leather is dry it will crack and does not have nearly so much strength.

Mr. I. K. Felch gives a formula for a chicken food which he says will give a pound extra in 12 weeks, or a 20 per cent. gain to the egg basket. Twenty pounds of corn, 15 pounds of oats, 10 pounds of barley, 10 pounds of wheat bran, to be ground fine and well mixed.

When the fresh meadows have been mown the ditches in them should be cleaned out and the material taken out should be deposited where it can remain until another summer. It needs the frosts of one winter and the sun of one summer to fit it for use as an absorbent and to free it from the acid it contains when taken out, but after that acid is destroyed this material makes a good absorbent. So also does dry earth from the roadside, and so do street sweepings, if one lives near enough to the city to obtain them cheaply. Perhaps they are the best for the purpose, as they contain considerable fertilizing property themselves.

If this month should prove dry it will be necessary to see that the cattle have an abundant supply of fresh and pure water in the yards and pastures, and perhaps make up for the scarcity of grass in the pasture by a little extra feed after they are brought in at night. It is much cheaper to keep them in good condition and maintain a full supply of milk at all times than to allow milk product or weight to fall off and then attempt to restore it again.

SHE EXHUMED HER LOVER.

He Comes to Life, but is for a Time Insane.

Herman Krause and Anna Eeschenbach, each of whom was born in the little German town of Friederichsaw, on the Rhine about thirty-eight years ago, and whose peculiar outfit and small acquaintance with the English language indicated that they were strangers in America were married the other day, by Mayor Whitney in his office in the City Hall, Brooklyn. The Mayor and Secretary Phillips each kissed the bride and wished the couple all kinds of prosperity. It was not until after they had gone that the Mayor learned that the marriage was the climax of a long and romantic attachment. The story is that Herman and Anna when a boy and a girl together in the little town on the Rhine, had fallen in love. When the Franco-German war broke out Herman became a soldier, and Anna, with equal patriotism, accompanied his corps as a nurse in one of the Red Cross hospital wagons. Early in the campaign Herman, with a score of his comrades, were mown down by a French shell, and being supposed to be dead he was buried with others in a trench. During the night Anna went to the trench and dug up the body of her supposed dead lover. To her surprise he showed signs of life. He was sent to the hospital and he recovered. Anna's grief, however, was intense when she was informed that an injury to his skull was of such a nature that he could never recover his reason.

Years rolled on, Krause remaining in a military hospital and Anna in her native village. Her father had meanwhile come to this country, and nearly two years ago, in despair of ever seeing Krause restored to reason, she joined him in Brooklyn. Last fall a German physician succeeded in performing an operation on Krause's skull, which brought it back to its normal condition, and this restored his reason. He then thought of the girl who had followed him to the war and saved his life, and he never rested until he found her in this country.

The marriage followed as a matter of course. Mayor Whitney, who believes the story, says it is not more improbable than other tales of love and war which he has heard.

Men laugh a good deal at the insane intricacies of the crochet directions published occasionally in the "For women" columns of the newspaper, but every woman knows that they are simplicity itself compared with the stupid incomprehensibility of a base ball score.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The recent opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition is made the occasion by the London *Times* of an interesting account of the growth of the colonial empire of Great Britain. The following is the substance of the article:—This unparalleled empire began hesitatingly some 300 years ago, with a precarious footing on an area of 40,000 square miles, amid a population of savages; it culminated to-day with an area of 9,000,000 square miles and a population, including feudatories, of something like 270,000,000, one seventh of the land surface of the globe and one sixth of its inhabitants, and that excluding the mother country. Let us endeavor briefly to recall the growth of this world-wide empire.

ENGLAND HERSELF ORIGINALLY A COLONY.

We need not begin our story with the remarkable colonization enterprises of Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, nor need we even occupy space with contrasting the mediæval trading stations established by Venice in the Mediterranean and its offshoots, with the colonies of the last 400 years. England itself was for three centuries a Roman colony, and an important and stirring one, having, however, more analogy with India than with Canada or Australia. English Britain, if we may use the term, began as a colony, but a colony of the true English type; the emigrants who came with Hengist and Horsa from the Elbe and the Weser came to find a new home and remain in it. With more or less indiscriminate slaughter of the aborigines, a method which has been only too faithfully followed by their successors, they cleared the country and built their homestead and founded their cities. For more than a thousand years did these Teuton colonists go on developing the resources of their island home, receiving fresh and vigorous additions, always of essentially the same stock, before they began to look out westwards and southwards for fresh islands and other continents to harry and to settle and to nourish powerful states.

TARDY BEGINNINGS OF CONQUEST.

The Portuguese and Spaniards, and even the French, were in the field long before England. Spain had a settlement in Dominica as early as 1493, and Vaco de Gama reached India in 1483. Within very few years India and South America had their Portuguese and Spanish viceroys. In 1534 Jacques Cartier made his famous voyage up the country in the name of the French sovereign. True, Cabot discovered Newfoundland and the main land of North America in 1497, but he, like other early western navigators, simply regarded the new world as a barrier on the way to India. It was this latter land of fabulous riches that was the goal of the infant naval enterprise of England for many years after Cabot's discovery. The Portuguese monopolized the routes by the southern seas, and England had not yet a navy to cope with its rival. The first effective English settlement on the island cannot be dated earlier than 1623, long before which Virginia had been planted and Jamestown founded. True, in 1580 the British flag was planted in the West India island of Tobago, but that island was not effectively occupied by England till 1703. Meantime, some roving Englishmen had in 1605 planted a cross in Barbados inscribed "James, king of England and of this island," though there was no actual settlement till 1624. Barbados is one of the two or three British West India islands that never changed hands. After all, however, Bermuda may fairly claim to be considered the earliest of existing English colonies, and it was colonized both from Virginia and England shortly after 1609. But later during the seventeenth century the growth of our colonial possessions was slow, if we except the New England Sates and the settlements on the east American coast to the south. Leaving these last out of view, as they no longer belong to us, our colonies at the close of the century were few and scattered compared with the enormous territories which Portugal and Spain, France and Holland, were endeavoring to drain of their wealth.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

At the end of the seventeenth century, besides Newfoundland and Bermudas, and a few factories on the West African coast and in India, of the present colonial empire we had possession, more or less stable, of Jamaica, Barbados, St. Christopher's Nevis, Turk's island, Antigua, Montserrat, Anguilla, Virgin Island, Bahamas and St. Helena out in the Atlantic. The total area of these did not much exceed 60,000 square miles, for our African and Indian settlements, were little more than stations. Even if we added such parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as were not occupied by France, the total area could scarcely be more than 80,000 square miles. During the first half of the eighteenth century, if we except the confirmation to Great Britain of the ten North American colonies just mentioned, and one or two of the West India islands already included, the only acquisition of importance as a foreign possession was Gibraltar (1704), and that not as a colony but as a strategical station. A period of comparative quiescence prevailed during these fifty years previous to the outbreak of the great and long-continued struggle between England and France for supremacy on the seas, if not on land.

THE PERIOD OF THE FRENCH WARS.

During the last forty years of the eighteenth century, on the other hand the broad foundations of England's Empire beyond the seas were firmly laid; subsequent operations have mainly been in the way of development and consolidation. The great struggle between England and France for supremacy beyond Europe may be said to have begun simultaneously in India and Canada. On the latter field it resulted in the capitulation of Quebec in 1759, followed four years later by the cession of the whole of Canada; so that England was virtually mistress of the whole of North America. In 1776 the Declaration of Independence was signed, and in 1783 England had to resign herself to the loss of by far the most valuable half of her dominions in America. The extent of our loss may be estimated from the fact that our trade with the United States is equal to the total of our colonial trade, leaving India out of account, and amounts to one third of our entire foreign commerce. With such a fact before us, can we regard the independence of the states as really a loss after all? In the same year as Canada became an English possession the islands of Dominica, Granada, St. Vincent and Tobago were added to our West India possessions, followed in 1797 by the surrender of Trinidad to Abercrombie by the Spaniards. Although Commodore Byron took possession of the Falkland islands in 1765, no effective establishment was formed there til 1833. In 1783-6 British Honduras was acquired by treaties; in 1787 Sierra Leone was ceded by the native chiefs; while in 1788, not quite a century ago, the not very promising foundation of the great Australian group of colonies was laid by the establishment of a small convict station at Botany Bay. Turning to the East we find Malacca captured from the Dutch in 1795, though it did not finally become English till 1823. Penang was colonized in 1785, and province Wellesley in 1798. Much more important was the capture of Ceylon from the same once supreme colonial power in 1796. The battle of Plassey was fought in 1757, and within about half a century thereafter, through the genius of Clive and Hastings and Wellesley, English supremacy was virtually established, directly or indirectly, over a great part of the Indian peninsula. Bengal was ceded in 1765, and Madras conquered in 1792-1800, having between them an area estimated at 290,000 square miles, and a population of 55,000,000.

THE LION'S PAW STILL STRETCHED OUT.

Thus, then, during the latter half of the eighteenth century we had succeeded in rapidly increasing our foreign possessions by something like 6,500,000 square miles, reckoning the whole of Australia as virtually annexed. During the present century we have been able to increase this area by about one-third, half of it, at least, in India. While, during the last eighty-six years, we have been extending and confirming our hold over India, and while we have acquired one or two really important additions to our colonial possessions, it will be seen, as we have said, that our chief work has been to develop and consolidate the acquisitions of the latter half of the eighteenth century. In 1806 the Dutch were compelled to hand over to us their possessions in South Africa, which by the formation of the Natal colony in 1838, and other subsequent annexations, have been extended far beyond their original boundaries. In 1807 we captured the tiny islet of Heligoland, and three years later, 1810, Mauritius capitulated, our possession of the island being confirmed by the Treaty of Paris, 1814. A year later, 1815, we acquired the Ionian Islands by treaty, only to give them to Greece some fifty years after, and in the same year we established our naval station in Ascension. We all remember the excitement over the occupation of Cyprus in 1878.

IN OUR OWN TIMES.

The British North Borneo company was incorporated by royal charter in 1881. We have hardly yet recovered from the excitement of raising the British flag over Southern New Guinea, the Niger mouths, and Bechuana land in 1883, while at this very moment our soldiers and our civil servants are busy getting into working order the extensive territory of Upper Burmah, proclaimed English on the first day of the present year. This last annexation, however, belongs rather to the record of our dominion in India, which has advanced so rapidly that the 200,000 square miles, and the 55,000,000 inhabitants of 1800 have grown to something like 1,500,000 square miles and 280,000,000 of a population. Thus, then, while the beginnings of the greatest colonial empire on record go back some 300 years, by far the greater portion of our foreign possessions have been acquired during the last 120 years. The statesmen under whom this great and widely scattered empire was acquired and built up never entertained a doubt as to the necessity of England, if she was to maintain her position among the nations, in taking this method of upholding her naval supremacy, of securing her influence in every quarter of the globe, of finding outlets for her rapidly increasing population, and of keeping all rivals out of the field. Of the nine millions or so of square miles over which our empire beyond the sea extends, something like six and a half millions are in the main perfectly suited for European colonization.

PRODUCTS OF THE EMPIRE.

Compare our foreign possessions with those of any other colonial power—France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and even Germany. Of the possessions of all these countries, French Algeria and perhaps New Caledonia are the only ones in which acclimation for the European is at all possible. Nearly every product which the earth is capable of yielding we can obtain in abundance within the borders of our own possessions. At home we still have plenty of coal and iron; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, can send us ample stores of every variety of grain; animal products of all kinds Canada, Australia, and the Cape can supply in abundance; tea, coffee, sugar, cotton, and other tropical and subtropical products we can draw from both the old and the new world; of gold there is still no lack; the tin mines of Tasmania are already famous, and both copper and tin are profitable products of New South Wales; we have diamond mines in South Africa; the wines of Australia and the Cape figure prominently in the exhibition. Should our manufactures be paralyzed, Canada might supply us with blankets and pianos, New Zealand with tweeds, Victoria with carriages, New South Wales with shoes, India and Malta with jewelry.

The methods by which England has gained for herself this enviable position among the nations of the earth have been essentially the same as those by which our ancestors gained a footing in our island home, which they have raised to the proud position of a mother of nations. As a matter of fact, keeping India out of view, about one half (3,800,000 square miles) of our colonial possessions have been obtained by legitimate capture or compulsory cession; the other half by settlement or peaceful annexation. Under the former category we may fairly include the greater part of our Indian empire; and of our great colonies, Canada, the Cape, Ceylon, Burmah and British Guinea were obtained in fair fight. On the other hand, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Fiji, Natal, Newfoundland and New Guinea were simply annexed with or without the express permission of the natives. Whether the methods by which we have acquired our great possessions were legitimate or illegitimate in every case we do not care to inquire at this moment. For the present it is enough for us that we have inherited them, and mean to keep them and make the most of them.

Habits of Famous Men.

Turner, the painter, said, "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work." This will be found to be the experience of all who have succeeded.

Virgil took three years to compose his ten short Eclogues, seven years his "Georgics," and twelve years to polish his "Æneid."

Thucydides was upwards of twenty years in writing his history of one volume.

Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, often spent a week upon two or three pages.

Gibbon and Macaulay wrote many chapters three times over.

Carlyle's hours of composition were generally three to four—from 10 or 11 a. m. to 2 p. m.—unless he were specially engaged or hurried, when he added an hour or two to the ordinary number. He wrote unevenly, at times slowly, then rapidly, but always with care, never allowing his manuscript to go from him until it suited him exactly. He frequently destroyed whole pages upon which he had labored hard and long, being extremely fastidious as to punctuation as well as to words and arrangement. But the writing of his books was much less than his preparation for writing, which was most thorough and conscientious. No man had a keener appetite for work, and yet he worked far faster than most authors. His reading was stupendous, and he did it with surprising quickness, dispatching a volume of ordinary size while many persons would be occupied with a few chapters. For forty to fifty years of his life he read on an average from six to eight hours a day, sitting up for that purpose generally until one or two o'clock in the morning.

Dr. Elisha Mulford's "The Republic of God" is stated by the "Literary World" to have been rewritten nine times, and parts of it fifteen times, before being put into type.

Charles Sumner said: "All through my college life I labored eighteen hours a day. I never labored less in any one day."

Charles Dickens never failed to be at his desk at ten o'clock in the morning, and to work steadily, whatever his mood, until one in the afternoon. He never neglected, for any distinction, his labors as editor of "All the Year Round." He kept his business matters in a condition of complete regularity. It was found after his death that he had bestowed the minutest care upon the settlement of his worldly affairs. Nothing had been left undone or forgotten.

Caleb Cushing, one of the greatest lawyers in the States used to read sixteen hours a day for months. When he was appointed justice of the supreme bench of Massachusetts, he read sixty volumes on different laws in nineteen days. He often worked at his desk till four o'clock in the morning, continuously for twenty-three hours, and lived to a good age. He was a poor boy, and worked his way to fame.

"I heard a well-known society lady make a strange break," said a young gentleman. "She was speaking of a young lady friend, and, strange to say, she was praising her. She had reached the summit of her friend's good qualities when she said: "And then, too, she is so quick at repertoire.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

How to Do Up Shirt-Bosoms.

Take two tablespoons of best starch, add a very little water to it, rub and stir with a spoon into a thick paste, carefully breaking all the lumps and particles. Add a pint of boiling water, stirring at the same time; boil half an hour, stirring occasionally to keep it from burning. Add a piece of enamel the size of a pea; if this is not at hand, use a tablespoonful of gum arabic solution (made by pouring boiling water upon gum arabic and standing until clear and transparent, or a piece of clean mutton tallow half the size of a nutmeg, and a teaspoon of salt will do but is not as good. Strain the starch through a strainer or a piece of thin muslin. Have the shirt turned wrong side out; dip the bosoms carefully in the starch and squeeze it out, repeating the operation until the bosoms are thoroughly and evenly saturated with starch; proceed to dry. Three hours before ironing dip the bosoms in clean water, ring out, and roll up tightly First iron the back by folding it lengthwise through the centre; next iron the wristbands and both sides of the sleeves; then the collar band; now place the bosom-board under the bosom, and with a dampened napkin rub the bosom from the top toward the bottom, smoothing and arranging each plait neatly. With a smooth, moderately hot flatiron begin at the top and iron downward, and continue the operation until the bosom is entirely dry and shining. Remove the bosom board and iron the front of the shirt. The bosom and cuffs of shirts—indeed, of all nice; fine work—will look clearer and better if they are first ironed under a piece of thin old muslin. It takes off the first heat of the irons and removes any lumps of starch.

Recipes.

HOME-MADE CRACKERS.—One quart of prepared flour, three good tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonful of sugar, one pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Rub the butter into the flour, put the sugar with the milk, mix into stiff dough, lay on the floured pastry board, and beat from end to end with the rolling-pin, stopping every five minutes or so to shift the mass and double it over upon itself. Keep this up for twenty minutes: roll into a sheet less than a quarter of an inch thick, cut into round cakes, prick these deeply with a fork and bake in a moderate oven. They are better the second day than the first.

VERY GOOD PEA SOUP.—This can be made from the pods of young peas, now in market, the same seasoning and thickening as you would use for the puree of the peas, either fresh or canned. For the thickening of this puree take one tablespoonful of flour, stirred smooth into one pint of boiling milk which you have flavoured with either a mint leaf or a bay leaf: the latter is rather better liked. If onion is liked, stick four cloves into one and boil in the milk. When the peas are used set on to boil with cold water and boil twenty minutes. They should boil almost dry Drain in a colander and mash, adding a pint of hot water and then thickened and seasoned milk. Sprinkle some parsley over it, and salt and pepper it to taste. This serves for a quart of peas. When only the pods of a half peck of peas are used boil them in water to cover until soft enough to mash through a colander; use the water and add one quart of milk, with double the above thickening. You can serve the peas as a separate dish, with a meat course.

Notes For Housekeepers.

Strain soups, gravies, etc., through a cloth that has been thoroughly soaked in cold water. The greasy part will be repelled by the water and not a particle will pass through.

The poorest chewing tobacco (one plug) and the poorest of whisky (one quart) mixed and well shaken, makes one of the surest remedies for bed-room insects. Apply liberally to the furniture with a brush.

When towels become thin in the middle cut them lengthwise, sew the selvedges together and hem the two cut sides. If ribbon sashes or men's neck ties become soiled near the ends cut them in two across the middle and sew together the original ends.

The ordinary home method of renovating velvet is to steam it over boiling water taking care to expose the wrong side only to the steam. After steaming it may be run back and forth a few times over a flat iron, the wrong side next the iron. This process freshens velvet, but will not restore badly damaged portions.

For ginger beer take one large spoonful of pulverized ginger, one of cream tartar one pint of yeast, one pint of West India molasses and six quarts of water; stir thoroughly and set in a warm place. When it begins to ferment bottle and cork tight. It will make a very nice drink. If liked one can add two teaspoonfuls of essence of sassafras or wintergreen for flavoring.

Carbolic acid is the best disinfectant for in-door sinks. A small quantity of it is required and it can be readily washed away when its work is done. If the pipes of sinks have become clogged with greasy waste pour in some liquid potash, which will quickly form soft soap and so of course pass of.

"Don't Step There."

The services which John B. Gough did for the temperance cause were the reproduction on a large scale of the warning of the little boy in the following anecdote from the "Episcopal Recorder:"

A man started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with choking voice said.

"Please don't step there."

"Why not."

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passer-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, and sees the young learning to take the first glass of spirits or wine or beer, has good reasons to say to them,

"Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others and abhorred by himself has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course,

"Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

What Will Happen to Girls.

Thirty-nine girls,

In ten years fifteen will have married.

In ten years seven of the fifteen will be widows dependent upon their own exertions for bread and meat.

In ten years fifteen of the remaining twenty-four will be sleeping beneath the sod, And how far apart will they be sleeping! One in Georgia, one in California, one in Ohio, one in Virginia, another perhaps in a missionary's grave in China, another amid the ashes of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, another—but only time will tell where they all will sleep.

In ten years the nine I have not yet mentioned will begin to lose their sweetness and develop something of the sourness supposed to be inseparable from women that are destined to be old maids.

In ten years not one of the thirty-nine but that will have tasted of the bitterness that comes in time to all human beings, Hope will be blighted, loved ones will be claimed by that same skeleton you beheld just now, sorrow in a hundred forms will be experienced—indeed, to every one a surfeit of dead sea fruit will be offered.

An English gentleman at a public dinner recently declared that "the Irish question was so distasteful to him that he was unable to eat potatoes." A good many of the Irish who raise the question are also unable to eat posatoes, but not because their stomachs turn against them.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Changes in Her People Since Her Accession—What Does She Think of Them?

The Queen's jubilee year has commenced, and everybody is writing about the wonderful events of her long reign—the period, perhaps, in all history most distinctly marked in advance in man's long effort alike to understand and to subdue the opposing forces of Nature—and the changes which she has witnessed in the world and at home. That is natural enough; but such writing is only history, and history based on very imperfect materials, and it would be much more interesting to know, if etiquette would permit Her Majesty to tell us frankly what she thought on the subject herself. How does her own reign, as she looks back on it, slightly wearied with years, burdened with experiences, and educated by contact with many first-class minds appear to Queen Victoria? She very likely does not regard it exactly from the historian's point of view; indeed, she cannot, for she in her own thoughts, must be more of

A PIVOT TO THE HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE

than she would seem to any chronicler, however courtly. If the world be on fire, kings think, as private men think when a city burns of what they themselves have lost by the great conflagration. Reigning is a profession like another, the fact that the King inherits his place and his duties being one common to him and to great landlords, great bankers, great brewers, and owners of great shops. The Queen as she reflects upon the past, must in the first instance regard it with a professional eye, and from that point of view she must look upon herself as on the whole a successful woman. She has gained much and lost little—nothing, indeed, of value. Constitutional royalty has suffered nothing in her hands. She has decidedly raised the character of that branch of the kingly profession in the world's eyes, has made mankind think it more instead of less beneficial and effective, and has indefinitely increased their readiness to entrust it to women's charge. The long duration of her reign has increased the general sense of the stability of the system, as have also its freedom from great blunders and the general, though not complete, contentment of her subjects.

For half a century a Queen has ruled successfully over a great people, through a Parliament freely elected by her subjects, and successive Ministers whom they have chosen—that is,

A GREAT FEAT, OUTWEIGHING THE WEIGHTIEST

or the wittiest theoretical indictment of constitutional monarchy. Nor is there any public evidence that the constitutional plan of government, odd and cumbrous as it seems to the philosopher, is drawing to a close. The Queen may see signs of change that her subjects do not, symptoms of growing resistance, evidences of declining respect for the throne, indications that the props which supported it are becoming unsteady; but most observers, we think, would agree in considering the English monarchy safer than in 1837. An abstract liking for Republicanism may have increased, and undoubtedly the desire to keep the throne in the background has developed itself and become more conscious; but the popular dislike of royalty has died away, and with it an antipathy, keenly felt in many quarters down to 1837, for the particular dynasty. The Queen has never been "of Hanover," and has never been considered by her people anything but entirely English; and that has been a cause of popularity. Her Majesty, looking back on old memories, can hardly think otherwise than that; though it would be mightily interesting to hear her own view of the position of the throne in 1837 and 1886. She may have had direct powers in her earlier life, in the way of patronage for example, which have slowly slipped away; she may have been less afraid of Parliament when the true people was so completely outside it; and she may feel that the separate volition of her ministers has grown stranger and more enchaining than it was when the sailor-King used to fume and swear. We do not think it has been so, for a certain awe of the Queen has grown upon the men who come much in contact with her: but only Her Majesty can tell exactly what of change there has been.

A Visit to the King of Abyssina.

Capt. Harrison Smith, Paymaster, R. N., was sent by her Majesty's Government to the King of Abyssinia to present to him a letter and sword of honor from her Majesty the Queen. On April 10, says the Captain, we arrived suddenly in sight of the King's camp and Lake Ashangi. As we neared the camp we were met by the soldier whom I had sent on. He brought a message from the King. The King requested me to come at once to him. The soldier added that the King had threatened to punish him should he fail to bring me into camp that evening; but he begged me to wait a few minutes, till an escort of 200 men should arrive to accompany me. The officer commanding the escort informed me that they had been ordered to conduct me directly to the King.

I was obliged to change clothes on the road, unpack the letters from her Majesty and Lord S. and the swords for the King and his son. These proceedings entertained the soldiers greatly. The soldiers took up a sort of formation in the centre of which I and the persons who were instructed to carry the presents rode. Thus we crossed a plain, and then climbed the hill on which the King is building a new palace. There I was the beholden of many hundreds, having dismounted and walked to the door of the cokel roofed building in which his Majesty was seated.

About to enter I was abruptly stopped, because at the last moment the King had sent for a chair, which had not yet arrived. The chair was brought and placed with its back against the pole which supports the roof in the centre, and exactly facing the King. As usual he was seated on an angerib (a kind of bedstead), supported on either side by a large cushion. On my entering he extended his arm to its full length, and received me in the most cordial manner with his shamma nearly down to his waist.

At first I thought he was beckoning me to a chair, to which his outstretched hand was pointing, but I soon perceived his meaning, and having taken his hand and bowed, I presented her Majesty's letter, enveloped in an imposing embroidered cover which I had brought from Cairo, and which appropriately had a gold lion resembling the King's seal worked in the centre. Then I laid before the King the sword in its case with the lid opened, and afterward the sword for his son, Ras Aria Telassio. At the conclusion of the brief announcement with which I accompanied each presentation the King bowed and expressed thanks. He then said he had ordered a camp to be prepared for me, and that I must go and rest. I found a large but very thin tent pitched, and furnished with an angerib covered with a carpet and having the two usual cushions. Other carpets were laid on the ground, and for some time I sat in state till my escort was marched off, and I was left only with the small guard.

In the evening presents of goods, consisting of a cow, bread, ghee, tedge, (liquor made from honey), red pepper, firewood, and fireplaces, and a spoon for my use arrived, and were continued regularly during my stay.

On April 15 the King came. He wanted to know why duties were imposed. I replied that his merchants had never requested that they (the duties) might be remitted.

On the 19th I called on the King at 7 A. M. Talked, and wrote an addition to the letter for the Queen. Then was taken out, and arrayed with a shirt and trousers. I do not mean that at the time I wore neither of these useful articles, but these were special garments of honor. I was also presented with a lion's mane, the King's own mare, a horse, a mule, 21 spears, and a shield. At 11.20 we got on the march, and kept till 5.40, when we reached our old camp near Bebbah.

The anarchist will take almost anything if it is not looked up, except a bath.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

Brantford has a Temperance Electoral Union.

Clinton is accused of seeking to annex Goderich Harbour.

The Council of Nottawasaga has taken $100 worth of stock in the North Simcoe Industrial Association.

One of the candidates in the recent election for Kootenay, B. C., was Lieut. Col. Baker, a brother of Baker Pasha.

Complaint is made at St. Stephen, N. B. that the deposit of refuse from the cotton mill dye-house is injuriously affecting the salmon in the river.

A child of Mr. W. E. Atkinson, of Newport, a few days ago pulled over a tub of boiling water, and was so badly scalded that it lived only a few hours.

Two men have been fined at Mitchell for asking for liquor on Sunday, although they failed to get it. This is possible under the amended law. The singular feature of the affair, however, is that the men drove to a Scott Act county and got the liquor they wanted on the same day.

It is reported that the C. P. R. snow sheds in the Rockies are proceeding very slowly, owing to the difficulty of procuring men enough. It is now estimated that the sheds cannot possibly be finished before Christmas, and perhaps not then.

In a piece of bush near Victoria, B. C. four men were found with the aid of a dark lantern engaged in melting a white metal over a small furnace and moulding it into shapes that resembled silver coin. The men when discovered fled, leaving the apparatus behind. It is believed they are a gang of counterfeiters.

The Scott Act continues to keep Peterboro' well supplied with excitement. For calling Mr. Rossiter, the local Scott Act Inspector, "Rats," William Lakey has been fined $20 and costs, and for assaulting the same individual, William Whelan has been sentenced to a month in gaol. An angry crowd, inclined to attempt a rescue, gathered as Whelan was about to be conveyed to gaol, but better counsels prevailed and no interference with the police was offered.

As a young Guelph druggist was proceeding homeward one night recently a woman implored him to help her home with her husband who was lying inside a garden fence helplessly drunk. The young man was good of heart and so consented, and after infinite trouble succeeded in getting the inebriate home as was supposed. But on bringing a light it was discovered that the man was not the woman's husband at all. The real husband afterward came home sober.

A farmer at Chignecto, N.S., owned a dog that he very much prized. He had also a gun that he had kept loaded for a long time and he was somewhat afraid to fire off. It therefore occurred to him that he would go over to his neighbors and get his neighbor's boy to fire the gun off. The boy accepted the undertaking and discharged the gun. With the explosion came a terrible howl, and investigation showed that the boy had killed the farmer's favourite dog. Moral—When you want to experiment with your neighbour's boy send your dog out of the country.

There are some peculiar features in connection with the drowning of the Mounted Policeman, Alex. E. Cowan, of Battleford. He was missing from his tent at a very early hour in the morning, and some time afterward a portion of his clothes was discovered on the river bank. At once the conclusion was reached that he was drowned and for two days the river was dragged for his remains without success. On the third day his body was discovered about a hundred and fifty yards from where his clothes had been found. The deceased was a brother of Constable Cowan who was killed at Fort Pitt by the Indians.

A peddler named Quinn entered Cornwall with his pack on his back, and was promptly stopped by a man named Graham, who on Quinn's refusing to produce a license, dealt him a heavy blow on the forehead with an axe handle. The peddler then took off his pack and proceeded to go for his assailant, and before he had his job half finished a man named Irons joined in the attack on the peddler and gave him a brutal beating. Afterward Graham arrested Quinn and he was kept in the lockup all night. Next morning he was charged with selling without a license, but it turned out that he had a license and the case was dismissed. There is a strong feeling of indignation against Graham and his bullying assistants.

What is Soda Water?

Soda water, a very popular drink at this season of the year, consists of an ordinary drinking water impregnated by carbonic acid gas under pressure, usually sweetened with flavoring syrups and cooled to render it deliciously palatable and refreshing. Without syrups it is generally sold by druggists and soda water dealers in siphon bottles as carbonic acid water, and is prescribed and recommended by all physicians as beneficial and healthful. An exchange in answering the question, how is soda water made? says: Pure water free from chemical or organic impurities, is the first requisite. Injurious chemicals dissolved and held in solution are invisible, often occurring in the brightest and clearest spring water. Chemical analysis only can detect them. Organic impurities held in suspension can readily be removed by filtration. To obtain the gas a carbonic acid and lime (usually marble dust) is placed in a generator with sulphuric acid sufficiently powerful to combine with the lime and displace the carbonic acid, which is liberated as a gas. The pure gas thus discharged accumulates under pressure, and is conducted from the generator through purifiers to a receiver about two-thirds full of pure water. By agitation the contents are thoroughly mixed, the pressure raised to about 100 pounds to the square inch, and the fountain is ready to attach to the cooling box for use. Bicarbonate of soda was used in the making of soda water by an old process—hence the peculiar name.

What the Hindu Lives on.

Human life is supported in India upon the barest minimum of necessaries; the village population feed upon the commonest grains, never eating animal food (which is contrary to their religion) and rarely tasting the finer grains, such as wheat and barley. The clothing worn is of the scantiest, and I was distressed to see many of the people in the Northwest Provinces shivering and half naked in weather so cold that I was glad to wear two topcoats. The houses are built of clay, and almost destitute of furniture, and I understand that a large portion of the population only eat one meal a day. Of course this in an Eastern country does not signify what it does in Europe—life can be sustained on less food and less nutritious diet than in Northern climes; the labor power of the Hindus is small; there is less taken out of the human machine than in our laborious Western life; it consumes less and produces less; besides, the Asiatic has the power of digesting a greater quantity of food at one meal than is possible to Europeans; but, when due allowance is made for all this, it is not to be denied that the poverty of a great part of the people of India is extreme and more acute than what we witness in Europe. It may be said with truth of a great part of the rural population that it is never far removed from famine. A scanty harvest any year brings that calamity within measurable distance; a failure of crops means death to a large part of the population unless fed by Government.

"What a delightful existence it is, Farmer Robinson," said his city guest, "out here in the country. How crisp and beautiful the air, and the fragrance of new mown hay pervades all. I should think you would feel like chanting pæans of praise to the Creator the year round." "It is sort o' nice, miss, I grant. But I never feel quite so much like thanking Heaven, as I do when I've scrimmaged about an' got money enough together to pay the taxes."

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:

To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. Will Martin and wife, with several of their friends, are away camping at Oak Hill pond.

Dr. Boulter has sent us an early Rose potato weighing 1 lb. 7 oz. It is a fine specimen for this season.

Mrs. J. B. Fanning left on the 13th inst. to visit her son, J. R. Fanning, ex-City Attorney of Rochester, N.Y.

Rev. J. Godden, of Newfoundland, who is here for a few days' visit to his brother, will officiate in St. John's and St. Thomas's Church on Sunday next.

The schools in rural school sections reopened on Monday last, the 16th inst. The High and Public Schools in cities, towns and villages reopen on Monday, 30th of August.

Again a change has taken place in the position of station agents at this place. Mr. Chant has been removed to Blackwater and Mr. Campbell, formerly at Blackwater, fills the office here.

Mr. C. F. Stickle has a tree in blossom near his residence, and what is more remarkable is the fact that this is the third case of the kind on his premises this summer and all, we believe, different species of trees.

A former resident of this place who has been spending a few weeks at St. Ola writes us recommending that locality as a good place for camping out, as there is a nice lake there with plenty of hunting, fishing, etc.

The Rev. Mr. Lambly, family and party of young friends returned to town last Monday, having spent a delightful week on the banks of the Oak Hill pond, at a new camping ground which they have christened Lasigra Goma.

Mr. H. J. Meiklejohn shot another large loon on Crow Lake last week. The bird measured six feet from tip to tip of wings and was a much finer bird than the one he secured previously. Dr. Butler is getting this specimen stuffed.

The famous two legged colt bought from Mr. Longwall last spring for $500, died at Brockville on Saturday. The owners, Messrs. Fairman, Gauthier and Brown, refused $1,500 in Montreal on Thursday. The carcase has been placed in the hands of a taxidermist.

By reference to adv't in another column it will be seen that Mr. Sherry, Barrister, etc., of Belleville, has opened a branch office in this village, in rooms over Parker and Butler's drug store. He also announces that he has a large amount of money to loan at low rates of interest.

The notorious "Coffin" McDonald has again been captured by the Belleville police. He had been living near Ogdensburg, N. Y., since his last escape and came home on Saturday night last to see his wife, having heard that she was again at liberty, when some one notified the chief of police who organized a party that effected his capture. When he has his trial he will likely this time get a good long sentence.

The Belleville *Ontario* says:—N. M. Ostrom, drygoods merchant of Frankford, was turning over stones on the margin of a small lake on Sills Island when he heard a sudden splash and looking up he saw a huge snake with his head about three feet out of the water making straight for him. Mr. Ostrom, who lost no time in reaching home, declares that the snake was thicker than a stovepipe and of extraordinary length.

An excursion to Idyl Wild, under the auspices of St. John's Church, in this village, in connection with Campbellford, will take place on Tuesday next, the 24th inst. The train will leave here about 8 a. m., connecting at Hastings with the boat for Idyl Wild. The fare is placed at a very low figure, only 75 cents, children 50 cents, and no doubt many will avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the beautiful scenery of Idyl Wild and vicinity. See posters.

The financial meeting of the Madoc District was held in the Methodist Church at Marmora last Wednesday, presided over by the District Superintendent, Rev. O. R. Lambly, M.A., of Stirling. The work on the missions was reviewed and grants recommended, and arrangements made for holding the annual missionary and educational meetings. Harmony prevailed throughout the meeting, which was one of interest and profit, and the hope was entertained by all the ministers present that this conference year will be one of great spiritual and financial success throughout the entire district.

At the recent non-professional examinations for second and third class certificates the following persons from this district were successful:—Second class—Brooks, L; Gilmurry, M; Dunkley, L; Harrison, L; McDougall, Nellie; Parker, Bessie; Darling, H; Herrity, F; Brown, S; Moore, C; Brad, F. J. (passed in Latin); Johnston, J. A. Third class — Cumming, Lizzie; Countryman, Annie; Doxsee, M; Ketcheson, A; Lambly, M; McGowan, L; White, K; Darling, Chas; Drinke, Nelson; Grills, H; Lafferty, Thos; Minchin, D; Mitts, J; O'Sullivan, J; Stilman, F; Linton, A; Johnston, T. H. (passed in Latin); Todd, A.

Mr. John Lovell, the well-known publisher of Montreal, has just issued the prospectus of a work of great importance, being no less than a Gazetter and History of every county, district, parish, township, city, town, village, island, lake and river in the whole Dominion of Canada. The work is to be published in eight volumes, one volume to each province, counting the North-west Territories as a Province, with a volume of maps and general statistics. Each volume will be complete in itself. The publication of the work will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions have been secured to ensure its success. We will probably refer to it again at another time.

Complaints have reached us from subscribers in Glen Ross and Wellman's Corners that they do not now receive their papers till the Monday after publication. On inquiry at the Post Office we learn that the reason for this delay is the absurd regulations of the P. O. Department recently put in force. It appears that the mails for these places are now delivered over the C. O. Railway; and that all mail matter from here is first sent to Marmora, thence to Belleville and Trenton and then to the different places on the line, the mail to the places referred to above being only delivered three times per week—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The person who originated the scheme of sending the mails for Glen Ross and Wellman's Corners first to Marmora must certainly be an escaped lunatic; and the sooner he is caught and again placed in an asylum the better. What would be thought of the plan of sending mail matter for Toronto first to Montreal or Quebec, and then back to Toronto, yet this would be just as sensible a plan as the other. Mail matter from here for Glen Ross and Wellman's Corners should go direct to Belleville and thence to Trenton. We advise the residents of Glen Ross and Wellman's Corners to petition the P. O. Department to exercise a little common sense and make this change.

A two-headed garter snake has been captured near Madoc.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"We are informed on good authority that the Grand Trunk authorities have announced their intention of commencing the work of extending the line from Madoc to Eldorado within the next fortnight. The work will be pushed on to completion this fall. The commencement of this work will be a boon to all interested,—and Madoc is deeply interested."

S. S. Convention.

A very interesting and profitable S. S. Convention for the Madoc District was held in the Methodist Church, Marmora, last Tuesday. In the afternoon a mass meeting was held for the children, when interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Leitch, Seymour, Pope and Lambly, which were interspersed by appropriate singing by the children under the leadership of Mrs. Dr. Leitch. The evening session was addressed by E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., and Rev. Messrs. Beer, McCamus and Young. Profitable discussion followed each of the addresses on the themes presented. Much interest was added to the evening meeting by the choir of the church who were present and rendered a number of choice anthems in a very excellent manner. Rev. Mr. Dewey and Rev. Mr. Lambly also sang several pieces during the evening which were heartily applauded. The young ladies of the congregation had decorated the church with plants and bouquets artistically arranged which flooded the place with fragrance and beauty. The attendance of S. S. workers from a distance and of the Marmora people was very large and no doubt lasting impressions for good will follow this most excellent S. S. Convention.

The Ontario Bureau of Industries announces a great falling off both in the acreage and in the yield of most cereals. Both fall and spring wheat is a much smaller crop than last year, the decrease being over four million five hundred thousand bushels. Barley, rye and oats also show a considerable falling off as compared with last year. The crop of peas alone, of all cereals, is larger than the crop of last year and the increase this year is very great indeed, amounting to over four million of bushels. The report of the Bureau of Industries may be correct but it does not agree with the information gathered by us on our holiday trip last week. Everywhere we traveled the report was the same—that the crops were magnificent—the best that had been known for years—and certainly we never saw better crops of wheat, oats and peas than are now being harvested. This is the general report for the district between Toronto and this place.

Notes from the Country.

Harvesting is about all done or at least the majority of it.

The hum of the threshing machine is now heard in every direction.

Quite a little ploughing has already been done.

The county road men have been repairing the gravel road north of Stirling.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The chairman next introduced the ex-merchant of Foxboro. He said: "I feel like joining the ranks of the impatient ones, I am so anxious to see the trial trip of this boat.

I have inspected the boat from stem to stern and I am free to say that she is the finest specimen of that kind of craft that it has ever been my pleasure to inspect. I have travelled upon the sumptuous upper lake steamers, also upon the luxurious palace cars of the C. P. R.; I have enjoyed the free-and-easy life of the north-west buckboard, but all the advantages of these combined fall into insignificance when compared with those of this boat.

I believe I have been accused of having fallen in love and then falling out again; but there is one thing you can depend upon this time and that is my tender affections are everlastingly centred on the Clinky Jane. None other need apply.

The York State man was next called but I did not hear much of his speech on account of being called to attend to fresh arrivals. I believe there was a good deal of annexation and spread eagleism in his speech. He had been like many of his countrymen, filled with the idea that Canada was about fifty years behind the U. S. A. but while enjoying the hospitality of the North American and while helping to adjust the machinery in this boat he had come to the conclusion that Canada was fast overtaking them and in the matter of steamboats that Canada was rather ahead. He thought if the U. S. A. should ever conclude to build a navy that my chances would be good for a situation in the navy yards of his country.

He concluded by wishing the day would come when he might see the Stars and Stripes floating over this boat instead of the Crazy Quilt. B. B.

P. S.—How much better it would be if people instead of asking questions about this boat would send a $ to the News-Argus man who would keep them posted about the boat besides a great deal of other reading matter of almost equal importance.

B. B.

Address to Mr. Jas. Tulloch.

The following address was presented to Mr. Tulloch on his retiring from the position of Worshipful Master of Stirling Lodge No. 69, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., after which he was elected by the representatives of Prince Edward District to the honorable position of District Deputy Grand Master.

The position of District Deputy Grand Master is a very important and most honorable situation as it embraces the management or oversight of all the Lodges in Hastings, Prince Edward and a great part of Northumberland counties. Each lodge of the jurisdiction has to be once visited during his regime, so that a rigid uniformity may be exercised in the work and duties of each Lodge. Under such a disciplinarian as Mr. Tulloch, whose Masonic record is so brilliant, there is no doubt but that in his exalted position he will reflect brilliancy and further honors to himself and advance the interests of the craft by preserving its ancient landmarks in their historic purity. Mr. Tulloch made a suitable reply.

James Tulloch, Esq., P. M. No. 69, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., D. D. G. M., Pr. Ed. District.

Honored and Esteemed Brother—

On behalf of the brethren of this Lodge of which you for the last three consective years were its most worshipful and esteemed Master, we, whose names appear hereto attached, at the unanimous request of our beloved brethren most fraternally ask you to accept this evidence of our great and well-founded attachment to you in consideration of your personal and Masonic virtues, for well assured are we that in your daily transactions in public and private life you never deviate from rectitude or the principles of justice and fairness. In every respect you are according to our teachings the ashler whose angles and symmetry are perfect and acceptable in the sight of T. G. A. O. T. U. The divine conceptions of a Freemason we are satisfied are displayed in you, and as such we emulate your virtues, characteristics and exalted principles as embodying the most profound ideas of perfect manhood; and to you we speak feelingly and fraternally, knowing so well the harmony and well-being of our order were so safe under your control. Your decision and gentlemanly demeanor will ever be looked back to as a guiding star on our pathway to knowledge. To you we offer our warmest congratulations on your just and well merited election by the delegates of the Prince Edward district to the position of D. D. G. M. May you long enjoy the distinguished honor which you are so well qualified to fill.

G. W. Faulkner, W. M., *Chairman.*
James S. Sprague, M. D.
James Boldrick.
Albert Chard.

Masonic Hall, Stirling, July 22nd, 1886.

Fall Fairs.

Industrial, at Toronto, Sept. 6 to 18.
Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 20 to 25.
Bay of Quinte District, at Belleville, Sept. 21 to 24.
Rawdon Township, at Harold, Sept. 28.
Madoc, Sept. 29 and 30.
Kingston, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.
Napanee, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, and CANADIAN TWEEDS, DIAGONAL COATINGS, WORSTED SUITINGS, and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of

Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,

Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Having been connected with C. Craige & Bro. for the past eight years as cutter, and knowing the wants of the trade, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of PUBLIC PATRONAGE, and would ask, and like to see, all my old customers and as many new ones as possible, to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. I have engaged COMPETENT hands for fulfilling orders, and under my own PERSONAL supervision, as a PRACTICAL TAILOR, I can guarantee STYLE, FIT and FINISH second to NONE.

F. T. WARD.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"Sincere beer" is the latest Scott Act beverage down Peterboro way.

ALWAYS REQUIRED—A good cathartic medicine. National Pills will not disappoint you.

Trade prospects in England are brighter than they have been for years past.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe, sure and speedy to remove worms from children or adults.

Thirty-six miners were killed by a colliery explosion in England last week.

Young, old, and middle aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children, suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald-head, or with any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

Mr. Barnum has offered $20,000 for the sea serpent, dead or alive.

LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP should be found with every toilet. It is cleansing and healing.

Much destruction is being caused by grasshoppers in the vicinity of Oneida, N. Y.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP is a safe and reliable worm remedy for all worms afflicting children or adults.

The war in ocean steamship rates has brought down the price of a steerage passage from New York to Liverpool to $12.

Don't fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a more potent remedy, and it leaves in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, headache or other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

During a baseball game at Boston on Saturday the umpire was struck by the ball and instantly killed.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

During the Summer and Fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaints, and with no prompt remedy or medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has given them wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a Physician is seldom required.

The British Columbia fisheries are a failure this year. This will entail heavy loss on the canneries.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, Beamsville, Ont., had what was supposed to be a cancer on her nose. She was about to submit to a cancer doctor's treatment, when she concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, internally and externally, a few bottles of which entirely cured her.

Dr. Sir Andrew Clarke declares that there is not an unsound spot in all Mr. Gladstone's physical system.

NONE BETTER.

There is no more wholesome or delicious fruit on earth than the Wild Strawberry, and there is no more effectual remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Cramps, and other summer complaints of infants or adults, than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

A Toronto agent eloped to Galt with the wife of a Guelph man. The latter followed and raised a terrible row, which was only stopped by the agent giving him a cheek for $200 as a balm to his injured feelings. The check proved worthless and now things are worse than ever.

OFF WORK.

"I was off work for two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until advised by a friend to try B.B.B. I was cured by two bottles, and consider it a miraculous cure." The above is the substance of a communication from Wm. Tier, of St. Mary's, Ont.

ON THE RISE.

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa and other Summer Complaints.

IN BAD HUMOR.

A year ago my head was covered with sores, and the eruption covered my face also, and spread even until the backs of my hands were sore. I became weak and ill. Finding no cure I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles perfectly cured me." Statement of Miss Minnie Stevenson, Cocagne, N. B.

There are several towns in Montana without a single unmarried woman and the local papers tell piteous tales of rich and eligible bachelors who are travelling about from town to town looking for a wife. In some parts of the Territory, it is said, a commission of from $10 to $20 is freely offered for a good article in wives.

McGREGOR & PARKE,

of Hamilton, Ont., are the manufacturers of the greatest healing and purifying compound known for Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Frost Bites, etc. It is called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Be sure and get the genuine McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold by PARKER & BUTLER, at 25c. a box.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS.

There is now being being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Stirling by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

"WHAT SAY YOU TO A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF AND MUSTARD?"

Well, there is much to be said. The question being asked of the banqueter at the average boarding house, calls up reminiscences of close contiguity to the horns, and beefsteak three cuts south thereof. He, of course, will pass, unless it occurs to him that he needs a hinge for his trunk. Should there be any suffering, the effects of an indulgence in such sinuous fare, use McGregor's Speedy Cure, a sure and effectual remedy for Dyspepsia, Constipation and all affections of the stomach and liver. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottles free.

At Drewry's

The terriffic prices are doing their work and the big piles are rapidly lessening.

We buy right and our system of business all through is popular with the public. The law of the Medes and Persians was not more unalterable than one rule we make, that is, "Only one price." The rich and the poor, the child and the man all buy at the same price. Under no circumstances is the price ever changed.

NOW—

The forced sale of bankrupt stock is keeping us just as busy as can be every day in the week, and propose to force this whole stock all clean out of the way before our fall stock comes to hand. We want the room, we must have it, and will put the goods on the counter at such terrific bargains that we will get it.

Coraline Corsets worth $1.00, only 50c. at Drewry's. Curtain Scrims worth 20c. for 8c. at Drewry's. Table Linens with colored border at 18c. price was 35c. Table Linens, two yards wide 25c., worth 45c.

At 5c.—

We have about 1,000 yards of 15c. lustres.

At 8c.

We are selling hundreds of yds. of dress goods that are worth 15c. wholesale. 30c. dress goods in rich beautiful colorings only 12½c. a yard. At 10c. your choice of forty pieces of dark colored dress goods.

Good time

Now to buy a Silk dress, plain Grey Silks, all silk, at 25c. a yard. Regular heavy $1.00 dress silks, in all the new shadings only 50c., 22 inches wide. Black brocade silks, all silk, worth $1.00 a yd. for 39c. Pure black silk, gros grain, at 61c., worth 75c., at 83c. worth $1.30, and 93c. buys a $1.50 silk. Black satins worth $1.00 a yd., only 50c. Drewry's price.

Now

You make a huge mistake if you don't see the bargains that are selling at Drewry's

BON MARCHE,
TRENTON.

TO THE

Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agency established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Hoard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HRRING & SONS.

Stirling, Aug. 5th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

THE ONE PRICED CLOTHING STORE

STILL TO THE FRONT.

The question is frequently asked why? Which is easily solved, simply because they keep the right goods at right prices. I have received during the past week the choicest array of

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Ever offered for inspection in town, including

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Hose, Silk Hankderchiefs, Braces, Etc.

In fact everything that comes under the heading of Gents' Wear. A specialty in American Silk Scarfs!

JAMES BOLDRICK.

JUST OPENED!

New DRESS GOODS.
New Plush Trimming, In Plain and Stripe.
New Wool Shawls, In Fawn, Cream and White.
NEW SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.
NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Close Prices to Cash Buyers. Come and See.

MILNE & CLUTE

See what you can buy for Money

AT MARTIN BROS., STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50	Sideboard we now sell at	$ 6 00	$25.00	Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00	Bureau " "	6 00	10.00	Couch " "	8 50
6.00	" " "	4 50	8.50	" " "	7 25
9.00	" " "	7 50	10.00	Extension Table "	8 00
4.00	Stand " "	2 75	8.00	" " "	7 00
1.50	" " "	1 25	60.00	Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50	Bed " "	2 00	5.00	Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50	" " "	3 50	7.50	" " "	6 00
6.00	" " "	4 50	25.00	Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00	" " "	5 50	18.00	" " "	15 00
2.50	Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00	Sofa "	14 00
15.00	Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00	" "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO,—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

BOOTS & SHOES,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W.S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HARDWARE.

A FULL STOCK OF GOODS,

Spades, Shovels, Scoops,
Half bushel and Peck Measures,
House Furnishings,
PAINT OIL,
MACHINE OIL,
MIXED PAINT,
WHITE LEAD,
VARNISHES, ETC.

BOTTOM PRICES.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS**, of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,
CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD
PIANO, ORGAN,
—OR—
SEWINGMA CHINE
—GO TO—
JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

Burdock
Blood
Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS,	DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA,	DROPSY,
INDIGESTION,	FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE,	ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS,	DRYNESS
SALT RHEUM,	OF THE SKIN,
HEARTBURN,	
HEADACHE,	

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 49.

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Stirling News-Argus

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JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, if paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for 1 year. 6 mos. 3 mos.

Whole col. down to half col. 7c. 8c. 9c.
Half col. down to quarter col. 8 9 10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches. 9 10 12

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

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Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each subsequent insertion.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora. Will also be at Mrs. Bird's Hotel, Springbrook, on Mondays and Fridays, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER,—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve. Sept. 16, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room P. O. block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,
A Dentist of 20 years' experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full case of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers. Spacious Sample Rooms. Comfortable stables and careful hostler. The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked. MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling, 12 ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of lot 7, in the 8th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—as well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, Stirling, or to the undersigned.
JOSEPH DOAK, Executor, Stirling P.O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

CROCKERY!

I have just received another lot of those

BEAUTIFUL DISHES, SPRIG AND BAND WARE,

And can again supply customers with parts or full

Dinner, Tea & Breakfast Sets,

At prices as low as the common white ware. Call early and secure full sets.

Remnant sale of Summer Dry Goods still going on.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK
Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO.

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.
Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.
Express for Montreal .... 12.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope .... 3.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal .... 12.31 a.m.

GOING WEST.
Express for Toronto .... 3.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto .... 7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West .... 4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM TO LET.
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 5 and 6, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory or church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor
Hair Vigor. It stimulates and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes dandruff and prevents humors. By its use, falling hair is checked, and brashy or weak hair is restored to the vigor and freshness of youth. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for promoting the growth of the hair, and think it unequalled. For restoring the hair to its original color, and for giving it a gloss, it cannot be surpassed."—Mrs. George La Fever, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Is harmless and sure in its effects. It is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valuable for the lustre and richness of tone it imparts to the hair. "I have found Ayer's Hair Vigor highly satisfactory. As a dressing, and for its cleanliness and freedom from injurious effects, it is unexceptionable. It restores the natural color, stimulates a healthy growth, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy, and the hair soft and pliable."—Mrs. (Rev.) Ozro A. Thomas, Nemaha, Kans.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

Camping in the Sierras.

RENO, Nevada, Aug. 16th, 1886.

Harvest is over and after sweltering under a boiling sun for two months, the mercury registering 95 to 105 in the shade for several hours during each day, two rustics resolve to seek a greater altitude in the neighboring Sierras to recreate and cool off for a few days. From these, dry, sandy, sultry valleys, lying along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevadas, made fertile only by abundant irrigation, we can see patches of snow all summer high up on the mountain peaks; and it is a very rare occurrence that they disappear before snow falls again in the fall. But it is little consolation for one to merely behold these spots of coolness far above his head while he is being roasted alive; and a few hours ride or drive being sufficient to take us up there where we can have frosty nights as long as we wish to keep our elevated position. The great cry in Aug. and Sept. is, "Ho for the mountains" and their beautiful lakes of snow water clear as crystal; and the lower valleys are nearly deserted while the various mountain resorts are filled to overflowing. The merchant, banker, minister, farmer, all who can possibly be relieved from duty a few days, gather together their camping paraphernalia and are off. The farmers with their families and a few others go with their own conveyances, as they can then go when and where they wish, and are independent of the rail and stage lines and their exorbitant fares of from 15 to 20c. per mile. But the majority of the pleasure-seekers, including the aristocratic element of society, seek the stage offices after getting as near the desired haven as possible by rail. Well, the two ranchers before mentioned, having become infused with the popular camping craze, start from Reno on Monday a. m. with their ponies and camp wagon loaded with guns, fishing tackle, pots, pans, provisions and blankets and ascend the beautiful Truckee River, lined on either side with willows and cottonwood. Ten miles from Reno we leave the river and begin to climb mountain grades which we found very rough, caused by the passing of so many sheep over them rolling the rocks from the mountain side above down on the grade. This is a great sheep-grazing land, there being plentiful, nutritious bunch grasses on the hill sides for feed during summer and winter and very seldom during a severe winter do they require feed of hay or grain. I passed a sheep ranch the other day where a dozen men were nearly done with a task of shearing 14,000 sheep. If that little flock was turned loose in the streets of Stirling I am thinking there would be some dust stirred up. Many men here have made their fortunes by handling sheep a few years. Men who understand the business make large profits and have quick returns. In fact, sheep and cattle raising seem to be Nevada's chief source of wealth now since her silver mines are dwindling away. Less than 12 miles from Reno we pass an iron post by the roadside which tells us that we are crossing the state line into California. Our ponies toil on, gradually approaching the clouds, until, becoming fatigued and having travelled 25 miles, we pull off the grade and go down into Dog Valley, where we are to camp for the night. For company's sake we stop near a large steam saw-mill and soon we hear the thundering tones of the ox-driver echoing through the hills and such awful profanity as was never heard; and half an hour later he rounds a point and comes in sight, with his 8 or 12 yoke of oxen and heavy trucks loaded with 12 or 15 logs, causing the greenhorn to wonder how they manage to pile the huge logs to such a height on the wagons. The ox-teamster commands a salary of $75 to $100 a month, but he is often placed in dangerous positions and we hear of one getting killed or badly crushed every few days. The poor cattle have become so accustomed to profane drivers that a beginner who cannot vent forth fifteen oaths at one breath, gives but little promise of making a successful bull-whacker. On Tuesday we resume our westward and upward course; but before leaving the lumber mill I must mention the V-shaped flume, 15 miles in length and very steep, through which the lumber and wood from the mill are sent down in a stream of water to the railroad at the rate of a mile a minute. It is quite an interesting sight to the immigrant to see this lumber pouring out of the mouth of the flume at such a lively rate. As we wind along through the canons we pass lovely little valleys, where the dairyman has located for a few months with his cows and his portable dairy, with which to convert the rich mountain grasses into butter. He usually lives alone, with his 25 or 35 cows, and no other company except the bear, deer and coyote. He will soon have to pack his calves and pigs into a wagon and seek his winter home in the lower valleys as snow falls here in the winter to a depth of 30 feet We often see on our course a coyote (pronounced ki-o-te) sneaking off through the bush and they are an easy prey to our rifles, as they are not very shy. Having a dog's body and Fox's head they are a strange animal and make the most dismal, mournful noise imaginable as they congregare in packs at night and keep up their incessant howling.

The state offers a bounty of 50c. for each coyote scalp, as they are very destructive to sheep and hen-roosts. The sheepmen poison hundreds of them annually and the Indians make some pocket money hunting them. Night brings us to Webber Lake, having made 30 miles which is enough of these mountain roads for one day and so we halt and pitch our tent for the night. This is a beautiful circular sheet of water about a mile across and over 7,000 feet above the sea-level. We stake our horses out to the tall grass and after our camp supper of tea, biscuits and ham we take an hour's row upon the placid waters of the pretty little lake. There are a dozen boats moored here for the convenience of the guests of a large hotel which looks out upon the lake and which is well filled during the summer months. A number of tourists are fishing from their boats but not having the best of success so we conclude to keep our lines out of sight. No matter to which lake we go, or at what season, the proprietor always informs us that the fishing was good the previous week, but the finny tribe are not in a biting humor just now. On Wednesday morning we are awakened by the whinny of our ponies calling for their oats and upon looking out we see the grass and logs covered with a heavy frost. It is rather a pleasant change but we would not object to having a few of the sun's rays mixed in; but in these small, elevated valleys the sun does not make his appearance until 8 or 9 o'clock, so we don our overcoats while preparing for the day's drive of 40 miles to Tahoe, or Tarhole as some of our too utterly utter people call it. On attempting to oil our wagon we find our bottle of castor oil frozen up and are obliged to thaw it out before the camp fire. Ten miles from Webber we pass the lower end of Independence Lake, a picturesque body of water two miles long, but quite narrow, and almost wholly surrounded by rocky cliffs, several hundred feet in height. Here, too, is a large hotel, presenting a lively appearance now, but which will be entirely abandoned in two months. We see dudes and dudesses rowing upon the lake, swinging lazily in their hammocks suspended beneath the leafy oaks, or climbing the abrupt mountain side, rifle in hand, in search of deer, which are quite plentiful. The majority of these swells, however, do not indulge in deer hunting to any great extent, for they are fully as liable to meet a grizzly as a deer in these canons; and Bruin does not take to his heels as readily as a deer. We pass spots of snow occasionally and for the novelty of the thing we propose having a two-hand game of snow-balling, but finding the beautiful packed almost as solidly as ice, after scratching until our fingers are nearly paralyzed with cold, we decide to postpone the contest till the weather clerk favors us with a softer article. Independence is our highest point and we now begin to descend again on a gradual grade to Truckee, a distance of 16 miles. There we arrive at noon and stop for dinner and to allow our horses a rest. This is a lively lumber camp, ten miles east of the summit of the Sierras, and a station on the Central Pacific Railway, where the trains come in with double-headers on account of the heavy grades to pass over. Here we strike the Truckee River again, which is to serve as our guide to Tahoe, as it is the outlet of that lake and flowing 90 miles sinks into Pyramid Lake in Nevada. It is without doubt the prettiest stream on the coast, noted for its crystalline waters and beautiful trout. As we wind along up the grade, narrow much of the way, where if our wagon wheels should leave the road but two feet we should be harled hundreds of feet below into the foaming river. We see the stage coach, bound for Tahoe too, piled four deep with excursionists and half a dozen more on top. They are toiling along very slowly, but as fast as possible on such rough, steep roads, and the driver will return in quite different time. It is amusing to look into the bewildered face of an uninitiated easterner as he sits in one of these ponderous coaches, drawn by four or six horses, and rides jolting and bumping at the rate of ten miles per hour down one of these steep, narrow grades, with a high bank at his right and an almost perpendicular gorge, 300 to 1,000 feet deep, on his left. He wonders what minute will be his last, but the careful and experienced driver understands his business and the noble horses, too, know every foot of the road and slacken their speed as they near a projecting crag around which they are to make a sharp turn, or as they approach a narrow cut through the solid rock, where there is but a foot, or less, of space on either side. Horace Greeley was through here on a lecturing tour, in early days, and while ascending the long tedious grade became annoyed at the slow progress made by the stage and several times during the ascent he exhorted the driver to push on the lines, explaining that he was billed to lecture at P. that evening at a certain hour. At each entreaty the driver, although somewhat vexed, but aware that his turn was coming, assured Mr. G. that he should be landed at P. at the appointed hour. Soon the summit is reached and it is well, for G's patience is about exhausted, but he is speedily to be rewarded.

Once over the summit and crack goes the long-lashed whip, the heavy brake is applied to the wheels, and the horses leap down the grade on a full gallop, the wheels rolling on the verge of fearful chasms. Mr. G. sat a few seconds, hair standing erect, awaiting what seemed to him to be the inevitable, and then rising as nearly erect as the top of the coach would allow he implored of the driver to make less haste. But the pioneer stage man calmly replied: "Keep your seat Mr. Greeley, I shall take you through on time," and he kept his promise. Now, Mr. Editor, my letter is getting quite lengthy and for fear of wearying your typos and readers with so much at once I will reserve my account of the rest of our trip and the description of Tahoe and Donner Lakes for the subject of my next.

Yours respectfully,
NEVADIAN.

Death of Mr. John Dougall.

On Thursday morning, the 19th inst., Mr. John Dougall, founder of the Montreal *Witness*, and of the New York *Witness*, died suddenly at his son's residence in Flushing, Long Island, while at breakfast. Deceased was born in Paisley, Scotland, in July, 1808, and therefore had entered on his 79th year. He visited his family in Montreal about a month ago and seemed to enjoy excellent health. He came out to Canada in 1826 with the intention of going into the dry goods business, and brought some consignments to start with. In 1832 he joined the first temperance society established in Montreal, and soon after took charge of the *Temperance Advocate*, which he edited, but still attended to his successful dry goods business until 1846, when he first published the *Weekly Witness*. In 1871, being aided by a capitalist in New York, he bought out a one cent daily paper there under the same title, which was carried on for six years, when it expired, the loss incurred being very heavy. Being a man of great energy and perseverance he continued the *Weekly Witness*, which he conducted up to his death, his younger son, Mr. J. D. Dougall, and his son-in-law, Mr. Cochrane, assisting him. Deceased was connected with the Congregational denomination, and was deeply imbued with religious feelings. He devoted his time to propagating temperance principles both by pen and voice, and was a philanthropist in the strictest sense of the word. Deceased leaves two sons, the elder being the editor of the Montreal *Witness*, and now on a trip to England, and the younger is residing in New York. There are also four daughters surviving, one being married.

Swimming the Niagara Whirlpool.

On Saturday last Wm. J. Kendall, of Boston, passed successfully through the Whirlpool Rapids in Niagara River. Kendall is 24 years of age, six feet two inches in height, weight 195 pounds and is well proportioned. He was born in New York but has spent most of his life in Boston. He wore a cork vest consisting of five pieces of cork sixteen inches long, four wide and two thick, which was sewn in a white canvas, similar to a life preserver. The trial was to settle a wager of $10,000 made by Boston parties, he to receive $1,000 of the stakes. There were few spectators the affair having been kept quiet. He relates the following experience:—When he reached the spot where Captain Webb is supposed to have lost his life the water seemed to go from under him and a huge wave struck him on the head and shoulders knocking him unconscious for a few moments. He found his swimming abilities of no use whatever, and never expected to come out alive. When entering the Whirlpool he was so benumbed and partly unconscious he could not use a limb and did not know what he was doing. The current took him right into the main eddy and sucked him down like a flash, keeping him under fully fifteen seconds. Upon reaching the undercurrent he was shot out of the pool fully fifty feet from its centre and when he reached the top of the water he had partly regained consciousness, and knowing there was no time to spare before he would again be dashed down the lower rapids, he swam to shore. When landing he was so overcome that he again became unconscious and his assistants were fully half an hour bringing him too with stimulants and rubbing. When asked if he would make another trip he said most emphatically, "No, there's not enough money in the world to induce me to repeat my afternoon's experience. A child would have the same chance to go through the rapids and come out all right as an expert swimmer." It took him three minutes to go from the railway bridge to the whirlpool.

Sir Charles Dilke's name has just been struck from the list of the Queen's privy councillors. He is the only man whose name has thus been dishonored in the nineteenth century. Anglo-Saxons demand that the man whom they honor by allowing him to serve them shall not be of immoral character.

Rawdon Council.

TOWN HALL, August 2nd, 1886.

Council met according to adjournment. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Mr. J. S. Hagerman made application for a grant to be expended between lots 6 and 7 in the 3rd concession. On motion thirty-five dollars was granted.

Mr. Bateman introduced the by-law opening the road on the 14th con. line.

Mr. Kingston introduced the by-law to open a road from the Marmora gravel road west to R. R. station, grounds C. O. J., which was referred to Committee on By-laws.

The road surveyor reported on the road east of the Marmora gravel road through centre of 14th con., stating that there should be a grant of ten dollars on two hills. Application granted.

The Council went into Committee on By-laws, Mr. Cook in the chair. The two by-laws above mentioned were taken up and passed.

Mr. Simon Stiles made application to this Council to have the village of Springbrook laid out in village lots by a surveyor and duly registered. On motion the reeve was instructed to investigate the matter and report at the next meeting of this Council.

Council adjourned for one hour.

On resuming a resolution was passed rescinding the resolution passed last meeting granting the sum of one hundred dollars to the Agricultural Society to aid in building a shed, with the consent of the said society. The sum of fifty dollars was granted to the Agricultural Society to aid in giving prizes.

Mr. Wilson was instructed to repair the Seeley bridge.

The following accounts were then ordered to be paid. John Morrow, N. R. S. L., $9.00; Widow Small, support, $13.00; Thos. J. Thompson, road work, $15.00; John Bateman, road work, $5.50; James Rennie, road work, $14.00. The Council then adjourned until the first Monday in September next

G. D WIGGINS,
Tp. Clerk.

A serious accident happened to John Bowen while descending a well at Belleville, a few days ago. When forty feet from the bottom one of the handles of the windlass snapped off short and Bowen went to the bottom, sustaining severe injuries.

Belleville harbor is to have $20,000 expended in its improvement. One-half of this sum is to be furnished by the Dominion Government, and the other half by the city, the latter to pay in four equal annual payments. It is expected the proposed improvements will prevent the recurrence of inundations such as took place last winter.

From the Campbellford *News* we learn that Mr. Calvin Hoard's dwelling near Hoard's Station was totally consumed by fire on Tuesday night, 17th inst., about half-past nine o'clock. No one was in the house at the time and how the fire originated is a mystery up to the present. The house was insured for $800 and the furniture for $300. Part of the furniture was saved.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Forepaugh's canvas men convinced the residents about the depot before they left town that they were about as tough as the toughest. They attempted several robberies of the boldest description, such as snatching watches from people and unmercifully mauling them if they tried to recover their property. There was a warm time in the neighborhood before the train left,

Great loss of life and property has been caused by a furious gale on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts.

The British Parliament reassembled on Thursday last. In reference to Ireland Mr. Gladstone declared that he did not regard the verdict of the people as being against the principle of Home Rule for Ireland, and he intimated that he intended to push the campaign. Lord Churchill, for the Government, declared that they regarded the verdict as final and irrevocable against Home Rule, that they would govern Ireland resolutely, and that they were engaged upon a scheme of local government, not for Ireland alone, but for England and Scotland, which would be presented in February. General Redvers Buller, the dashing cavalry General who was so successful in Zululand, in India and in Egypt, is to be sent to Ireland to keep the peace by means of the military there, if necessary.

Fashion demands that when young people marry they shall go away on a wedding trip, which means no small outlay of cash. A couple recently married felt this pressure, but conceived a scheme by which to thwart the process of custom and save the item of expense. They went to the station, accompanied by a party of friends, and boarded a train, with good-byes said all around, the friends extending the regulation wishes for a safe and happy tour. But the couple didn't remain on the train. Oh, no! They walked through the car and out at the end opposite that at which they entered, and, getting off on the opposite side, quickly skipped around to their home, where they remained in seclusion for a week, while friends thought them away enjoying the honeymoon.

It is a curious thing that in this new country, where we should be free from the trammels of prejudice and the fetters of authority, we are in the habit of waiting for the mother country to make changes in her constitution before we venture to move in the same directions. Women could vote at municipal elections in England long before they could vote at municipal elections in Ontario. It was not until after married women were invested in England with the right to control their own property that they obtained from the Ontario Legislature a similar privilege. And women, married and unmarried, will be granted the Parliamentary franchise in Great Britain before the Canadian Parliament or the Ontario Legislature can make up its mind to concede it to women here. Surely Canadians have long enough held on to the maternal apron strings. At all events those who are active promoters of the temperance movement, and who know the value and efficiency of woman's work, need have no hesitation in making woman's suffrage a plank in their political platform.

Prince Alexander is no longer head of the Bulgarian people, but the dishonor is not his, but theirs. During his short reign, largely through his own discretion, valor and energy, he united the Bulgarians both of the north and south, freed Roumelia and added it to the principality, defended the united country from the Servians, whom he completely vanquished by his own skill and drove back in disgrace to their country, which he would have conquered but for the protection of Austria, and he finally kept his country free from dominating influence either on the part of Russia or of Austria. While he ruled Bulgaria, he did not do so nominally as the satrap of the Czar, the Emperor of Austria or the Sultan. His people have apparently chosen to be governed from St. Petersburg rather than from their own capital of Sofia. There has long been a Russian party in Bulgaria, whose intrigues Prince Alexander again and again stamped out, finally removing all Russian officers from the army. The people have cast aside the Prince who made them the most powerful of the Balkan nations, and they have chosen to kneel as slaves to a mere Russian agent. The affair concerns Austria and Germany, who are more interested in keeping Russia out of Constantinople than England.

A British ship with a cargo of 5,500 tons of tea on board has foundered in the China Sea.

The Nebraska Prohibition Convention has nominated a State and Congressional ticket.

The prohibitionists of Illinois have determined to start an agitation for a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution.

Seven of the leaders in the Chicago anarchist riots have been sentenced to death. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of nearly 300 persons implicated in the riots, including some women.

Col. Gilder left New York the other day on an expedition to the north pole. He is going by the way of Winnipeg and thence to Hudson's Bay. He expects to spend two winters in the arctic regions.

The total loss to Texas from the late storm is as follows: Human lives lost, 38; loss to crops, $1,000,000; loss to city and town property, $3,400,000; loss to shipping and harbor improvements, $900,000.

Another stage robbery is reported from the Northwest, the stage from Edmonton to Calgary having been robbed on Monday afternoon last. The robbers are said to have secured $400 besides a bag of registered letters.

William Majors, of Whitevale, reports having threshed 47 acres of barley in one day with a steam thresher. The yield was 2,000 bushels. This is claimed to be the largest acreage ever threshed in one day in Ontario.

The new Salvation Army Barracks at Kingston will be much better than the old one. The building will be 69 feet broad and 110 feet long, will be heated by steam and hot air and will seat 2,000 people. The cost will be $5,000. The Montreal barracks now building will seat 3,000 people. All barracks to be henceforth built will be uniform in architecture.

Manitoba crop prospects were recently published in the *Free Press*. The wheat yield is most satisfactory. An average of 16 to 20 bushels is commonly reported and oats vary from light to fair. Barley is not up to the average and root crops are a satisfactory crop. On the whole the results are better than expected and the drouth has been less injurious than was feared.

Did it ever occur to the reader that there is just as much water in the air above him on a clear, bright day as on a cloudy or rainy one? Rain does not come from somewhere else, or if it is wafted over you by the wind from somewhere else, the water that is over you is simply wafted on to some other place. Water is absorbed in the air above us at a certain temperature and it becomes insensible.

A Convention of the Dominion Alliance will be held on Sept. 14 and 15. The meeting has been arranged for the second week of the Exhibition so as to take advantage of reduced rates of travel. The secretary in calling the convention says: "It is expected that the proceedings will be eminently practical and the desire of the promoters of this Convention is that the gatheritg shall be made to tell on the future policy of this country."

Adam Forepaugh, the great showman, will not have any drunkards in connection with his show. The Napanee *Express* says that on the afternoon of the day the show was in that town he held court in front of the big tent, when six men were put on trial for drunkenness, and instantly discharged. Mr. Forepaugh will not, under any circumstances, employ a drunkard, and his long experience in the show business has fully borne out the wisdom of this inflexible rule.

The British harvests have, according to the *Mark Lane Express*, turned out very, very badly. The returns from four hundred and twenty-three wheat districts show that thirty nine only are above the average, ninety-six are about equal to it and two hundred and eighty-six are below. The yield of barley, of oats and of peas will also be very much below the average in at least half the various districts. This news has imparted strength to the British markets.

As in Toronto University so in Queen's, the girls have this year held their own at the late matriculation examinations. Of 31 passed candidates only five were girls and out of seven scholarships they carried off two. Queen's had the honor of being for all practical purposes the pioneer in the co-education movement in Ontario and it would not be surprising if the girls in secondary schools should for a long time to come look on so liberal an institution with a very warm interest. Moreover female students are made heartily welcome in its lecture-rooms.

The wheat crop of India harvested this year is not a short one, according to some reports and estimates, but the largest one yet recorded. The acreage is estimated at 27,392,752 acres, against 27,620,223 acres the preceding year; the production this year is 7,739,424 tons of 2240 lbs., against 7,713,096 tons in 1885. These figures imply a total of 288,938,496 bushels of 60 pounds this year, compared with 287,955,584 bushels last year. The exports of wheat from India for the year ending March 31, 1886, were 39,312,969 bushels against 20,550,741 bushels the preceding year. To which let it be added that California's present wheat crop is a very heavy one; also that the rice crop of Louisiana is the best ever produced in that State.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEED WHEAT.
FIRST-CLASS SEED WHEAT FOR SALE Cheap. Apply to JOSEPH DOAK.

GEO. J. SHERRY,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR IN THE SUPREME Court, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.
Branch office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store, Stirling, Ont. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., Mondays, Wednesday and Friday.
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Glen Ross Mills.
THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM the public generally that he has had his mill thoroughly overhauled and repaired where necessary, and that he is now in a position to execute with promptness all orders with which he may be intrusted for
Flouring, Chopping, and Gristing.
—ALSO—
SAWING AND CARDING!
He would call special attention to his extra brand of
Patent Process Flour,
Which he guarantees to be equal to any, and superior to most brands offered in market. He desires to call attention to the fact that he is always ready to wait upon those who may favor him with a call, and that you can depend upon getting your grist home with you. There is no lack of water and no waiting for the pond to fill. A first-class miller always in attendance.
D. MORGAN.
Glen Ross, Aug. 20th, 1886.

WON AND LOST.

CHAPTER V.

"The lady—where is the lady?" Mr. Danvers demanded almost fiercely of the innocent porter.

"Lady!" the man echoed astonished. "There wasn't no lady here, sir."

"No lady?"

"No, sir; the carriage was empty, just as you see it now. Did you expect to find a lady here, sir?" The man was curious.

Mr. Danvers turned back with a sudden suspicion; he glanced first under the seat of the carriage, then up to the rack over his head. The travelling bag, the dressing-case, were both gone. He had not remarked their disappearance until now. He sprang from the carriage at a bound, a muttered imprecation escaping him he pulled out his watch.

"When will the next train to St. Sebastian's start?" he demanded of an inspector who stood in his path.

"This train has just come from from St. Sebastian's," the man answered oracularly, and with the usual official contempt for the ignorance of an interrogator.

"I know," Mr. Danvers returned impatiently. "I want the first down train."

"One just gone—won't be another for three hours."

"Is this your luggage sir?" the porter interrupted, pointing to a lady's travelling trunk, new and handsome, and to sundry similar articles. "Where shall I take 'em, sir?"

"Take them to——"

Mr. Danvers left his sentence unfinished.

"Shall I label them sir," inquired the porter, who was a little deaf, and was besides rather dazed by the steam of an engine blowing off rather close to his ears. "Shall I label them?"

"No," roared the gentleman—"confound you!"

"You might keep a civil tongue in your head, at all events," the man grumbled to himself as he turned away. "But I reckon something's gone a good way wrong with my gentleman on the road. I wonder what made him think there was a lady on the other side of that carriage?"

And so curious was the man on the subject that he went back to the carriage in question and examined it minutely—with no result, it is true, but apparently with some gratification to himself. Just as he was turning away he espied a small folded paper lying on the ground.

"Is this yours, sir?" he inquired, turning back to the gentleman.

Mr. Danvers read it and thrust it away.

"Here call a hansom, and take these things to the cloak room," he said to the porter. "Leave them there—confound the ticket! Put the portmanteau in here. The telegraph office," he called to the driver as he got in.

The porter stood on the kerbstone looking after the retreating vehicle and saying to himself—

"Well this is a rum go! I'd give something to know what's up, I would. The gent was liberal enough, for all his bad manners—a real gent, though airitable," he concluded, tossing up the half-crown Percival Danvers had thrown him. "I shouldn't mind a hard word or two more at the same price any day."

Meanwhile Mr. Percival Danvers had caused himself to be driven first to the telegraph office—where, however, after writing out a message addressed "St. Sebastian's," he suddenly changed his mind and tore the paper in half—and then on towards the Euston Station. Not that he particularly cared where the man took him; but he had been forced to name some destination. His plans were as yet in chaos, only a dim instinct suggested the order for the station for the North. As he sat back in his cab he was scowling at a pale spectre which had risen up from amongst the flowers and favours of his bridal festivity—the spectre of a dead past, long buried out of sight and forgotten.

"Dead and buried," he repeated to himself more than once—"dead and buried. Who shall dare to say it is not a lie—a wretched lie?" he repeated with a savage emphasis—"a forgery—the device, of some wretched creature who owes me a grudge perhaps?"

Yet there was a strange fatality in the resurrection of that dead-and-buried secret past just at this supreme crisis of his life; and certain words he had heard somewhere in some period of childish superstition, words of solemn threatening and retribution, came back to his mind. He cast them aside impatiently. Such old men's fables should not fetter a resolute will and a strong mind. He needed both for the emergency in which he found himself.

It was an awkward situation; it was worse, it was a ridiculous one. His bride had run away from him on her wedding day She had cheated him—this innocent unsophisticated girl—by a ruse as simple as it was successful. Could she have devised it alone? For a moment a dark suspicion clouded his brain; then he thrust it from him. Even in his bitter anger and humiliation he could not so insult her—his purehearted, innocent young bride.

How was he to save the scandal? he wondered. That ravening wolf the world must not have such a dainty morsel as Percival Danver's bridal failure to gnaw and tear. He did not believe her few words—that she had fled from him and from all who belonged to her, and that it would be useless to seek her. She would, she must, take refuge in her own home, and with her own people—she was so ignorant of the world, so timid and helpless. He would take the next train back to St. Sebastian's, and then—— Then two courses would be before him; which should he take? Should he still hold to the tone he had already taken with Eve—that the tale was only a trick—a silly school-boy scare? Or should he grasp his nettle boldly, and tell out with convincing candour that old story of the past which he had counted for ever buried and hidden away in the secret chamber of his own heart? Should he confess the grain of truth, and so found with a high hand, the mischievous falsehood?

The candid course involved a good deal, as he perceived. It involved a peril which, for all his determined repudiation, his heart recognized as real and menacing. What if the story should be no falsehood but a horrible reality? What if proof of this should be lying in wait for him there, at St. Sebastian's, where of all places in the world, he had least expected to be confronted with such a risen ghost?

How and whence had that mysterious paper found its way into his wife's hands? He had not dared in those first moments to question her. Now he would give all he possessed to know in what quarter to look for his enemy. He took the crumpled note from his pocket and smoothed it out on his knee. It was written in a trembling uncertain hand, in half formed foreign characters, and the words, as he read them now, were startling enough for a young bride—convincing enough, he thought with a thrill of exasperation to any unwilling one. If Eve had loved him, could she so easily have accepted her release?

"Marie Dolorme Danvers"—so the billet ran—"lives still. The marriage of this morning can be no marriage. Percival Danvers would, to her, have called these lines melodramatic and strained, an obvious and clumsy invention. Now, to himself, he called them nothing of the kind. He had seen something only too like those trembling characters before; he was familiar with that style, pathetic and simple in its forgiving reproach. His dark cheek paled and his strong hand trembled as he drew from the innermost recess of his pocket-book a tiny strip of printed paper—a newspaper paragraph apparently—and laid it beside the written paper on his knee, as if to confront the one with the other.

"Died, at Bella Vista, St Jerome, June 10th, 187—, Marie Dolorme Danvers."

"It is a lie!" Percival Danvers cried suddenly and violently, striking the written witness with his open palm. "A wretched lie! Some old servant perhaps has concocted it. Yes, there was a woman—a Frenchwoman—I remember, who was in her confidence, know all her secrets. This woman has turned up—Heaven only knows how—and is trying to make a market out of her knowledge. She must have been in the place by some unlucky chance, have heard of the wedding this morning, and lain in wait for me, to threaten me with what mischief she could do, and to make me buy her silence. Stay! There was a woman hanging about the carriage-door as we left. I thought she was looking for the seat. She must have been looking for me, and, by some fatality, let her precious concoction fall into my wife's hands, defeating her own ends, and ruining me"

Yes, ruin would be the consequence of this *fiasco*, if he were awkward—ruin to his heart and to his life. Percival Danvers saw plainly the fatal depth opening before his feet. He knew that he must crush the danger with resolute—it might be with unscrupulous—fingers, or the airy and promising fabric of happiness and of gratified ambition which he had just reared so successfully would be shattered into fragments about him.

He loved that lost bride of his with all the passion of his matured manhood—a passion as different from the soft sentimental fancy of his foolish youth as the burning fervour of the tropical sun is from the feeble ray of the pale moon. In spite of her coldness, in spite of her unresponsiveness, perhaps because of them, he who had had a world of women at his feet loved this young girl as he had never yet loved woman. It maddened him to think of losing her. He vowed that he would not lose her, cost what it might—that he would yet win his wedded but unwon bride.

He thought out his plan of action with his head between his hands, as his cab rattled through the noisy streets, and, when it turned into the great gates of the Euston Station his course was resolved upon. He would take her at her word. She might perhaps try to hide herself, as she had threatened, from all belonging to her, for a time; but in any case, he reflected, he could trust Mrs. Dalamaine's worldly wit and promptness of resource to cover the escapade and save the scandal until it should please him graciously to return from the silence of his high displeasure, in the *role* of a justly-offended but generous husband, and to receive his erring bride back again. He would profit by the time thus given him to arm himself with a complete refutation of the foolish tale that had scared her away; and his return would be a triumphant one, giving him the right to start from a new point, and, he told himself, with a new and overwhelming prestige in his favour.

Even whilst he vehemently repudiated them, there were doubts and fears haunting him which, for the sake of his own peace, he must clear away and set at rest for ever. The edifice of social success which he had been building up so carefully must not have a flaw in its foundation, threatening it with terrible downfall at any moment. His face darkened as he vowed it should not.

"For Liverpool," he said to the clerk at the booking office. It was the first step in the journey which was to set him free.

CHAPTER VI.

The shock of the sudden revelation had roused the listless young bride effectually. She believed implicity in its truth. Percival Danvers's conscience-stricken look had forced conviction home to her heart. So full and perfect was this conviction that she seemed to have known it all along. It was this which had stood in the form of a faithful instinct between her and the lover whom all the world praised.

An indescribable horror and loathing of the man took the place of the toleration with which she had accepted his courtship. She covered her eyes that she might not look at him. She felt herself trembling with a storm of indignant repulsion. She shrank as far away from him as the limits of the carriage permitted. She could scarcely breathe in his presence. Then the train stopped at the junction station, and Mr. Danvers descended. She was alone. She could breathe freely once more. A sudden overmastering impulse seized her to escape, to set herself free.

It was the work of a moment to shake a long travelling-cloak out of its straps, to hide beneath it the elegant and conspicuous "going-away" costume, to snatch up dressing-case and bag, to hurry into the next compartment through the communicating door, and to fasten it securely behind her. What if the outer door should be locked? A panic seized her. No; it yielded to her touch, and she sprang down amongst the rails, intersecting each other here in a kind of iron cat's-cradle.

A train was standing by the opposite platform, just on the point of departure; and, in the bustle of large party of excursionists, Eve's misdemeanour passed unnoticed as she scrambled up from the forbidden lines. A good-natured inspector, struck perhaps by the beautiful troubled young face, civilly took her burdens from her as she stumbled along and hurried to a first-class carriage.

"Where to, miss?"

Her eye caught the placard over the carriage window.

"To Blankstone," she said hastily. It was a place she had scarcely ever heard of, and therefore, she quickly recognised, the more likely to be a safe venture. "I have no ticket," she added to the man; and he called a porter.

"Bring the lady a ticket for Blankstone," he said.

"How much will it be?"

"Fifteen shillings, miss."

She handed him a sovereign as she shrank breathless into a seat. Would he never come back? Would the train never move on? Fifty seconds had not elapsed before his hand was thrust in at the window, making her almost shriek out in her terror; and yet it had seemed an age.

"Ticket, miss, and the change."

She gave him one of the two half-crowns he handed her. The whistle sounded, the train moved on slowly—oh, so slowly! She crouched down, hiding her face. Fortunately she was alone. The speed of the engine grew faster and faster, the station buildings glided by, the outskirts of a town were passed, green meadows and clustering woods approached and glanced by, and the sun shone out. She was free! She was safe!

The shadows lengthened, the afternoon waned, and still she journeyed on and on, with no other aim than to put as wide a space as possible between herself and the man whom, a few hours since, she had vowed to "love, honour, and obey," till death did them part. She thought with a shudder of those solemn vows with their awful binding power. She knew that Percival Danvers meant to claim all they gave him—that her only chance lay in flight, in hiding herself from him and from all who belonged to her. She knew too that there was no one to whom she could turn for help. The events of the last three months had taught her to distrust all those who were nearest and dearest to her, to count them all as ranged on Percival Danver's side. Her story, unsupported by any proof—for such proof as she had was, she remembered, left in his hands—would be received with utter incredulity in her own home; her convictions, her feeble word, would be overborne by his powerful protestations. She would be bitterly reproached for the disgrace she had brought on herself and her family, and would be handed over a second time to the man whom she loathed. She could hope for no mercy now. Had she not already been refused it?

She was faint and sick with hunger, but she dared not stay even to eat. She bought a *Bradshaw* at one of the stations at which the train stopped, and found that, at a junction just short of Blankstone, she could catch a train bound for the distant North Welsh border, a part of the country quite unknown to her, and not likely to be visited by any of her people. There she might hope to be safe, she thought. She tied a thick gray veil over her golden hair and fair young face; and, as her carriage gradually filled with fellow-passengers, she shrank into her corner away from the curious and interested glances sometimes directed towards her. She had never travelled alone before, and, as the first excitement subsided and the depression of a long sleepless night-journey began to make itself felt, the sense of loneliness penetrated to her heart. Then with the night came terrors which the daylight and the sunshine had held at bay.

The chill gray dawn for which she had longed through the darkness seemed when it came only to give a fresh impetus to her nervous terrors. She grew sick with fear at each recurring station, lest the face of Percival Danvers; lest the shouted message from official should be the signal that she was discovered.

It was a relief when she left the train at last at the terminus. The porter who carried her scanty luggage conducted her to a quiet little hotel, where a pleasant-looking motherly landlady took charge of her at once, spread a cosy comfortable breakfast, and hovered about in a kindly interested way, very comforting to her, lonely and faint as she was.

She was provided with the means of living for some time—in her ignorance she thought for a long time. In the dressing-case she had been so careful to secure was a packet of bank-notes the present of her rich godfather, given to be spent on her honeymoon tour in Roman mosaics or Venetian lace, or in such foreign trifles as might please her fancy. And this store exhausted, she would still have her jewels to fall back upon; she had read of heroines in distress selling their jewels.

Her first care was her wardrobe. She went out into the town and chose a simple outfit, such as a young governess might be provided with, and lost no time in exchanging the handsome travelling dress for quiet brown attire which would baffle identification. Then with trembling fingers she hid her long fair hair, closely knotted, under her hat.

In the loneliness and weariness of the night it had seemed to her so easy to be lost; now, with quick inconsistency, it seemed to her so easy to be found. Would it not be safer to hide in some remote country village? a girl passed at the moment with a basket of fresh flowers, heaped up with a liberal hand, from some country garden. A breath of green fields, of ferny shady woods, came, wafted with the perfume of sweet woodruff and fragrant Mary-lilies, to Eve's harrassed senses. She turned and went back at once to the pleasant faced landlady.

"Can you tell me of country lodgings in some pretty quiet village?" Eve asked.

"Let me see," said the landlady looking reflectively at the cutlet she had just set before her guest; "there's room at Henshaw and at Barnam; but are you likely to stay any time, ma'am?"

"Yes, some time."

"It'll be lonely," the landlady said tentatively.

"I don't mind being alone," Eve said hastily. "That is—I ought—I mean I must get used to it."

"Ah, ma'am! You are a widow, then?'—her eyes were fixed upon the bright new wedding-ring which Eve had forgotten to hide. "Dear, dear: you're young ma'am to be left!"

Eve flushed crimson as she looked down on the tell-tale badge; then she looked up at the honest kindly face of the woman, and a sudden impulse seized her. She felt in her heart that that face was trustworthy.

"No I am not a widow," she said. "You will keep my secret will you not? I am unhappy—I am in great trouble. I want to find a quiet place where I can live—perhaps where I can find a few children to teach—until—oh," she exclaimed suddenly bursting into tears—"oh, perhaps for all my life!"

"My dear," said the good woman "don't fret"—patting the little white hand tenderly. "It'll all come right, never fear. I can see how it is; you've fallen out and come away in a pet. You haven't been married as I have, and you haven't learn't the ways of men, and you're frightened at the first hard word. But you're too young, and—you'll excuse me—too pretty to be wandering about by yourself alone. Make it up dear; make it up and go back to him."

"Oh, no, no," the shuddering loathing in the fair young face startled the landlady into a new view of the matter—"I cannot go back! You will not betray me?"

"That I won't, my dear. You may trust my word."

"Help me to find a home," Eve entreated.

Mrs, Smith set herself to think the matter out.

"I've got it!" she said at length triumphantly. There's Sarah Jeffcott. She said she'd like a quiet lodger or two if I came across any that would suit. Her rooms is nice—a farmhouse—and she's a very respectable woman and a good woman, too. We lived together before I was married; and I ought to know her well, for I've summered her and wintered her, as I may say; and I can answer for her."

"Where is it?"

"It's about twenty miles from here—as pretty a country place as you'd wish to see. The station is two miles from Sarah's place. If you tell her you came from me—Ann Smith of the Welsh Harp—she'll do well by you. And I'll drop her a line myself to make more sure."

So it was settled; and Mrs. Smith saw her young guest into the fly which was to take her to the railway station, and came back to her own parlor behind the bar, with a satisfied countenance.

"It's as well Smith was out of the way," she said as she poured herself out a cup of tea. "He'd be asking questions, and he'd get short answers. Men want to know everything; and they're not to be trusted with it when they do know it!"

There were two stations between Eve's starting-point and her destination. In the carriage where she found a place were already seated two ladies and one gentleman. The gentleman, a grave person in clerical attire, handed the young wife in politely, rearranged his own baggage and wraps to make room for hers, and these civilities offered, retired to his corner and his newspaper, and appeared to be absorbed in the latter. He left the train at the next station; and Eve saw him on the platform up to the last moment, waiting quietly, with his overcoat and rugs in a loose heap over his arm and his bag at his feet—a highly respectable, perfectly irreproachable, typical country parson.

Ten minutes later the train stopped again, and Eve prepared to descend. Suddenly she stood still and startled her fellow passengers by a cry—

"My dressing-case—it is gone!"

She was standing with her veil thrown back, the better to assist her fruitless search and her beautiful young face white with the dawning consciousness of all the loss involved to her. Her money—all save the change from the five-pound note with which she had paid her hotel bill and her fare—and her jewels, the store on which she had counted—were gone!

"Gone!" one of the ladies repeated. "Surely not; I saw you bring it in in your hand. It cannot be gone—let us look!"

She searched, her companion assisted, the porter rummaged under the seats and inspected the rack overhead; the ladies left the carriage the better to assist the search. But the case was certainly gone.

"It was the clergyman!" one of the ladies exclaimed, after a few seconds of dismayed reflection.

Hush Annette!" the other said reprovingly. "How can you say such a thing?'

"I am sure of it!" she answered. "Who else can it be? No one but he has left the carriage, and I saw it just before. I remember it distinctly. It was in a Russian leather cover, with a strap. I do remember now that he shuffled up his coats in an awkward manner when he got out.

"But a clergyman!" the other remonstrated.

"Don't you know that they often dress up like a bishop?" her sister replied. "I hope you have not lost much"—to Eve.

The tears were rolling down the girl's white cheeks, but she struggled for composure.

"Thank you," she said; "it is a serious loss for me."

"Telegraph back at once," the older lady advised, as she resumed her seat; "you may catch him yet. Here is the station-master; speak to him."

There was a little crowd already collected round the carriage; heads were thrust out of windows, curious at the delay. Eve drew her veil over her face and shrank back.

"This young lady has lost her dressing-case; I saw it put into the carriage. A parson—a middle-aged man, dressed like a clergyman, got out at Henshaw. No one else was in the carriage. This is our name and address," the lady called Annette said, proffering a card to the official. "We hope you will recover your property"—kindly to Eve, as the train moved on.

"You must give me your own name and address. You will have to appear against the man, if we catch him," the station-master explained to Eve.

"Appear against him!" Eve stammered.

"Yes, before the magistrates—in Court."

"Oh, I cannot! I—that is, I am not sure the clergyman took it. I would rather lose it than appear against any one. Please do not telegraph!" Eve entreated, trembling at the threatened publicity and alive to its risk to herself of discovery. "Will some one"—looking at the men—"take my luggage to Hill Farm—Mrs. Jeffcott's—and direct me on the way there?"

A volunteer stood forth immediately; while the station-master stood looking after the young lady.

"It's a queer thing," he said. "I'll telegraph all the same. She'll be glad enough to find it if it comes back. Yes. I'll telegraph." he repeated decidedly, turning into his office.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fish that Walk and Climb.

It is not to be supposed that a fish is absolutely comfortable away from his own element, but it is nevertheless true that he sometimes sees fit to live on the land for a short period. Of all land-frequenting fish, the most famous is the climbing perch of India, which not only walks out of the water, but also mounts into trees by means of sharp spines situated near its head and tail.

It has a peculiar breathing apparatus, which enables it to extract oxygen from the water, stored up within a small chamber near its gills, for use while on land.

The Indian snake-head accommodates himself to the season, when the pond which he inhabits is entirely dry, by storing enough water in his special chamber to moisten his gills during that trying time. He can thus remain for a long period in a dormant condition, buried within the dry bed of the pond. Old residents of India say that these fish will survive for many years in a state of suspended animation, and that when ponds which have been dry for several successive seasons are suddenly filled by heavy rains, they are found to be swarming at once with full-grown snake-heads.

In countries where the ponds regularly dry up, at certain seasons, the fish inhabiting them either lie dormant in the mud, or make their way overland to fresh sheets of water.

Full-grown eels journey across country when the ponds in which they live become dry in summer. To keep their gills wet during these excursions, they distend the skin on each side of the head, and fill the pouch thus formed with water.

A singular walking fish is the periophthalmus, of the tropical Pacific shores. At ebb tide he literally walks out of the water, and, erect on two legs, promenades the beach in search of stray crabs and other marine animals left by the receding waves.

Thrice Round the Globe.

The ocean steamer, *Tongariro*, belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company, has finished her third voyage round the world in a single year. Her "round trip," which is round in a literal sense, is from London to New Zealand through the Suez Canal, or around the Cape of Good Hope, and home again by way of Cape Horn.

On her maiden voyage she left Plymouth, England, on October 29, 1883, and reached Port Chalmers, New Zealand, by way of Cape Town, on December 11th. She was back again at Plymouth, by way of Rio Janeiro, on the 8th of February. She returned from her second trip on the 11th of June, and from her third on the 9th of October, making the three voyages in twenty days less than a year.

This time includes all detentions in port. The time actually occupied by the three voyages—that is, her steaming time—was less than two hundred and forty days. Thus it is clearly possible to make the circuit of the globe—not only of the eastern and western, but of the northern and southern hemispheres—in eighty days. It is a little queer that the outward and the return voyages are almost exactly of equal length. The average steaming time to New Zealand was forty-one days; the average homeward, on the other side of the globe, was thirty-nin. days. The longer passage was that which was made by way of the Sue Canal.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Kitchen Hints.

Keep large squares of thick pasteboard hung convenient to slip under pots, kettles, stew dishes, and spiders, wherever you set them down.

Don't flirt dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

To clean bottles, put into the bottles some kernels of corn, a tablespoonful of ashes; pour it half full of water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottle as good as new.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them wonderfully. Pound the borax so it will disolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away two or three years.

How to take grease spots out of silk: For any color that water will not injure take wheat flower and mix with water to a thin batter, spread on the grease spots, and dry in the sun or by the fire until quite dry and crisp, so that you can crush it like dry leaves; then brush it off with a brush; do not use an iron. This is much better than any chemical preparation and does not leave any spot to show where the grease spot was.

"Sufferer" writes: "Having suffered greatly from corns, and having obtained complete relief, at once, from the following simple treatment, I send it to you for the benefit of your readers. Pare the corn and put around the toe a strip of what druggists call surgeons' adhesive plaster. The strip must be wide enough to completely cover the corn, and long enough to encircle the toe or it may not stay in place. Warm the plaster well before putting it on. Renew when worn out, paring the corn each time. Five cents' worth of this plaster will supply two corns six months."

Choice Recipes.

PLUM JELLY.—Boil the fruit with sufficient water until it is cooked. Strain through a thick cloth; to every cup of fruit add a cup of sugar, and let it remain until next day. Then melt all together, and then take small quantities at a time and boil it until it jellies, which you can tell by trying a little at a time. Do not stir during the last boiling.

PEACH BATTER PUDDING.—Twelve ripe peaches, pared but not stoned; one quart of milk, about ten tablespoons of prepared flour, five beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one saltspoonful of salt. Set the peaches closely together in a buttered pudding dish, stew with sugar, and pour over them a batter of the ingredients above named.

BAKED] HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—One pint of milk, two eggs, one quart of flour, (sifted), one gill yeast, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of boiling water, nearly a quart of berries dredged with flour. Make batter with these ingredients—leaving out the berries—and set in a warm place to rise for about four hours. If light pour in the dredged berries, pour into a buttered cake mold, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Turn and eat with hard sauce.

BLACKBERRY ROLY-POLY.—One quart of prepared flour, one heaping tablespoonful lard and the same of butter rubbed with a little salt into the flour, enough milk—about two cups—to make soft dough. Roll out into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick. Stew leaving a narrow margin at the sides, with sound blackberries sprinkled with sugar. Roll tightly. Sew up with a "felled seam, in a cloth leaving room for swelling. Put into a pot of boiling water and keep at the boil for an hour and a quarter. Dip the cloth in cold water to loosen it, and turn out. Eat cold with hard sauce.

PEACH LECHE-CREMA. — Twelve ripe peaches, pared, stoned, and cut in halves; three eggs and the whites of two more, one-half cup of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch wet in cold milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, one pint of milk. Scald the milk, stir in the corn starch, and when it begins to thicken take from the fire and put in the butter. When lukewarm whip in the beaten yolks until all are very light. Put a thick substratum of peaches into a dish, stew with sugar, and pour the creamy compound over them. Bake in a quick even ten minutes and spread with a meringue made of five whites whipped stiff with a little powderd sugar. Shut the oven door until this is firm. Eat cold with cream.

The Lesson of a Dream.

John Wesley was once troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream, one night, transported him to the gates of hell.

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked the thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Any Episcopalians?"

"Yes."

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes."

"Any Congregationalists?"

"Yes," again was the answer.

"Any Baptists?"

"Yes."

"Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley.

"Yes," to his great indignation, was answered.

In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden transition, and he stood before the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired:

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?"

"No," was replied.

"Any Episcopalians?'

"No."

"Any Presbyterians?"

"No."

"Any Congregationalists?"

"No."

"Any Baptists?"

"No."

"Any Methodists?"

"No."

"Well, then," he asked, lost in wonder, "who are they inside?"

"Christians!" was the jubilant answer.

De Bagge: "I know how to manage my wife." Bagley: "You do? Then why don't you manage her?" De Bagge: "She won't let me."

A STRANGE DOUBLE MURDER.

The Shooting of Farmer White and His Girl Sweetheart.

A weird story involving the criminal romance of an old resident of Fairport, N. Y., his murder, and the murder of a bright and winsome Western girl, is just now attracting attention in Southwestern Missouri.

About the middle of May, 1885, there arrived in Pierce City, in southwestern Missouri, a middle-aged, well dressed man of good address and pleasant manners. With him was a woman modestly but richly dressed. She was a small woman, fair-complexioned and attractive. They were registered at the Decatur House as J. J. White and wife of New York. Mr. White told the few with whom he became acquainted that he came West to be a farmer, and in a few weeks he bought William Murphy's farm in Barrie county, six miles south of Pierce City. It was a comfortable place, and Mr. White and his companion were apparently very happy. Mr. White appeared to have plenty of money. He hired the Widow Vassar to do the housework for his wife and her thirteen-year-old son, Buddy Vassar, to do the chores. A colored man, Willis Dehorney, was hired to work on the farm.

In July a stranger with a G. A. R. medal on his coat arrived in Pierce City on a train from the East. He told Watchman J. F. Dumont that his name was S. J. Kelsey, and that he lived in Fairport, N. Y. He asked the way to Mr. White's farm. He was directed, and went there. In a few days Mr. White appeared in Pierce City with the stranger on his arm, and they went the rounds. Mr. White introducing his companion as Edward F. Clum, a brother of Mrs. White. Kelsey, or Clum, visited the Whites six weeks, and then returned to New York State. He came back to Pierce City some months afterward and soon it became generally known that Ed Clum was going to work the farm in company with his brother-in-law. Very often Mrs. White had occasion to come to town, and she was frequently accompanied by Clum. One evening in December they called on Dr. E. P. Hansard, and Mrs. White said that her brother was sick with chills. He was to leave for the East that night, and the Doctor gave him some medicine. Clum started for the train, and Mrs. White prepared to drive to her home in Barrie county. It was after 7 o'clock, very dark, and very cold, and the six miles of road between Pierce City and the White place was as rough a piece of road as any in the State. Mrs. White, however, declined the Doctor's offer of an escort, and pluckily grasped the reins to begin her journey. At that moment Clum appeared with his satchel, and Mrs. White manifested no surprise when he said he had changed his mind about going East. He climbed into the buggy and they started off. A week later Clum came to Pierce City alone and took the train East.

Dr. Hansard remembered the little incident of that cold December night, two months after Mrs. White had died from a cancerous sore on her knee and over indulgence in opium eating, which was only known to the Doctor, Mr. White, and sweet-faced Ella Bowe, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a neighboring farmer. Ella had consented to become a companion to Mrs. White in her sickness, and she remained in the house with the Widow Vassar after Mrs. White's death. Mr. White had become attached to her, and Ed Clum noticed this when he came back to the White place about a month later. Ella was pleasant with Clum, but she had taken an unaccountable aversion to him. She liked Mr. White, and when, a few months later, Mr. White asked her to become his wife, she said that she loved him, and would marry him if her father would give his consent. Mr. White was 42 years old, and Ella's father thought that she should marry a younger man, but finally offered no objection to Ella's choice. So they were engaged. Her father, in speaking of the conversation he had with Ella at the time says:

Ella told me of White's goodness to Mrs. White during her illness and at the same time told me of Clum's advances to her and her aversion for him. I thought this somewhat strange, as I had conceived the idea that she favored Clum, she was considerably younger, and although I had seen him only twice I thought him the one Ella would be more likely to fancy. She told me that only a short time previous he had asked her to show him where Lottie (meaning Mrs. White) was buried. She went to the cemetery with him, and was considerably astonished at his actions. He cried, and standing over the grave called her "darling Lottie," and said other affectionate things. She, however, remembered the dead woman was his sister.

Ella returned to her father's house, and it was arranged that the marriage between her and Mr. White should take place on Aug 1. in St. John's Church, Pierce City. On July 6 White called at Mr. Bowe's house, and asked Ella to come over to his place and superintend the canning of some fruit. Mr. Bowe never saw her alive again. Ella and White were murdered on July 8, and Willis Dehorney and Buddy Vassar swear that Ed Clum killed them.

Dehorney swears that he and the Vassar boy were on a wagon in White's hay field, and White and Ella were sitting behind a knoll a short distance from where they were working. A clump of brush hid the lovers. Ed Clum came along with a double-barrelled shot gun over his shoulder, and, seeing Dehorney, ordered him to drive up. Dehorney says:

I drove up within fifty feet of the knoll, when I turned, just in time to see Ed Clum as he stopped probably two steps down a little path toward the couple. As he slipped toward them he threw up his gun, and at the same time I heard the click! click! that said plainly that he cocked both barrels. As the gun came down to a level he fired both barrels. I was sitting on top the wagon load of straw. I had stopped the team and sat paralyzed with horror, as I saw the gun was pointed directly at Mr. White and Miss Ella. He brought the gun this way (imitating the act) "broke" it, put in two fresh cartridges, again threw it up, and again fired both barrels. Again he "broke" the gun and reloaded it, at the same time wheeling square round so that he faced me. Again bringing the gun to his shoulder he covered me and shouted, not very loud, but in a voice that sounded like a terrible command to me, "Willis, drive that wagon here," I had to mind him. I couldn't have helped it if I'd known he was going to kill me. As I drove up he said: "Right down the bank here," and as he gave orders I obeyed him until I had the wagon down on a little level, and the two bodies lay right by the front wheel. The lady was lying face downward, all doubled up, and White was on his back stretched out. I could see a great batch of blood that looked like the upper part of Mr. White's head was shot off. I saw all this in a minute, and the thought flashed through my head that the lady must have been shot in the back, and Mr. White must have jumped up and wheeled around.

At midnight, according to Dehorney's story, Clum compelled him to assist in burying the mutilated bodies in a ditch in the farm. Clum told the Widow Vassar and others that Mr. White and Ella had changed their minds and gone off to Springfield to be married, and threatened Dehorney and young Vassar with death if they ever spoke of the killing.

About a week later Dehorney said he was sick and got consent from Clum to go to Pierce City to see a doctor. There he saw Marshal Chappell, told him of the murders, and Chappel went down to White's place and arrested Clum. He is now in prison, in Cassville, the county seat of Barry county. His trial will take place in September. Clum denies emphatically that he killed White and Ella, and charges Dehorney with the crime, saying that Dehorney's motive was revenge for fancied wrongs.

Maud: "Mr. Allround is a sort of universal genius; isn't he?' Mabel: "Yes, he is exceedingly clever." Maud: "He is something of a lawyer and something of a musician. What is his profession?" Mabel: "Well, the lawyers call him a musician, and the musicians call him a lawyer."

PEOPLE.

When Bernhardt is away from the Comedie Francaise the management find it very hard to make things pay.

Schliemann, the explorer of Troy and the discoverer of the tomb of Agamemnon, is an old Californian, and used to buy gold dust in the Sacramento away back in the flush times.

Mme. Fides Devrier, prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, is to receive 80,000 francs for ten nights next season at Monte Carlo. This is perhaps better than marrying a poor clerk and washing dishes.

Dr. Ralph Leslie, of the University of Toronto, Canada, and St. Thomas Hospital London, has been decorated with the Order of Leopold by the King of the Belgians, for his services on the Upper Congo.

A correspondent of the Cork *Examiner* says: "Among the peculiarities of the exhibits at the 'Colonies,' are specimens of Canadian literature sent by the Government of that country. Four books, by Mrs. Alexander Ross, the well known and gifted authoress of some charming works, are on view. A glance at these, which I suppose are selected as illustrative types of the Canadian literary tendency, shows that the people across the water are joining in the reaction against reading which is either too light or too technical. I understand that Mrs. Ross originally hailed from the mother country. She intends to publish shortly in London a work entitled, 'The Red Man,' dedicated by permission to the Duke of Connaught."

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, of mind reading fame, has arrived at Victoria, B. C., for the purpose of writing an account of the Canadian Pacific Railway route for various journals who have engaged his services. Mr. Cumberland for some years past has devoted himself to politics, and it is his desire to enter upon a political career. He is especially concerned in the matter of Imperial Federation. Before coming to Canada he spent some months in Australia and New Zealand. Previous to this he visited Egypt, and he was made the bearer of a message from the Khedive to Lord Dufferin on his departure for India. While in India Mr. Cumberland was the guest of the leading native princes, and in Calcutta he gave a public seance for the benefit of the fund now being raised by the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin for supplying female medical aid to the women of India. Mr. Cumberland will make a report of his inquiries in Canada to the Imperial and Colonial Governments, in addition to his contributions to the press.

The Winnipeg *Free Press* says: "Philip Garneau, who was sentenced to seven years imprisonment for complicity in the rebellion of 1885, was released from Stony Mountain penitentiary a day or two ago. He is now in town, but will shortly leave for the province of Quebec. He proposes writing a history of the rebellion from the standpoint of the rebel. As he acted as secretary for Louis Riel after the lamented break-up of the Hon. Mr. Jackson's mind until the wind-up of the rebellion at Batoche, he will be able to present the other side of the story better than any other person. Since his release he has been purchasing the published accounts of the rebellion, including Mrs. Delaney's and Mrs. Gowanlock's accounts of their capture. He says that all those imprisoned for taking part in the rebellion have now been set at liberty excepting those from the vicinity of Fort Pitt, headed by Big Bear, and they expect their prison doors will shortly be opened to them."

A writer in the Paris *Matin* tells the following story: In 1871, immediately after the surrender of Paris and when the German army was in the city, Gen. Boulanger, then a Colonel, was in command of the 137th of the line. The regiment was *en echelon* in the Rue Saint Honore guarding the limit beyond which the Prussians were not to pass. At the intersection of the Rue Saint Honore and another street, the name of which the writer does not recall, but he remembers that it was near the Rothschild house, suddenly appeared the General in command of the Prussian army, followed by his brilliant staff They were about to pass the line of demarcation, when Col. Boulanger rode up in front of them. "General," said he, in a loud voice, "you cannot pass." The latter pretended not to understand, and appeared to be about to come on, when Boulanger, purple with rage and hatred, dashed forward, sabre in hand, and shouted out in a savage voice: "General, you must not pass. If you advance another step——" Then, seeing that the brilliant troop had come to a halt, he added, with an imposing gesture, the words, "*Respect a la consigne!*" "It needed but little," says the writer, "to put the match to the powder at that moment. There and then Germany might have lost some precious heads, Inspired by the Colonel, we grasped our Chassepots. The quality of the game was tempting."

Fulfilment.

He stood beneath her window
And beneath the ilex-shade
(The ilex was a maple),
And he sang a serenade.
We will hope she gauged his fervor by
Th' amount of noise he made.

"Oh, why art thou not near me?'
He sang it sixteen times,
To "fear me," and to "cheer me,"
And to fourteen other rhymes,
And interspersed with language cribbed
From Oriental climes.

She leaned from out her lattice;
Her lattice was not barred
(Her plate-glass window, that is),
And perhaps she leaned too hard,
For the lattice was wide open, and
It opened on the yard.

A sudden flash of lightning,
Or so it seemed to him—
Then he felt his muscles tightening,
And his sight grew strangely dim,
And they sank together earthward, and
All nature seemed to swim.

Was he happy, was he grateful
For this complaisance of Fate?
No—he muttered something hateful
As he crawled off toward the gate.
Is fulfil ment of our wishes worse
Too soon than if too late?

—*The Century.*

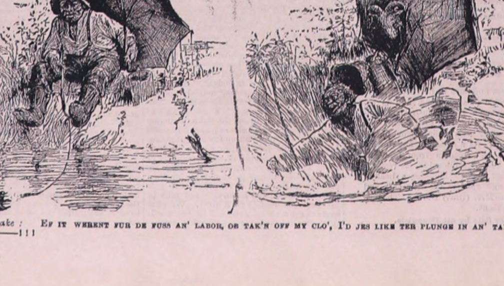
How the Apaches Live and Ride.

An Apache will ride a horse down, kill the animal, and cut as large a piece of meat out of him as he can conveniently carry, steal a fresh horse, and pursue his journey. He will ride the fresh horse until it can carry him no further and his supply of meat from his last horse is exhausted, and, then kill the steed and steal a new one, as before. The government scouts are Apaches, who are allowed all the ammunition they want. They, of course, stand in with those on the war-path and supply them with cartridges. In this way they are enabled to keep up the war. When the scouts are discharged they return to the reservation and there break out themselves.

What Ailed A Sentimental Young Lady.

In Liverpool, not long since, a sentimental young lady from town was on the Cunard steamship quay, where she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of utter dejection and despair. "Poor thing," thought the romantic lady, "she is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great, sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy. She has probably had some unfortunate affair and has left her lover in the far West.' She went over to the traveler to win her confidence. "Crossed in love?" she asked, sympathetically. "No," replied the girl, with a sigh: "crossed in the Servia, and an awfully rough passage, too!"

Jones: "Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw." Smith: "Correct." Jones: "They say you sleep 15 hours out of every 24." Smith: "Correct." Jones: "What do you do it for?" Smith: "In order to economize. You see it costs you nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin."



Dat Jake: EF IT WERENT FUR DE FUSS AN' LABOR, OB TAK'N OFF MY CLO', I'D JES LIKE TER PLUNGE IN AN' TAKE A SOUSE——!!!

HOUSEHOLD.

About the House.

Plain linen shades in ecru, buff and sage are more used than those of a more fanciful description.

Stair rods have had their day. Black walnut, nickel and bronze buttons are used in their place. They are much better on account of moths which find a good hiding place behind rods.

A dainty bed-comforter is made in this way: Cut a piece of double-width cheese cloth large enough to reach from the pillows to the foot of the bed. Put over this a layer or two of nice batting. Cover it with a piece of silk like that used in women's catch it through and through in spots with blue zephyr worsted, passed lightly without drawing tight and cut off these loops. Tie the thread on the right side. If preferred, a strand or two of yellow can be added to the blue worsted; the general effect perhaps will be that of dalias scattered over it. Besides being cheap and very soft looking, it makes a very useful article to use as a bed, and can be easily ripped up at any time and made over. The edges can be caught together by overcasting with worsted or binding with narrow ribbon.—*Housekeeper.*

Handsome and ornamental rugs may be made at home. One of the least expensive is the Chenille rug. Collect all your woolen scraps—no matter how small or how much soiled—old flannels can be dyed with bright dyes and add very much to the beauty of the rug. Cut all the pieces into crewelwise strips about half an inch wide; the length is of no consequence. Thread a needle with very strong thread doubled. Gather the pieces through the centre with not too fine stitches. As fast as a piece is gathered push it down close to the knot. Push each piece as tight as possible to the next one. Continue in this way until the thread is full, then tie on another thread and proceed as before. Make in skeins about six yards long, if requires about one hundred and fifty yards for a rug. Take it to a carpet weaver and have it woven three-quarters of a yard wide. If you have enough reds of different shades to make fifty-eight yards for a border at either end, and have the centre "hit or miss," it makes a beautiful rug.

These rugs are very handsome, and being alike on both sides, wear beautifully. The only expense is in weaving, generally fifty cents a one dollar. This work utilizes pieces that would otherwise find their way in the rag-bag.

Very pretty rugs can be made of small silk scraps, no matter how much defaced they will all work in. Cut in strips about half an inch wide and three inches long. Take a piece of tinking, having the strips about one-third of an inch wide, cut it into the size of the rug wanted. Thread a sewing machine with coarse thread (number thirty) and needle. Place one of the tinking strips under the needle, then lay on the silk pieces close together, with the right side of the silk on the tinking strips, and stitch down to the end of the strips, then stitch back again close to the last row of stitching; this will make it strong. Put the tinking in place with the next strips under needle. Fold back the fringe, make the second row, back row, back out of the way and proceed as before. A black border and mixed centre are very rich looking. After the rug is finished line with some heavy material to keep it flat.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Oake Basket.

MINISTER'S SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cup of cold water, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one and one-half cups of flour, one quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Beat the eggs five minutes, add the sugar and beat two minutes more; then add the other ingredients.

WHITE CAKE.—Two eggs using the whites only, a scant half cup of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with extract of vanilla or lemon. This cake is very good, it may be varied by adding one-half cup of citron cut fine and ornamented with a nice frosting.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one egg, two thirds cup of sweet milk, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, two cups of flour in which are thoroughly sifted one teaspoonful of cream tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon or vanilla, and bake in one loaf or in layers; and it will be found an excellent cake, especially if eaten while fresh.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of powdered sugar. Spread thin on long tins. As soon as baked turn from the tins on to a damp cloth, spread with jelly and roll up immediately.

LEMON CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of powdered sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three full cups of sifted flour, four eggs, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one level teaspoonful of soda. Bake in two loaves and frost with a white icing flavored with lemon.

THE CAREFUL FARMER.

Some gentlemen from the city went out in the country on a fishing trip recently, and a rain coming up suddenly they pulled their boat ashore and went into a near by farm house to get in out of the wet. They found the farmer in the barn sitting on an upturned half bushel, whittling a cob, waiting for the rain to cease so he could go out and kill potato bugs. He bowed to the men as they came in, and sat their fishing tackle down, though he eyed them pretty closely. He didn't talk much, but answered their questions politely. They asked all about the farm and business, and he told them how things were running. Finally he said:

"I suppose you are gentlemen from the city, come out here for recreation, but I didn't know at first but you might have some scheme to get me to buy something, or make me agent for some patent, or that you wanted to get me to sign some paper that would seem innocent enough, but which would turn out to be a note that I would have to pay. There's sharks around here every few days trying to pick up farmers, and we have to keep our eyes open or are about us. I am satisfied I have made a mistake in you, gentlemen, so I apologize."

The gentlemen laugh at his fears, but accepted his apology, and finally asked him what course the sharpers usually took to beat a farmer.

"O, they take every kind of a course," said he, as he took another cob to whittle. "Anything to get a man to sign his name. Once a farmer's name is on paper, and they get it on to a promissory note, and into the hands of an innocent party, I tell you I can come along here two years ago, with a patent churn, and he left it for my wife to try. She tried it, and liked it, and wanted to buy it, but he wouldn't sell it. He said he was just getting it patented, and he wanted a few of the best farmers to try it, and make any suggestions they thought of to improve it, and he would make the improvements and get it patented. He said when it was patented, and was a success, he had just as soon make my wife a present of a churn, but he shouldn't sell any, as he should put it in the hands of some large factory to build, and he would get a royalty. He wanted a few letters from those who had tried the churn, to send to our member of congress, who had promised to go to the patent office for him. He wrote out a letter to our member of congress, saying that I believed there was merit in the churn, and I signed it. How the dence he got my name off of that letter, and put it at the bottom of a note for two hundred and fifty dollars, I don't know, but I had to pay the note, and my wife has never got the churn. But the slickest thing that farmers ever got took in on was Bohemian oats. About ten years ago a man came along with a baking powder can full of oats without any hulls on—just the plain meat of the oats. He said he was an agent of the German government, and that the farmer in every township could buy a bushel of the oats for five dollars, if he would contract not to sell the crop of hull less oats to anybody but the authorized agent, and he was to agree to pay four dollars a bushel. The idea was to create a monopoly in hull less oats. He just astonished us fellers, and I thought think it over, and in the meantime he would make some inquiries as to his standing. Well, for a week I dreamed of nothing but Bohemian oats, and by the time he came around again I was as ripe as the oats, and I wanted to get them bad. He said he would have to communicate with the general office before he could sell me more than one bushel, and he would do the could arrange it so I could have a county right, and be the only man in the county to raise the Bohemian oats. He hated to let one man have such a chance to get rich, but he had struck three or four farmers that had so stuck up and he wouldn't let them have a kernel of the oats for love or money, and as he had got to go to Texas on the night train he was sorry, but I must not say anything about it. He would be back in a week, and by that time he would know if he could have the county. He might have let me have the earth, if he had waited another week. Well, to make a long story short, I bought fifty bushels of oats, and I got a fair crop of them. He came around again and I was as ripe as the oats, and I wanted ten bushels. He said he would have to communicate with the general office before he could sell me more than one bushel, but he would do the best he could. I could have the county right, and be the only man in the county to raise the Bohemian oats. He hated to let one man have such a chance to get rich, but he had struck three or four farmers that had so stuck up and he wouldn't let them have a kernel of the oats for love or money, and as he had got to go to Texas on the night train he was sorry, but I must not say anything about it. He would be back in a week, and by that time he would know if I

WON AND LOST.

CHAPTER III.

The drowsy quiet of Marine Cottage was disturbed by the arrival of the fly, its occupant, faint and pale, still lying back against the cushions. A middle-aged woman, in the neat white cap of a French servant, who was looking from the window, threw open the door and came hastily across the veranda to the gate, exclaiming in French—

"Ah, madame, what has happened? You are ill—you are *epuisee*. I knew what it would be when I let you go out alone. Why did I let you go?"

"Hush, Cecile!" returned her mistress. "Bid the man wait, and come with me Cecile," she exclaimed, cutting the good woman's lamentations short, and closing the door of the room as soon as they had both entered, "something has happened. "Oh, Heaven"—catching the old woman's hands in both hers as she spoke—"something terrible has happened, Cecil! I have seen—him!"

"Saints in Heaven!" ejaculated the woman, starting back. "Where? Oh, my dear mistress, where?"

"I have seen him at the church—at the altar—with a fair golden-haired girl. And he was married to her this morning. Do you hear, Cecile? He was married to her!"

"Married!" The woman stared, with dropped jaw and distended eyes, at her mistress as the words came brokenly from her white lips. "Married!" she repeated, in a breathless, awe-struck tone.

"Yes, Cecile—quick! There's no time to lose. Give me my desk—my keys. Put on your bonnet. Oh, quick—hasten!" she exclaimed in a tone of agony, as she turned to the travelling-clock on the mantelpiece. "It is ten minutes past one, and the train leaves at half past, the man said."

"What train? What man?"

I have no time to tell you. Make yourself ready; come back to me."

She wrote rapidly for a few minutes; then she folded her letter, and was ready as the old servant entered the room.

"Come," she commanded, leading the way to the door.

"But you are ill, my angel—the old pain."

"Yes, it is there"—her mistress breathed heavily as she hastened on. "But I cannot stay. If I have only strength enough! To the railway station," she said to the man as she re-entered the carriage; "and drive at your quickest!"

She sat panting, rigid; the old servant looked anxiously into her face, touching her cold hands, and uttering little broken exclamations of dismay and anxiety, as they jolted through the streets of the town and up the long hill to the station. Had it ever been so long? Would the tired stumbling horse ever mount it?

The station came into sight at last. A carriage, with white horses bedecked with wedding-favours, stood at the door. The lady sank back.

"I cannot," she gasped; "I have no more strength. Take the letter, Cecile—give it to him; bring him here to me! I—I—— Oh, Heaven, if I had only——Go—go!" she commanded, pushing the maid from her. "Why do you stay? There is the bell. In another moment it will be too late. Oh, go!"

Was it not indeed already too late? The woman sped swiftly on her errand, jostling porters and passengers as she ran up the platform.

A footman, with a white favor at his button-hole, stood bowing at the open door of a first-class carriage, marked conspicuously—"Reserved." Cecile dashed up to it. Only a lady was there—golden-haired, fair, and pale. Cecile looked round hurriedly—Cecile had her own ideas as to the most efficacious manner of executing her commission. The footman bowed for the last time and walked away. Cecile and the lady were alone.

"You—you are the bride?" the French-woman demanded in her broken English. "Mr. Danvers——"

"Yes." She spoke listlessly, with only a little weary surprise.

"Oh, read this, madame!" She held the written paper open before the eyes of the young girl. "Read, madame, and come with me. Quick"—as the second bell sounded—"read, for the sake of *le bon Dieu!*"

The startled bride took the paper from the hand of the agitated woman, and glanced hurriedly at its contents.

"This carriage is reserved. I must trouble you to find another place," spoke a voice behind Cecile. A strong hand put her hastily aside without looking at her, just as the guard, running up, closed the carriage door with a bang and an imperative—

"Take your seats. Time's up."

In fact the train was already in motion—the bridegroom had narrowly missed losing his place. Cecile could see him bending across to the golden-haired lady as the engine steamed faster and faster on its way out of her reach. So her mission had failed!

She stood staring after the train as it glided swiftly out of sight; then she walked back slowly off the platform, beating her hands and muttering her prayers in French as she went.

The porters nudged each other and grinned as she passed. "The foreign woman" was "crazy," they concluded. But she never heeded them; she was too full of her trouble.

Her mistress was watching for her with her hands pressed against her side, and her breath coming heavily from between her parted lips. Cecile shook her head sorrowfully as she came towards the carriage.

"She has seen it—the letter. I gave it to her. And then he came up and pushed me away without looking at me—if he had only looked at me!—and the train went on. I could do no more. It was not my fault."

"You gave it not to him? You spoke not with him?"

"How could I? He was not there. It was only the lady, alone."

"They are gone?" the lady gasped.

"Yes, gone. Oh, how can I tell where? I had no time. But, oh, my beautiful one, you are ill again!" she cried, as her mistress's head fell heavily against her arm. "I knew that it would be so—that it would kill her. Close the carriage"—to the driver—"and take us home—such home as we have in this cold, without-heart country, where the men are so wicked monsters that it is marvel the *bon Dieu* lets them live, even in their fogs and misery."

The last words were muttered in French as she pillowed on her breast her mistress's head and bathed her cold forehead with the contents of a bottle which she drew from her pocket.

. . . . . .

The long afternoon hours passed away slowly whilst the lady lay gasping upon her pillows, her eyes fixed wistfully on the clock which Cecile had placed on the table before her.

"He does not come," she whispered, when the shadows lengthened and the sunshine changed from gold to crimson. "He should be here now. Soon he will be too late."

Cecile turned to the window with a groan. If her arrow had reached its mark he might be here now at any moment. And his coming would bring back life to the fading face she could not bear to look at. But the hours stole away, and the waiting-woman's last hope died a lingering, reluctant death.

"It has killed her!" she said to herself, wringing her hands in her despair.

"Yes," spoke her mistress, as if reading the unspoken exclamation, "it has killed me. If it had only been sooner! Why did we speak, Cecile? It was scarcely worth while. But it has done no harm. She will not believe—why should she. She loves him. She has torn the paper and thrown it away, and he knows nothing, and she is smiling into his face now, at this moment, and—and I am content. It will be over soon, and it is well so. I have lived too long, Cecile—just one day too long."

Only Cecile's sobs answered as she leaned her forehead against the window-sash.

Then a breeze stole up and whispered amongst the clematis blooms and rustled the leaves of the Virginian creeper, while the warm glowing day was dying in crimson glory.

"Cecile, my friend—my last, best friend," said the struggling voice, "you will take me back to the grave under the magnolia tree. I could not rest away from it. That is all mine—my own. And I have left thee all—it is little for the love and the fidelity. And you will be silent, Cecile, and bury my poor life with me for ever. Promise me this, my friend."

"Is he never to know? Is she——"

"No, never, Cecile! Would you have two lives ruined, two hearts broken? That would be cruel—cruel!" She had raised herself, and was speaking rapidly in her excitement. "Let her be happy—the young innocent bride; and perhaps in his happiness he may remember—he may repent."

He, the *scelerat*—the wretch—the Heaven-forgotten!" the woman burst forth, lifting her hand with a fierce imprecation, fired by her hot Southern blood.

"Hush, Cecile! Do not curse him. I cannot bear it. I—Cecile—I—love him. I die joyfully, for my death will bring him happiness. Obey me, my friend. Take me home and lay me beside that grave; and write my name with that name. No date, Cecile; only my name—nothing more. I can do this for him—the last—the last!" Her face lighted up. She put out her hand and drew Cecile to her. "Promise me. Lay your hand on my heart, your lips on my lips. You love me, Cecile. You will not refuse me? You will do this? You will be silent?"

Then Cecile, weeping, promised.

The stars came out; a silver planet mirrored itself in the rippling water; the hum and echo of busy human life died away into a restful stillness, soothed but not broken by the soft whisper of the ebbing tide. Only a solitary lounger paced slowly up and down the quiet stretch of beach, or stood watching the silver gleaming of the receding waves.

Suddenly a cry rang sharply through the silence—a woman's scream, as she dashed the door wide open and ran out on to the gravel path.

"A doctor, a doctor! For the love of Heaven bring a doctor!"

The solitary lounger leaped the low fence and dashed across the lawn and flower-beds without waiting to choose his steps, throwing his cigar into the bushes as he came.

"I will go," he said to the woman. "Which doctor shall I call?"

"Which? Ah, how can I tell? The first—the quickest!"

Leonard Hope—for it was he—sped away on his errand. He was young, he was swift, and he had good luck. He was back again in less than ten minutes, the doctor with him. There were lights then moving from window to window, behind the clustering leaves. There was the babble of excited voices. Marine Cottage had wakened from its drowsy spell into frightened active life.

Leonard Hope waited outside for the doctor's return. It was not long delayed.

"Dead!" he said shortly, as he joined Leonard. "Heart-disease—long standing—nothing to be done. Young woman too."

"A foreigner, was she not?"

"Yes—well, I hardly know. The servant is foreign; and she looks——But the name"—he unrolled a paper in his hand, and stopped under a lamp-post to read it—"the name is Marie Delorme Danvers. Came here for her health, the woman said. Is this your road? Yes? Good night then."

"Good night."

Two days later, Leonard Hope read the announcement in the *Times*.

"On the 21st inst., at the parish church of St. Ethelminda, St. Sebastian's-by-the-Sea, Percival Danvers, Esq., to Eve, third daughter of the late Everard Delamaine, Esq., of Beaufort Manor, Eastshire."

"Curious coincidence!" Leonard said to himself, as he glanced lower down through the obituary notices, where, however, he found nothing. "It's an odd thing that, if one hears a name by chance, it is sure to crop up again half a dozen times directly afterwards!"

CHAPTER IV.

When Percival Danvers swung himself hastily into his place opposite to his newly-made wife, she was sitting with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, so transformed from the pale listless woman he had left seated there a minute or two before that he looked over at her in amazement. Indeed he was pleased. He found this an agreeable change from the cold statue-like mood she had exhibited for some weeks past. He did not admire statues, but he admired Eve Delamaine; and he had set himself to win her, and had succeeded—in a way—thanks to his own strong will and a powerful ally whom he had secured early. Cynthia had read the story pretty accurately. Eve was young and weak, and the combination was strong and subtle.

When Percival Danvers appeared in a set of London society with the prestige of having lately succeeded to a large fortune, he became at once marked as the match of the season. There might be something obscure and indefinite about its origin; but the fortune was safe and sure enough, the wise ones guaranteed; and nobody cared to inquire more deeply. Mothers of marriageable daughters made much of the man whose gold flashed so temptingly before their eyes. The daughters themselves were charmed with his handsome face and fine figure; and he had only to "throw the handkerchief" where he chose. But he was coy at first; he allowed himself to be courted for a season or two. Then Eve Delamaine came out, and Percival Danver's choice was made.

She was not at all dazzled by his preference; her young heart, as yet untouched, had its own dreams and aspirations. She had formed her own ideal, and, as it happened, it was not after Mr. Danver's model. Perhaps her indifference only stimulated his admiration the more; indifference was a new experience to him, and difficulties gave a zest to pursuit.

Mrs. Delamaine was a dowager with six daughters, living on a handsome allowance which would cease at her death, leaving her younger children very scantily provided for. Manifestly the first duty of a mother in such circumstances was to marry her daughters; and Eve's two elder sisters were already in their third season. To have allowed the foolish dreams of an inexperienced girl to stand between her and a most advantageous settlement in life would have been a piece of culpable folly of which Mrs. Delamaine was incapable. She was strong-minded and resolute; her children had been trained to implicit obedience to her will. And the end was that Eve, reluctant, but overpowered, yielded to a daily and hourly pressure which gradually ground her down and wore out her powers of resistance.

She told Percival Danvers, when she accepted him, that she did not love him—told him with a forlorn hope that he would relinquish his pretensions. He answered that he was content. So long as she gave him a heart on which no other name was written he would trust to his own love to win hers. He said it so very prettily, he manifested so much delicate and thoughtful devotion, he laid himself and all his coveted advantages so humbly at her feet, that the young girl was touched and half subdued. With infinite tact he humoured the sentiment in her character and ministered to her girlish romance. He did not load her with jewels—a lavish vulgar display of wealth which might have startled her with the suspicion that she was to be sold for that wealth. His gifts were the flowers she loved best, photographs of the pictures she was enthusiastic over, trifles of taste, gems of art—all that showed the most gratifying appreciation of her ideals, the most subtly flattering knowledge of her tastes.

The world—although envious—smiled and congratulated; her home-circle hurried eagerly into the discussion of wedding finery and bridal arrangements; and Eve was borne onwards with the current, on and on, as if by a strong overmastering fate, until she suddenly awoke to find her destiny fixed and the wedding day close at hand. She drew back affrighted from that terrible Rubicon, so formidable and so solemn even to a happy and assured love. She could not, would not, dared not barter away all the wonderful, beautiful possibilities of the future her young heart believed in for this!

Then Mrs. Delamaine came down upon her and crushed her with a relentless "Too late." The family reprobation overwhelmed her; her trembling tearful opposition was swept aside; the powerful home-current flowed on and bore her with it. She was not strong enough to resist further; she sank into a condition of listless acquiescence, which her anxious mother explained to her own and Mr. Danvers's satisfaction.

He was too willing to take his bride on any terms to be critical; he only redoubled his devotion, if that were possible. He was an incomparable *fiance!*

"No girl had ever such a perfectly delightful lover," the Delamaines declared—"so devoted, so thoroughly in love, so unexceptionable in every way. The girl who could not be happy with such a chance did not deserve happiness!"

And Eve, overpowered and helpless in her youth and her inexperience, ceased to struggle, let them say and do as they liked, and went to the altar in the stunned hopeless mood to which they had brought her.

She was roused—too late in truth now—by a shock which changed her all at once from a timid dependent girl into a courageous energetic woman.

"Is this true?" were her first words to Percival Danvers. "Is this true?"—and she held the open paper towards him.

He gave one surprised questioning look into her transformed face, then his eyes fell upon the written page, and the colour left even his lips. His dark complexion took such a livid deadly hue that Eve, even in her newly-gained boldness, drew back affrighted.

"Where did this come from?" he began suddenly, savagely. "No, it is not true," he corrected hastily. "Eve, it is some silly jest; don't you see? A practical joke—not in the best taste, certainly—but—ha, ha!" He tried to laugh. "It has succeeded admirably, upon my word! Walter or young Douglas, or both, are probably the perpetrators. We will never let them know what success they had. The young imps would exult over our scared faces."

He crumpled the paper in his strong fingers as he spoke, and thrust it into his pocket. There was something ghastly in his laugh, something cruel and vengeful in his grip of the little note he professed to hold so lightly. An intense newly-roused loathing filled the girl's soul as she marked all this. He seemed to stand revealed in a new and terrible light. He leaned forward and tried to take her hand.

"It is not Walter's handwriting, or Douglas's," she said slowly, drawing back and keeping her hands tightly locked out in the other beyond his reach.

"No, hardly," he laughed more naturally now. "They would scarcely play their trick so clumsily. Some woman has been a confederate—your mother's French maid, very likely. It is very well done—very!" he continued. "And it has been an exciting little episode just at starting!"

Still she did not smile or change.

"Why, Eve—why, my darling," he remonstrated caressingly, "were you really taken in? Did you doubt, even for a moment? Dearest, do you ask me to put my word seriously against this very transparent melodramatic sort of trick? Must I tell you again gravely that it is not true? Surely not? I will tell you what we will do. We will send back a telegram from the next station—if we stay long enough—congratulating the young rascals on their bright idea. Let us concoct it at once."

He drew out his pocket-book and pencil; the color had come back to his face, save for a strange gray shade about his eyes, which made him look ten years older.

Eve could not forget. That sudden frightful pallor had spoken to her with a terrible convincing force, more powerful to her woman's quick instinct than all the reassuring words he could utter now. She drew away shudderingly from his hand as he attempted once more to take hers in his own. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the cushions.

"I am tired—I am faint," she murmured. "Let me be quiet—let me rest."

She spoke with a kind of weary petulance which reassured him. At all events it was more natural than her other moods, he thought. She lay back, with her eyes shaded by her hand. He watched her furtively as he wrote his message; then he opened the morning's *Times* and read, or pretended to read, looking up at her from time to time as the minutes passed.

A long silent hour glided away; and the swift express still rushed on. She did not stir or look up, and the watching eyes darkened with an anxious cloud—perhaps an angry one. These bridal moods and whims were beyond his management as well as his comprehension; and, if he controlled his temper, it was because it would not have been good manners for a three-hour-old bridegroom to scold or storm.

The whistle sounded at last; they were nearing a large junction station. Mr. Danvers yawned and threw down his paper.

"Here we are at Evesham," he announced cheerfully. May I bring you a glass of wine? I fancy we shall stop long enough for that."

She uncovered her face and answered him

"Thanks—no."

"It would be good for you. I shall bring it and you must drink it," he said, with a little assumption of martial authority, as he jumped out.

The carriage was a double one, divided by a door in the middle, the inner compartment being empty and the door set open for air on this warm day. Mr. Danvers returned in about three minutes, followed by a porter bearing a tray with a glass of sherry and some biscuits. Only a sunshade and a pair of light gray gloves were on the seat which had been Eve's, and the door leading into the inner division was shut. Mr. Danvers turned the handle, but the door was fastened. He shrugged his shoulders, drank the sherry, dismissed the porter, and settled himself to his paper again. The train went on, but the door still remained closed. Mr. Danvers, a little sulky, read on. The situation was absurd; and even a bridegroom in the elevation of his first transport does not like to be made ridiculous. Station after station flashed by; the leading articles were spelled out, even the advertisement sheet was exhausted. Mr. Danvers started up at last and again tried the door.

"Eve," he called, "Eve, has not the joke lasted long enough?" The Delamaines were unpleasantly addicted to practical jokes evidently. "Eve!"

No answer. Had she fallen asleep? He knocked louder; still no reply. Then he looked out of the window and whistled.

The little conjugal pleasantry was growing tiresome. Of course it was only a pleasantry, he told himself. Why should it be anything else? He watched the trees and hedges flying by; he was horribly bored; and, underlying all, there was a great dread, like a mastiff kept at bay and ready to spring upon him when he would let it. But he would not let it—he recurred to his minor vexations. This commencement of his married life was—well, hardly up to his expectations. The smoke of the great city was visible now; the journey was nearly at an end. He announced the fact through the closed barrier.

"Eve, we are almost there—in London. Open the door."

Still there was no sign. Would she carry on the jest up to the last moment. Yes, and beyond it. The train stopped. Mr. Danvers hammered at the door. Still there was silence. Was she ill. Of course. Why had he not thought of it before? A porter came at his call.

"What is it, sir? Can't open the door?"

Of course she must be ill—probably in a fainting fit. What else could account for her strange conduct?

"I'll run round, sir, and open it on the other side."

A minute—which seemed like ten—and the man threw open the door. Mr. Danvers pushed him hastily aside and stepped in. The carriage was empty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PERSONAL.

Thomas Stevens, the bicyclist, who is travelling on his wheel around the world, sailed from Constantinople for India on June 23d. He was held nineteen days a prisoner in Afganistan, when within ten days, journey of Calcutta, by a military imbroglio.

Bartley Campbell makes slow improvement at Bloomingdale Asylum, if indeed he can be said to have improved at all. Two of his hallucinations are that he is a superian being, and that the Asylum is an hote of which he is the proprietor. In odd moments he writes verse, which is usually unintelligible.

The Comtesse de Paris, according to the London *Truth*, inherited all the sporting tastes of her family. In France, she was partial to hunting and shooting, breaking skittish colts, driving four-in-hand, or tiring out three or four horses at a chase. She dressed in a neat, masculine style, wore stand up collars, soft felt hat without feathers, and preferred waterproofs to luxurious mantles when driving her team of ponies in bad weather.

In declining the Bishopric of Edinburgh, Canon Liddon says that, for one reason: "During a great part of the last year I was seriously out of health, so much so as to be obliged to give up my regular occupations nearly altogether; and, although by God's mercy, and as a consequence of the long rest which the doctors insisted on, I am feeling fairly well now, I have yet to discover how far or how long a time I can return to my old habits of work. Until this is clear, it would appear at least doubtful whether I ought to undertake new and very serious duties." The Canon's delicate constitution gives his friends much solicitude, and he will probably never be a well man.

Lord Hartington, the Liberal leader who has been Mr. Gladstone's opponent in the recent political struggle, is a man of tireless energy, with a remarkable love and capacity for study, and with a most tenacious disposition. He does not court popularity, and affects a manner of indifference and *ennui* when he comes into contact with people. Oddly enough, most Englishman regard him as a rather light, flippant personage, who prefers the race track to politics, and sport of any kind to patriotism. This is entirely a false view of the man, whose unselfishly devoted to work and high principle, and who rivals Lord Salisbury in attention to thedetails of any business.

General Adam Badeau, whose acquaintance with English society is as close as tha of any American, writes of Queen Victoria. who, he thinks, has lived a sad life: "The Queen of England exhibits in her exalted sphere virtues which the humblest man or woman in her realm might imitate, virtues which endear her personally to her subjects, and certainly make them unwilling, in her time, to disturb her throne. Purity, honor, truth, religion, fidelity in all the family relations, constancy to friends, sympathy with all forms of human suffering in whatever class—these are traits on account of which the English people of to day are content to have a Queen."

It is believed that the Prince of Wales is averse to marriages between Englishmen of title and American girls. There are only a limited number of first-class bachelors in the aristocracy of Britain, and the Prince is anxious to have them mate with English girls. But in spite of his wishes, Englishmen continue to marry American women. Even that most eligible of all British bachelors, the Duke of Portland, whom the Prince of Wales is reported to have selected for one of his daughters, is said to be fascinated with a young and beautiful New Yorker. A distinguished, Englishman said recently to an American: "You must not be surprised if we object to your girls carrying off our young men. We want the young men for our own girls, and it is only fair that we should have them."

The Critic's Apostrophe.

BY W. F. SMITH.

We live, and breathe, and move, and sin, and die;
Which glorifies a being placed on high,
Who holds within the hollow of his hand,
The universe, and, at his slight command,
A demon may become an angel bright,
Or gladsome virtue wrapt in hideous night
The world itself be held, and time be chaine
And stagnancy prevail. No one restrained,
His power to do evil or do good;
But all revered the awful fatherhood,
But from what source did this great bein spring?
And why for all celestial worlds, one King?
If one from nothing came, then why not more
Why not one thousand on that mystic shore,
Who rule the movements of this pigmy earth,
And made the laws that gave all worlds the birth?
Why should this God of mercy and of love,
Of power and justice, from his throne above,
Look down, unmoved, upon the world's career,
Upon the sea of love and hope and fear,
On vilest passions of the human mind
Which stab at love and leave the taint behind
On blear-eyed dissipation, sordid wealth.
On leper sighing for the cheek of health?
These evils all, a God of love? endures,
Prescribes the poison, but omits the cures.
Oh, God! My doubting soul blasphemes no Thee,
'Tis that I fail to see thy Majesty.
'Tis that my aching soul inquires with sighs,
If man may live as surely as man dies
Oh, devotees! Oh, men and women blind!
Throw out the Book and what is left behind?
We see a world that spins in empty space,
Which is but one of many, and its race
May run throughout a calendar of ages
And destiny alone, e'er read its pages.
What surety we have is earth-confined,
That other home is only in the mind,
Oh, earth! thy minion is the waiting grave,
Whose arms embrace all there is worth to save.

REPLY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Brother, my heart doth feel for thee, and burn
With love and sympathy intense. Oh, turn,
And give thy heart to Him who gave thee birth.
To God, the Christ, the ruler of this earth,
The stars the sun, the planets, all that shine;
All these His glories, and His glories thine.
Throw out the Book! Ah, there is where you touch
Our christian dignity; and thus we clutch
With nervous grasp that legacy, that prize,
Whose value is not found beneath the skies.
The fountain of our joys, our highest bliss,
Take all beside, but leave the Christian this.
'Tis sacred to our souls by symbols dear,
By all things good that mortals may revere;
By every drop of red on Calvary's Cross;
By Christian's gain and sinner's awful loss;
By Christ's last breathing, gasping, moral groan;
By all his love to sinful creatures shown;
By that dread passion, where *He died for thee.*
Ah, brother! start now, ope thine eyes and see.
Bare thy proud heart and God's own rays of light
Shall banish from thy soul the gloom of night.
The monster vice shall clank his wieldy chain,
And love shall bloom within thy heart again.

"Vice Versa."

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk in a store. "These are not the latest styles, are they?" when the gloves were produced. "Yes, madam," replied the clerk, "we have had them in stock only two days." "I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches, and *vice versa*. I see the tan stitches but not the *vice versa*." The clerk explained that *vice versa* was Latin for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.

A Nautical View.—Mamma.—"Don't you know that your father is the mainstay of the family?" Freddy.—"Golly ain't he, though! And the spanker, too!"

Edward Lacey of Lewiston, Me., stood on a street corner the other day and noticed a gray-haired stranger approaching. The man said: "My name is John Lacey. I'm a stranger here, but I've got a brother living here whom I haven't seen in thirty years. His name is Edward Lacey. Can you tell me where he lives?" Mr. Lacey said he'd show the stranger where Edward Lacey lived, and he led him to his own house and then made himself known to his long-lost brother.

HEALTH.

Heat and Cold Water.

In the seaport towns of southern Spain sunstrokes are as common as chilblains in Canada, and the popular remedy is both simple and efficient. A thick linen bandage is wrapped around the head and kept saturated with cold water," "por sacar el fuego," as they call it, "to draw out the fire." Every two minutes or so the water is renewed, till the patient has recovered sufficiently to sit up and continue cooling his temples with a wet sponge. I have never known that method to involve any injurious after effects, and believe that its employment would often break the incipient symptoms of climate fevers, though the popular prejudice against the influence of cold in all its forms may recommend less rational specifics, bleeding, for instance, which at best exchanges a momentary stupor for a week-long languor and liability to relapses. But it seems less easy to account for the egregious obstinacy of the prejudice against fresh water as a beverage for healthy persons under the influence of excessive heat. A soldier reaching his noonday camp in a shady grove, a wayfarer halting at a public well, a boy returning from a butterfly chase, are sure to be warned against the disastrous effects of cold water "drank in the heat." "Wait till you cool off." "Take a drink of coffee first." "You'll catch your death at that old spring," etc. Yet even the popular night-air dread is not more utterly gratuitous. We might as well be asked to believe that a wayworn foot traveler must not sit down without first resting a few minutes in a standing position. We might as well warn a drowsy child against shutting both eyes at once at the risk of falling asleep too abruptly. The truth is that a drink of cold water is healthiest when the system is most urgently in need of it, and at no other time the stomach more readily forgives the abruptness of sudden repletion. Only drunkards and persons whose digestive organs have been debilitated by long abuse risk the least unpleasant consequences from a free indulgence in the most natural of all dilutents refrigerants. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that previous exposure to excessive heat increases the danger of surfeiting the system with calorific food; that pork eaten in quantity after a warm day's work often results in a delirium equaling the worst symptoms of cholera morbus. Greasy ragouts become more indigestible in summer; a quantum of suet pudding, which at other times would produce only a slight heartburn, has in sultry weather to be expiated by a fit of distressing costiveness. Tourists on returning from a dog-day excursion, or farmers after a sweltering harvest day, should therefore confine themselves to moderate quantities of food, and if possible abstain for a meal or two from all heat-producing viands. A jelly pudding, with cold milk and sugar, or a plateful of cold fruit and cakes, will abundantly satisfy the demands of nature, which on such days are never exorbitant. The feeling of oppressive heat, in fact, diminishes all appetites except the desire for refrigeration.

Self-Cure.

The body, to a large extent, is a machine which, when disarranged, repairs itself. Physicians tell us of the *vis medica rix naturæ*—the power to heal inherent in nature, It is natural to get well. The body's recuperative resources are not equal to every need, but they are very great. It is because of this even that the well man tends to keep well, if he conforms to nature's laws, for the system is ever full of poison from its own waste, the disposal of which nature has provided for, better than any city has for the disposal of its deadly sewage.

Take the case of an ordinary wound. It needs only to have its disrupted parts brought together, and nature does the healing; and even in many cases where the parts are not brought together, nature fills up the space with new flesh. So nature will mend a broken bone, on the simple condition that the adjusted parts be allowed the requisite rest.

Dyspepsia, whether induced by improper eating, the neglect of exercise, brain overwork, or care, worry and fret, will in time wholly disappear on removal of the cause and compliance with the laws of nature.

The best physicians now freely admit that typhoid patients, in the great majority of cases, would recover without a drop of medicine; that they need medicine mainly to promote ease and comfort, and that pure air is better for them than all drugs. The same is true of some other diseases. More and more is it being admitted that, in no case, do drugs have any curative power, but only aid nature, as the surgeon aids in the case of a badly broken limb, by removing irritating bits, spiculæ, etc., and securing the proper adjustment and fixation of the parts.

The old-time doctors greatly overdosed people—in multitudes of cases literally dosed people to death. Within less than twenty years a personal friend, called to watch with a neighbor far gone in consumption, was shown *eleven* different medicines, each of which she was to administer during the night, according to the varying symptoms.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that those who observe the laws of their physical nature are likely to keep well—and even infectious diseases have little power over such persons, and would wholly disappear if all observed these laws.

CANADA AT THE COLONIAL.

Practical Results from the Exhibition.

Canada's contribution to the Colonial Exhibition is above all things practical. Hence it is interesting and important to note how far it is commanding success in this its chief aim and end. Last week we spoke of the trade results which may be expected to flow from the mineral display. The good effect of the game trophy is every day more and more apparent. Next week a party of eight start on a hunting tour for the North-West, and hardly a week passes but some sportsmen leave under Mr. Hubbard's directions. One might also point to the textile fabrics, the organs and pianos, and the miscellaneous manufactures, and enlarge upon the possibilities of results in each direction. But most patent of all is the outcome of the agricultural display. Canada's supreme want is population and capital. To attract both the one and the other, she properly realises that one of the best ways is through her agricultural resources. And it is from recognition of this fact in one united effort that Canada is deriving so great a benefit. Than Captain Clark, now in charge of the Agricultural Court, there can be no better authority on this point, and he emphatically says:—"The fact that we exhibit our agricultural products as one Dominion rather than as isolated Provinces is a great point. We don't spread the whole over so many courts as our friends the Australians have done. All question of jealousy between Province and Province, district and district is entirely done away with, and we present a solid front. No matter regarding what Province inquirers want information, I can point my explanations with the products of every part, from eastern Prince Edward Island to the distant Vancouver."

The visitors to the Agricultural Court fall, according to Captain Clark, into one of the following classes:—Those having relatives and friends in Canada, those about to emigrate, the investing class, and the commercial class. To the first class, those having friends in Canada, many visitors belong, and they all have reports of those in the new land. As a whole, these reports are so far satisfactory, as showing a strong liking for the natural conditions of Canada, and a faith in their own future independence. That there should be no unfavorable reports would be as unnatural as to imagine that every settler who leaves the British shores is suited to the new life. This, however, Captain Clark finds from experience since he has been in England; that to follow up unfavorable reports with care, tracing the career of the settler at home, is generally to learn that he was and is at best indifferent to good honest work, and altogether unlikely to succeed in any country and under any circumstances. As to the second class of visitors, the benefits of the display are directly apparent in the many inquiries for literature and, what is still more sought after, personal information. London does not, of course, in itself supply an emigrating class of the most promising kind, and were it not a gathering place for all people of all grades, the result of the Exhibition in this respect might not be as desirable as it promises to be. And this cosmopolitan feature of the great metropolis will be more than ever strikingly represented next month when the special railway arrangements throughout the kingdom bring to the Exhibition the people of the agricultural districts of the Provinces. The third and fourth classes of visitors, British investors and men of commerce, take in facts but slowly, and take long to digest them. They must not be hurried; to hurry them is often to arouse their fears of some "Yankee trick." But though progression is slow it is at least sure, and in this sense satisfactory. To speak of one class of agricultural exhibits—grains, seeds, and milling products—inquiries are constant for the addresses of shippers. The quality of these products is happily a foregone conclusion with most of these men of commerce. But with some there still remains that vague and rapidly vanishing prejudice against all things "Canadian"—a prejudice which should teach producers this moral:—"To send second-rate products to a central emporium such as England is to raise a wall of prejudice which it will take years of good imports to overcome: send nothing if you can't be sure it will bear close inspection and comparison." Canadian meal and flour are products in which extended inquiry seems prevalent, but most of all the Red Fyfe wheat of Manitoba and the North-West claims attention. Of this the only complaint is that enough is not to be had. And why? For the very simple reason that the North-West has not hitherto had the supply to meet these outside demands. "Local demands," says Captain Clark, "and the wants of Ontario millers are such that the amount available for export out of Canada has been next to nothing. This year, on account of the splendid crop that is ripening, the problem of quantity for export to Europe will be solved, and the amount will increase each season when once a genuine start has been made toward direct shipments. Dealers here are willing and anxious to have the wheat, but their business is such that they must be able to calculate upon a fairly steady supply season after season. The very irregular and isolated quantities of the first-rate grain which it has in the past been possible to send do not at all answer the purpose."

"COME IN WILLIAM."

A Charitable Road Agent's Little Scheme.

In 1866, which was almost before the Canada Pacific Railroad was thought of, the writer of this was encamped on Beaver River, in the Canadian North-West well up in the foothills of the Rockies. Six of us, who were prospecting, hunting, and taking things pretty easy for July weather, occupied a large cabin which had been built and deserted some time before. From this central point small parties branched out and were gone for several days at a time. We had no trouble with anything or anybody until, after we had occupied the place seventeen or eighteen days, a bad spell of weather came on and drove all the detached parties in for shelter. We were well heeled in the matter of firearms, and there was something like

A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD

among the six. For cook we had an old soldier who had been discharged from the regular army after long service.

One morning, it being the third day of the bad weather, and the rain still falling, Joe, our cook, went down to the forks of the Beaver to meet a canoe which we expected up with provisions. The door of the cabin was shut, and there was a bit of fire on the hearth at which some of the men were moulding bullets, and over which a kettle of pork and beans was boiling. Two of the gang were playing cards, and a third was reading, while I was examining some mineral specimens. In this state of affairs the door softly opened, and in walked a young man about 23 years of age. He was smooth-faced, red-cheeked, and had such a smile on his phiz that the sight of him would have set anyone to grinning. He looked from one to the other, as if to make sure that all were present, and then stepped back and opened the door and called.

"Come in, William, they are at home."

A short, stout, ugly-faced man of forty pushed his way in, shut the door, and stood with his back to it. That he was a hard pill no one could doubt after looking into his face; that he meant business was apparent from his having a revolver in either hand. Had

SOME ONE YELLED "INDIANS!"

I think the six of us, each with a revolver ready to shoot, would have been out doors in twenty seconds. Here we all sat as dumb as oysters and as helpless as snails, for we realized that it was a "stand up."

"Now, gents," said the young man showing his white teeth as he smiled, "I want to raise a few hundred dollars for an orphan asylum in the States. I shall expect each one of you to contribute. If any gentleman should so far forget himself as to pull his gun, my friend William, who shoots both handed, will promptly attend to his case."

It was only after this little speech that we fully comprehended what was going on. William kept every man of us under his eye, with his two pistols ready for service, and we were cowed. I know that the average man will feel contempt for us and assert that he would have done this or that had he been one of the six, but he is mistaken. Under like circumstances, unless he was a fool, he would have tamely submitted. That red-cheeked boy, as we were not long in concluding, was a road agent named Col. Lee, and the man William had justly earned

THE NAME OF "BLOODY BILL."

Only six months before they had held up the Mariposa stage, in which one of our number was a passenger.

"Come, gents, time is money with us," said the Colonel as we sat staring at him. "Here's my cap, who chips in the first hundred?"

He held it toward me, and I dropped in four twenties, which was all I had. The next man came down with $200; the next with $150, and by the time the last had contributed the Colonel had $800 in his cap. In transfering it to his pocket he counted the money, and as he put his cap on his head he said:

"This will go a good way toward making the little orphans happy. I don't want anything else, gentlemen, and we will now take our leave. I would advise you not to follow, though of course you can act your own pleasure. I wish you good morning."

The two backed out and shut the door, which swung out instead of in. Scarcely had it closed before we made a rush, but they were still too smart for us. They had braced a log against it, and there was only one window in the house. Before anyone had volunteered to crawl out of that the two fellows had made good their escape.

In going away they met our cook on his way back, and the Colonel handed him a flask of whiskey and asked him to present it to us with his compliments. We took the trail and pursued it for several hours, but we had seen the last of them.

William Bronson, constable of Huntington, Conn., thinks it lucky to wear a shirt for each year that he has been in office. As he has been in office seven years, he is now sweltering under seven shirts. Some of his neighbors think he is lucky in having seven shirts.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of the wicked Henry the Eighth and of Annie Beleyn. Elizabeth was about three years old when she was left motherless. On the death of her sister Mary she ascended to the throne, and amid joyful acclamations was proclaimed Queen.

As the grand procession moved along the queen was very kind and gracious, and the poor came up to her carriage, with nosegays for her, and when any one wanted to speak to her, she would stop the carriage. The coronation took place at Westminster. The crown was placed upon her head amidst great shouting and rejoicing. Elizabeth placed a ring upon her own finger, to signify that she was espoused to the realm of England, and that ring she wore for forty years.

Elizabeth was a fine scholar, and in many respects her reign was prosperous, but she was very irritable, and did several things which have marred and stained her name.

Of course there is very much to learn about her which you must read yourself in history. You will there be told about her troubles with the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who was her relative, and who after being a prisoner in Fotheringay Castle for many years, was executed.

She was very beautiful. It is thought that Elizabeth envied her remarkable beauty, which is a very wicked thing to do. Elizabeth, though homely, was very vain, and dearly loved compliments.

At one time there were many pictures of the queen circulated, much resembling her, and therefore not very handsome. So the queen issued a formal proclamation against them, forbidding the people to sell them, and stating that an artist would be employed to make a true picture of her. What a pity she did not realize that beauty of mind, kindness of heart, nobleness of character, and above all, the true Christian spirit, were much more to be desired than anything so frail and perishable as human beauty. Never, in any reign, has England known such pomp and splendor as in Elizabeth's time. She was fond of parade. She once went to church surrounded by a thousand men in armor, and drums and trumpets sounding.

You will read in her life about the Earl of Essex, who was a prime favorite with Elizabeth for a long time, but he offended her, and she caused him to be executed. She had once given him a ring, to be returned to her in case he ever needed her aid. When in prison he sent it, but it was intercepted. The queen got angry because the ring did not come, and therefore thought Essex was very proud. After his death, however, she learned about the ring, and was therefore thrown into deep distress, and soon pined away and died. She had about three thousand dresses at the time of her death. In her wardrobe. Her last words were, "Millions of money for an inch of time."

She was buried in Westminster Abbey, where many of the great of England sleep in unbroken repose.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

The Audubon Society is growing, and new branches are rapidly being formed. The members pledge themselves not to kill or capture any wild bird not used for food, not to disturb or destroy the nest or eggs of any wild bird, and not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or furniture.

Temperance women in the prohibition village of Marshalltown, Ia., watched the drug store sales of liquors for a month, and ascertained that the six druggists sold 112½ gallons of whiskey, 2 197 bottles of beer, 81 gallons of alcohol, 6 gallons of brandy, 8 gallons of gin, 1 barrel of ale, and 5 gallons of wine. It wasn't a very sickly month either.

White persons have blacked up to imitate negroes from time immemorial. For a negro to "whiten up" to personate a white person is something new. This occurred recently in Montana, where a white child was required in a drama. A local little darky was the only child obtainable, and much grease paint was used in getting him to just the proper complexion.

Deputy Marshall Trammell journeyed through Union county, Georgia, recently and stayed all night at the house of a reputable citizen near Blairville. The next morning when he went to feed his horse he found it without mane or tail, and bleeding from two ugly wounds in the side. The saddle and bridle had been cut in pieces, and a note pinned to a piece of the saddle warned him to get out of the country. He had to walk to Blairville, and was shot at twice on the way. This was all the work of moonshiners.

Peter Roux of Mono Lake took his family to Bodie, Cal., to celebrate the Fourth. His six-year-old daughter wanted to go home and started on foot. She ought to have gone south, but went north among the mountains and canons. When the moon went down she crept under a sage bush and slept, but awoke at daylight and went on. In the mean time Bodie had offered $100 for her rescue, and a searching party with Indians started out. They found her next day trudging along, hungry, but undismayed. She had walked twenty-six miles. She said she wasn't afraid.

One of the shrewdest of English Judges is as remarkable for the quickness of his eyes and ears as for the keenness of his intellect. The other day a stranger in court, espying a friend, addressed him in a stage whisper with "Hallo, old feller! I haven't seen you lately. Are you all right?" The remark was hardly heard beyond the nearest bystanders, and there was, consequently, considerable bewilderment among those engaged in the case before the court when the Judge, looking up from his notes, observed, "If the old feller is all right, he had better go outside and say so."

Frank Bunton and Jim Adams of Music, Carter county, Ky., were enemies. This was why Adams gave Mrs. Bunton a thrashing when her husband was away, and that was why Bunton loaded his gun with buckshot and went gunning for Adams. The latter, who was playing cards saw his enemy coming. He held a good hand, and, laying it face down, asked his friends to wait until he had settled Bunton. He drew his pistol and crawled under a freight car, and when Bunton, who had had not seen him, came along, fired and missed him. Bunton saw Adams peering from under the car and fired a load of buckshot into his upturned forehead, killing him instantly.

Donaldson, the swimmer, recently swam the Mohawk at Schenectady tied hand and foot. A young athlete thought that he could do the same, and after a friend had well tied him he started to cross the river. Half way across he gave out and went down. His frightened friend in a boat tried to get him into the boat, but couldn't. Neither could he untie the ropes. Meanwhile the swimmer was taken with severe cramps. Finally the man in the boat tied a rope around the swimmer's neck, and has towed the half-drowned athlete to shore, where it took considerable rubbing and stimulant to reduce the cramps and get the youth in good condition again.

French statistics just published contain alarming information concerning the increase of crime among children of both sexes. The demoralization of the young idea has evidently reached a point in France which demands the serious attention of all interested in the future welfare of the country. The number of offenders under 16 years of age has augmented from 2,235 to to 5,579 for boys, and from 418 to 908 for girls. From 16 to 21 years of age the number of criminals has increased from 5 936 to 20,489 for boys, and from 1,046 to 2 839 for girls. The ratio of crimes among offenders under age has therefore considerably more than doubled during the past five years. The statistics register for the first time numerous cases of suicide committed by children.

THE WORLD OVER.

There are 200 000 Italian settlers in the Argentine Republic, 82 000 in Brazil, 40,000 in Uruguay, and 6 000 in Mexico.

A Sunday-school teacher in Litchfield told his infants to ask any questions they had in their minds, and a little one asked: "When is the circus coming?"

A New London oyster dealer has invented a dredge with which starfish, the greatest enemies of the oyster, can be taken from a bed without disturbing the oysters.

Mrs. Hansen, while picking blackberries near Oakland, Ill., was bitten in the ankle by a blue racer. She was at once placed in a wagon and driven homeward, but she died before her home was reached.

When an Elkhart, Ind., farmer was unloading a load of hay which he had driven to market and sold, he found a very lively rattlesnake in the hay, and in the middle he found two meadow moles still alive and kicking.

Tom Higgins of Spirit Lake, Ia., had a sunstroke the other day. His brother started for the doctor in a hurry, and the horse he rode stumbled, threw the boy over his head, and stepped on his chest, inflicting injuries from which he will probably die.

A horse owned in Springfield, Ill., choked while eating corn. Its owner thrust a whip stock down the horse's throat to remove the obstruction, and the horse bit the stock in two, leaving a foot or more of it in his throat. A horse doctor came and cleared out the much obstructed channel.

They tell of a clergyman in Lynn who hired out to a church at a nominal salary of $4,000, agreeing privately to make the church a present of $1,000 of it. A congregation in Connecticut heard of the $4 000 preacher, thought the salary was pretty good, offered him $4,500, and got him. These the Lynn people understood why he pretended his salary was $4,000.

Ralph, a six-year-old in an East India missionary's family, was much impressed with recent disclosures of theft by native servants. After one of these disagreeable sensations, he indirectly confessed to some peccadilloes of his own, by this codicil to his usual nightly petitions: "And please make me give me clean hands and a pure heart, and don't let me steal anybody's things or take the monkey's peanuts."

A clergyman at Lebanon, Pa., when he began his sermon recently announced that as soon as three of the congregation fell asleep he would stop preaching. The afternoon was rather warm, and some heads became heavy. After a while the preacher observed that three had fought to sleep, and stopped his sermon. This made somewhat of a stir in the audience, and soon raised all drooping heads, when the sermon was continued.

From Sam Jones' sermon in Kansas City: I have not chawed tobacco since I left Chicago. If I had one chew of it in my jaw, I'd be cured of I ought to be in the penitentiary. I am a great deal like the man who was met by a friend who said: "Why, Jim, I heard you were dead." "Yes, I heard so, too, but I did not believe it." When I hear these stories I want to get mad, but if they are true I feel so bad that they ought to be true, I can't get mad, and if they are lies I am so glad they are lies I can't get mad.

Australia is again in the field with a world's fair, which she has appointed for next June at Adelaide. It might have been supposed that with her double dose of international exhibitions inside of the seven years ago, when she held one at Sidney in 1879 and another at Melbourne in 1880, she would have had her fill of exhibitions of them. But these shows have come to be almost exclusively trade affairs, and Australia finds that business purposes will be served by holding a fair in 1887. Doubtless American manufactures will be well represented, as before, in the antipodal bazaar.

A two-foot alligator and two big artificial swans are in a fountain basin in Macon, Ga. The other day it was noticed that the alligator was not to be seen and that one of the swans seemed to be anchored close to the fountain. Investigation showed that some boys had tied the alligator's tail to the swan to see him drag it round the basin, and that the gator had wound himself up around the fountain and could not unwind or free his face; and not only that, but had wound the string tightly around his mouth. When released he showed great pleasure, opening his jaws to their full extent, lashing the water with his tail, and barking like a dog.

In Almonte, druggists are allowed to sell but one gallon of whiskey at a time. Knowing this fact, a thirsty man went to a drug store with a two-gallon jug in his hand and to have it filled. The druggist said that he couldn't sell but a gallon. The man said he must have two gallons, and if the druggist would put one gallon in the jug, he'd go and get the other at some other store. This was done. Soon the man returned and sold the other druggist the gallon of the other gallon. The man seemed sad. One gallon was no use to him; would the druggist kindly take it back and let him have his money? The druggist would, and did. But he didn't take back the whiskey after all. For the man had not been to another store, but to a convenient place where he took out a big half of the gallon of whiskey and replaced it with water. He then returned the whiskey and water to the obliging druggist.

His Reason for Quitting.

"I am going to quit smoking cigarettes," said a young man who had gotten his name on a cigar box. "Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Well," he responded, "it isn't because it's a vile habit that is going to carry me down to an early grave or anything of that sort. One placed me, or rather a young lady, in a very embarrassing position. There is a certain young married lady on St. Anthony Hill whom I should like very much to make my wife, and I know she feels as I do. But I am not quite in a position to support a wife, so I have never said a word to the young lady's parents. Well, the other evening she and I took a stroll. It was about 9:30 when we returned to the house, so I did not go in. We stood chatting a few minutes and I lighted a cigarette. When she went into the house she turned, and, kissed her good-night. Well, without giving it a thought she went in, bade her mother good night, and kissed her also. The old lady immediately detected the odor of the cigarette on her daughter's lips, and questioned her about it. She could not either had to acknowledge that I kissed her or that she smoked a cigarette. When the young lady told me about it I had not the courage to ask her what course she chose. Now you know why cigarettes and I will be strangers in the future."

Chapels for the Queen.

The Queen has recently fitted up a private chapel at Osborne, for use when it is incommodious to attend services in the parish church, and above the altar three new pictures by Sir Noel Paton, which he painted by Her Majesty's command, are to be placed. The centre to be filled by a work entitled Vigilate at Orate, which depicts Christ in the garden finding the three disciples asleep, and on each side are to hang the Good Shepherd and the Man of Sorrows, these two being replicas of larger pictures by the same distinguished artist. Her Majesty is about to build a small private chapel at Balmoral, but as it is to be arranged only for Presbyterian "worship," there will be no pretty faulty plain. Workmen have been for some time occupied at Glengelder quarries in hewing stone for this structure, the erection of which has been contemplated for more than twenty years past. When it is finished Crathie Church will cease to be the great centre of attraction on Sabbath to the tourists at Braemar, as the royalties will then perform their devotions in the comfortable privacy of Balmoral.

Some men have great cross thirst upon them; especially when a fat person sits next to them in the street cars.

My Beautiful Idol of Clay.

BY ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL.

I build a temple, and in it I bid
A beautiful idol of clay;
And wherever I walked, or whatever I did
Still my idol seemed never away.
I crept in the night to the shrine of my idol's throne,
And my love at its feet cast down;
And I dreamed all day of my idol alone,
And called it my king and my crown.

But one evening the sun in the west sank low,
And the chill of the night came on;
Swept over my heart like the curse of a foe,
And that night broke my idol's death.
Oh! I awoke in my tears, and my temple fair
Fell shattered and ruined for ever!
And lowly in the dust lay my idol there,
My beautiful idol of clay!

Oh! my beautiful dream-god I crowned you king,
And clothed you with vesture bright;
And I placed on your finger my true love's ring
And I bowed to your mandate light!
And I hushed my heart when she fain would
Speak
And whisper, "Your idol is clay"
And I would not hear, as I kissed your cheek
And dream of a nobler day!

Then my heart rose up, and I could not crown
Her voice with my prayers or tears;
And she cast from your head the jeweled
crown,
You had worn, ah! so many years.
And she turned your face to the sun's pure
light,
And she bade me to look and see
How my kisses were vain, and my mist-dimmed
sight
Saw that which was death to me,

For the thing I had loved and had glorified
With a glory it could not claim
Was clay, for my beautiful idol died;
I had loved but a dream—a name!

PETER-PATRICK.

Peter-Patrick O'Rourke came down, one November morning, into a world short of sixpences. He was the youngest of a family (of other brothers combined), short of jackets, short of trousers, short of bread and butter, short of everything. Mary, except "boys," as Mrs. O'Rourke herself herself described his advent, "Anither o' thim great blathrin' boys!"

Came into a world of crusts and gristle and bones, beatings and scoldings and cuffings, cold and hunger and rags, and straightway proceeded to grow a robust boy. Stay of his life on them, until as "old" Peter, the father (there were *three* Peters in the family), remarked, "The pigs in the pin, and the wades in the garden hadn't a show beside o' him!" And when Mrs. O'Rourke, with equal acrimony, had pieced him together some garments for his needy, he seemed but a week before there were his bare plump arms hanging away down out of them, with an equal amount of thumping bone and muscle showing between the extremities of his trousers and those dilapidated paroles on his shoulders, his "shawl."

Then nature tricks'd him out with such a redundant crop of tight-curling red hair, as though she hadn't already supplied Mrs. O'Rourke brothers plentifully with that material, and his eye had a snap in it like a live coal, and the weariest summer day couldn't wither the roses in his cheeks, and teeth made no more of cracking the hard shell of a walnut than they did of disclosing a potato eye, and he was jubilant, and which was the normal attitude of his features, for that matter.

Mirth and mischief mixed in generously with the abuse showered on him through the week, the kickings and thrashings manifold; and then, of a Sunday, to stand up in the church at the head of all the other boys, he—the little cheir-boy surpliee put on over his rags—reflling out praise and gratitude to God in a voice that hadn't a single husky or faltering note in it! Loud and sweet and clear, clear above all the rest; so that the choir master loved him, as he listened, though he had to groan him then very often, at the rehearsals, too.

But now of a week-day morning, Peter-Patrick, having escaped the worst from old Peter, and a rating from Mrs. O'Rourke, tied up the fast-loosening sole of his shoe with a two-strong, drew a brush through his hair, which therefore only curled back on him the tighter, stuck what was left to him of a cap jaunttly off over one ear, thrust his hands in his pockets, and started for school with the air of a grand duke; it being impossible for anyone with so much gladness of heart not to be happy, Peter-Patrick felt self expressed it, "some shtyle about him."

He stopped as usual before the house of the Hon. John Granville, up on the hill, to turn sometimes for the delight of poor little Barney Granville, who, unlike Peter-Patrick, *didn't grow*. Unlike Peter-Patrick too, there had been jackets and pairs of trousers enough, of the finest cloth, waiting for him, and the tenderest meats and juicest puddings, and lands and houses and colleges and horses and what not, and new he grew so weakly and tardily, as though he could never catch up with him.

But Barney thought it was as good as a circus brought to one's own windows, to see Peter-Patrick perform there, standing on his head, and cutting capers heels in air, turning himself wrong end up and inside out, all for Barney's benefit, and clearing the high gate at last with a bound: "Come now, Mister Barney, and have a ride on me shouldthers!"

Barney screamed with delight as the nurse hauled him out through the bars, and Peter-Patrick who, setting him on his shoulders, forthwith trotted and neighed and capered, and pawed the earth with his feet—the most villainously restive horse that ever carried rider—and landed him at last, after a desperate run, safe in again at the window.

"You'll be late at school again, this morning, we'll you, Peter-Patrick?" said little Barney, panting and flushed.

"Ooh tithe," said Peter-Patrick, cheerfully, "wait till they onoet have me there ahly! I'll ahly, 'ake' ud be somethin' worth spakin' of, Misther Barney."

"I wonder what makes it so hard for you to learn?"

"Sure, I don't know," said Peter-Patrick politely attempting to look interested; "the blatherin' larnin'! Faith it won't get into the head of me, nohow."

"I think it's so easy to learn," said little Barney, his delicate face showing against a mahogany-framed chair back, and a pile of volumes at the other end of the richly-furnished room.

Peter-Patrick looked at him with genuine, large souled admiration.

"And wouldn't I like though just to have the ease of ye," thought Mister Barney," he exclaimed aloudly.

This made little Barney very happy, and Mrs. Granville, who was sitting in the adjoining room, hearing the sound of the blowsy, glowing face outside the window.

"I wonder," she thought, "if he wouldn't like a pair of boots like those boys always do like pies;" but her seamstress entering the room at that moment to ask her some question, she forgot all about it.

"Will you get punished again, to-day?" asked little Barney gravely.

Peter-Patrick gave vent to a mirthful roar.

"And do ye think I'll be only wan lickin' I'll be gettin' the day, Mister Barney? Faith, ye might hould up all the fingers o' yer two little white hands, and wouldn't have enough to be namin' 'em But don't I have to be troublin' the darlin' heart o' ye. My hide's that tough jist, I don't feele nan at ill, at all. Sure they'll off 'n me like the rain-wather off a duck. And I think some o' thim might be be handin' in a bill, for givin' me so much wallopin' free! Don't ye hear o' wan and another goin' off to the curse, jist for their pains? Sure I'm always jist by poundin' and wallopin' as they pay the doothors a big price for dein' of! Lord bless ye, Mister Barney, sir! I'm jist that grateful—bein' too poor indade to pay the doother—to get so much wallopin' free."

Acknowledging with another hearty roar the honor done him by the laughter of the laddies, Peter-Patrick, with a nod, stuck his cap off over the outer ear, and sauntered on down the avenue.

So he met the Hon. John Granville, returning home from his morning walk to the Granville ironworks, hearing his corpulent little person along along with a mincing though pompous tread that scorted with each emphatic little stop, "I own the town," "I own the the town."

Him having safely passed, as he supposed, Peter-Patrick thrust back his curly head, protruded what was in fact a very empty stomach, and, instead of his own free swagger, proceeded down the thoroughfare with a most strikingly and life-like reproduction of the Hon. John Granville's grandiose and off cited pals, to the vast edification of the passers by, as well as the irrepressible delight of some servant girls at the upper windows.

The honourable gentleman heard laughter, and looked back, and, "Here! you sir," he cried angrily. "Your father is O'Rourke, come here!"

Peter Patrick returned, blushed affably, took off his cap, and approached, very sorry that the honorable gentleman should have disturbed himself by seeking him, but hoping you! if there was a mad bull in the field Peter-Patrick would far rather be inside the thing than out.

"You good-for-nothing miserable paddy," exclaimed the Hon. John, in high dudgeon, "what do you mean by mimicking me?"

"Dade thin I axes yer honor's pardon," said Peter-Patrick, with Irish humility and moderation; "if you'll belave me, I was only jist admirin' o' yer honor's illegant shtruts. Indade and it 'ud be a sorry day to see a grand gintleman like yerself, as could go a swhimmin' in his own money if he chose, and yeildin' all the blighsts of Ireeze in the Shtate—and that, so they all say, to the glowry of it—and yet wid niver a shtrut to him! Faith an' I'd see shain e one, I wouldn't be mind 'im wan minute, man at all! No dad thin, I have a little shtrut o' me own, sorr," Peter-Patrick concluded modestly, "but I'm afraid it don't come anyways up to yer honor's."

Spite of all he could do, the honorable gentleman realized that all resentment towards Peter-Patrick was melting away in his bosom. The corners of his mouth twitchd up weakly.

"I'll tell your father to teach you manners, you young impudence!" he managed to bluster, against his inclination.

Peter-Patrick laughed again. "Weel—weel," he added, "but I'm only learin' the ways of the gintlemen, sir, and I'm the better luck, yer honor, for I get 'em more free-like, ye see; plekin' 'em up on the shtreet."

And with a genial grin Peter-Patrick returned his cap lightly to the verge of the ruddy curls over his left ear, and continued on his way.

And as he went on with ever-increasing jubilance of heart, lo! a little stump talled dog came out of an alley way, and sniffed affectionately about his heels. Peter-Patrick looked around to see if any of the dog's quondam tormenters were in sight and satisfied that there was no call for immediate vengeance on that score, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a crust, saved from his own scanty breakfast. This, though he hated dogs, like Peter-Patrick, imposed upon a community short of provisions, devoured greedily. Oh, but the battles Peter-Patrick had fought in defence of that miserable cur! battles upon battles, of old time. Well, there was a peculiar friendship between Peter-Patrick and the dog. The dog had suffered little hazing of late. He never followed his benefactor home. They both understood that there was allsorts of mischief too many there; but to give him stolen signs of affection on the street, and that was a comfort.

It was Peter Patrick's habit, when he reached the cuivert, to leave the main thoroughfare and take a new route by crawling through that odd and interesting passage, on his hands and knees; and thence by a path along the cliff to the exposed trestle-work of the railroad bridge. Here, though he had to distance some two hundred feet, he was accustomed to pursue his way by leaping along the outmostrails of the bridge. And though his distance seemed to be by those means, considerably increased, adventure made it all seem but as the fleeting of a dream to Peter-Patrick.

This morning, though beyond the bridge, he discovered, on bilss of of the moment! some workmen planting new telegraph poles along the edge of the cliff. Among them was Charley Granville, Barney's cousin, and the great Judge Granville's only son. Peter-Patrick "excuse" from his mother in his pocket with which he intended to make a stretch for school sometime about an hour or more ago.

Up to him sauntered Peter-Patrick, gladsome as the daylight, though with no excuse at all in his pocket.

Now Charley had been bragging, in easy fashion, about his father's wealth, and his own scholarship, and one thing and another, to the crowd of goodnatured, burly workmen; and when Peter-Patrick came up with so much engaging swagger about him, and such an insufficient jacket, prudence forsook Charley's brain and he thought still more to distinguish himself by making sport of Peter Patrick.

"Fair and square, and the witness there. Make you a bet, and I'll beat you yet," he cried, in the same good natured phraseology which is the drum-call to acts of ambitious rivalry. "Bet you, Peter-Patrick, I'll be up one of those telegraph poles before you are!"

Up in a flash, breathless, scrambling, tearing a few more generous rents in his wolful trousers, flew Peter-Patrick. Charley, to dill look comical from that position, in his floating rags, to Charley who had not stirred from his place, and who stood laughing insultingly, with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, what do you see up there, Red-Top?" he asked.

"Ooh, thin," said Peter-Patrick, quietly grasping the pole with his legs, and folding his arms, with a narrowing squint down at his companions; "it's only a little mouse I check I see below there, I guess. Or maybe," he added, it's a skoonk. Faith," said Peter-Patrick, unfolding his arms to the air of his curls, and sending a still more deliberate and critical squint downwards, "but I'm belavin' it's only a little skoonk, after all!"

Roar after roar went up from the group of workmen. Charley realized that both in wit and humorous repartee he was outcrowed. "You'd better come down then, all afire," he cried, in shrill wrath.

"Oh, I'm comin' as fast as I can," said Peter-Patrick, in a tone of some import; whereat Charley made no further question, but took to his heels.

Peter Patrick overtook him, and collared him with a grip of iron. "Now I ain't goin' to be givin' ye the lickin' ye deserve, for I'm just that strongest that I'm afraid I don't bear ye no ill will, anyther, ye little lyin's deceaver—but I'm only goin' to give ye a little wallopin' like, jist for the health o' ye."

This Peter-Patrick proceeded to do; but as it was not his nature to give otherwise than generously, it may be supposed that Charley received an amount calculated to impress him with a sense of considerable physical benefit.

On sped Charley to school, breathing threatenings and slaughter against all Barney's tardiness was of no use now, anyway, he tore it in pieces, with malicious intent, and, when Peter-Patrick, he sauntered on, at his usual gait.

"An hour and a halflate! Peter-Patrick," exclaimed the schoolmaster.

Peter-Patrick was used to the statement, the the tone, and the kindly ministrations to his "health" which always accompanied them. But "Is dhat so!" he answered, scratching his head at the door, with humorous bewilderment.

"Come here and report on me, afore night —the time flies so on me!"

And having had his joke, he went up and took his wallopin' free.

But the schoolmaster still retained his hand: "And more than that, sir, you threw down Mr. Charley Granville as he was hurrying on his way here, and beat him, and stole from him the excuse for a necessary tardiness which his mother had written me."

Then all of a sudden Peter-Patrick straightened himself up, and his lip curled, and I think it was a very fine look that came into his eyes; not vengeful, not revealing anything—but only of silent contempt and he held his hand without a word, without one sign of pain or shrinking, receiving stinging blow after blow; and when it was over, quietly turned, without a word, and took his seat.

There was one seat in the schoolroom that the sun seemed to follow up all day, with a peculiarly blinding and persistent glare. This seat had been assigned to Peter-Patrick When he took out his book or his slate, letters and figures shone all dazzling on the slate pencils for them all. It was: "Please, sir, may I go out Peter-Patrick to sharpen my pencil?" But often, the boys had to wait a long time, and, with head-sank down sleepily onto his desk, it was just wonderful, the glory that sunlight made in his curly mop.

Peter-Patrick got whipped for sleeping, and whipped for not studying when he was wide awake, and whipped for not studying, to stay in at recess, and whipped afterwards for the pranks he committed when he was allowed to go out, and which he got blamed and old Peter asked him the preliminary question, "Wool did ye get any lickin's in school the day, Peter-Patrick?" and Peter-Patrick answered, "Faith, daddy, didn't I thin jist!" never omitting to make observations upon, or near any one, the number, as to the approximate number—old Peter, according to rule, made another *forcible* application of the word.

So, often after the rehearsal of the choirboys, in the vestry, the chastisement for the whisperings and sigglings and mischief-makings of the whole choir, fell on Peter-Patrick's unshrinking shoulders; simply because the whole element of sin there combined seemed to shrink back from a spanner-like illumination afforded by Peter Patrick's radiant grin.

Yet he did not couldn't treasure a thought of injustice or injury in his breast, but was out, with his cap over his ear, hobnobbing with the world, the same as ever—loving, forgiving, forgetting. Oh, Peter Patrick!

So much for an ordinary day. There were extraordinary days, too; not only of unusual whippings, but of unusual adventures, by river, bridge, and steeple—for he was a fearless climber, and he so much respect unto his life but that he believed it to be a commodity very plenty, and that he might be easily supplied with another, in case one should fall on a grade of scarcity.

It was the last winter of Peter-Patrick's attempt at schooling, and, following the example of his numerous predecessors in the family, he was to go down to the iron-mills to work.

"Wait thin, and I'll be gettin' ye a new gownd, mither," said he gleefully.

"Ye'd better be gettin' yerself a new jacket," said Mrs. O'Rourke, mournfully. And it rankled in her breast because an artist, spending the previous summer in Granville, had painted Peter-Patrick down—red hair, ragged jacket, all—and carried him off to a big town, and sold him there for a thousand dollars. It was pretty hard, she reflected, to have a boy "so comical that the very picture of 'im sold for a thousand dollars!" And Mrs. O'Rourke would have stood speechless with astonishment if she knew that Peter-Patrick's artist actually said many times, in good faith, in describing the painting—that it was "the finest of all the pictures he ever saw in Central Mills, who had the most beautiful face he ever saw!"

Christmas day:—and Peter-Patrick had carved the gayest model of a boat, mainmast and foremast, sails all a flying, that he carried up in his bare red hands to little Barney, on the hill. The door of the library, where Barney sat, was covered with gifts, gifts wonderful and expensive. "Oh this, but ain't it a beautiful sight av 'em!" cried Peter Patrick, his face beaming with wonder and delight. Barney could not help noticing how cold and bare his hands looked. He had mean to give Peter-Patrick some mittens for a Christmas present, but he had "forgotten" it. Peter-Patrick never thought of that. It was a fact that no one had ever made him a gift in his life—but then, he had never thought of that.

Christmas day:—and the little lads and lassies were out coasting with their new sleds, Charley Granville with a famous one, a gift that day, a clipper with iron swan, and the best of the fashionable sleds for four or more. Laughing, shouting, up and down the hill they went, the merriest of all Peter-Patrick on a plank coasting it on his feet, steering it on his knees, making wonderful manipulations with the crazy old board, riding down anyway but the right way.

Then Charley Granville, in the excitement, chose a longer and a steeper hill; it took in a railroad crossing too; but it was a branch road, no fear of any one at night and morning. "Pahaw!" cried Charley "no danger for hours."

Just as much as the hill was longer and steeper so was the leader and merrier waxed the sport. There, waving his cap, came Charley, a load of little lads and lassies sitting on his sleigh, tucked in, wedged in, piled in anyhow.

And there, oh God—around the bank that bounded the road, the roar of the rushing wheels, came an "extra" train on the road, its whistle belching out a shrill agony of warning. No use. Fate sat like death on the gilded little sleigh, and, with a shrill flying, helpless load; and with a face like death, Charley Granville threw himself off from the runner's seat behind—so he might save himself.

Peter-Patrick, returning with his plank, had reached the crossing at the foot of the hill, with a little crowd of the school with his keen eye the slight level place just the other side, and saw what he could do. Without a word, he left the group, gained rushed forward, leaped the track to wait that flying, crushing load, that precious, helpless load! Then the crowd heads pierced his breast—but he received it, held it, barred it from death, with his broken arms, with his bleeding and unconscious breast.

Aye, they were sad! and Peter Patrick lay with quiet, upturned face in the sunshine, and with that glory on his head, as was he slept upon his desk at school.

Fer my part, I am not sorry that he will never go down to the mills to work, nor need to distance that hill some day, and be killed, be, Peter-Patrick, that there is life enough always to throw away in deeds like yours.

But when he lay, with his arms folded, in his white grave-clothes, and his features so fine and peaceful in the clustering hair that had been growing dark of late, they began to see just how much something of that beauty which the painter saw.

They bore him into the church for a little while, and, as they passed, uncovered over him. But the choir-master's heart was bitter. Their voices were all husky, faltering, weak. He could not trust himself to lead them. He did not think how Peter Patrick had learned some ringing notes beyond his scale, but only that there was no voice there now for him.

The Hon. John Granville and his lady wife, Mrs. Granville, the mothers, agreed that it would be a worthy and appropriate act to put up a monument to the memory of Peter Patrick, with some inscription expressive of the high manner in which he had met his death. But a threatened depression in certain stocks made it necessary for them to postpone the carrying out of the intents; and I am happy to say that, like the rest, they "forgot" it.

For the Peter Patrick's neglected grave a slender alder and a sweet wild-thorn bush have sprung up, and in the wild and windy nights, the wind sweeps down other shrubs, and it makes a cross—not of polished and chiselled marble indeed, but rugged, thorny, sharp, like the one Christ died on; and in the wild and windy night, where no foot passes, the infinite multitude of stars look down, and they behold it.

Poverty progresses arithmetically, When a man meets with reverses, he advertises his house "To Let." When he is utterly ruined, he advertises it "4 Sale."

There is some doubt as to the accuracy of the story that a deacon and his family have been pelting a clergyman with rotten eggs. Connecticut deacons have not been suspected of willingly throwing away eggs—even if they were rotten. Somebody would have bought them.

THE FARM.

Farmers' Boys and Their Prospects.

Lately I heard utterance given to an opinion entertained by a large number of our most intelligent people. The speaker said that "the prospects of the farmers' boys were daily growing less bright, and in the near future his labor would be narrowed down to a mere struggle for bread." Look," he continued, "at the profits accumulated by the merchant, the lawyer, and other classes of men; with whom the farmer is compelled to transact business. Absolutely the farmer has no chance of competing with them; but on the contrary, he must, by the very nature of things, naturally sink lower in the financial and social scale." This talk is merely wind—evil wind, evil in its tendency to degrade the noble pursuits of agriculture, and evil in its gifts to turn the minds of our young men from agricultural occupations to the already overcrowded professional and commercial callings. We can not call this talk anarchy, but it is extremely detrimental to the best interests of our laboring classes. To my mind the prospects of farmers' boys were never so enticing as now. Years ago, comparatively speaking, a boy was expected to be up from before dawn till after dark, with only time to partake of his meals. Even then to ask for a horse wherewith to take his day was a heinous offence. And if when he got broke, he was true in all cases, but a majority were so. Now it is different. Houses are made bright by the organ or other musical instruments. Good books and papers come into our houses to aid in developing the intellectual faculties and cultivating the mind. Holidays are more plentiful, and machinery having succeeded hand labor on the farm to a large degree, the boy's life is rendered far easier.

One who can be willing to be content with a mere existence, when he is in a position situated to obtain a good living than ever before. True, produce is much lower in price, but provisions are reduced in a corresponding ratio. Transportation charges are hardly a tithe of the former cost of conveyance. Instead of all of carrying together with the possibility of securing good market reports have practically placed the man at his own door. Improved methods of farming have contributed much to advance the cause of agriculture. In raising any product for our markets it must be borne in mind that only first-class produce can command first-class prices. It will not do to put up butter in ill-looking packages, or to send poor eggs unless perfectly fresh. Fruit and vegetables must be assorted and neatly packed, beef and pork must be selected in a superior manner. Have a standard and keep the produce up to that standard, and your prospects are as bright to-day as they would have been fifty years ago.

Practical Poultry.

Rice is excellent to feed to young, growing chicks, and is not very expensive.

Ducks, after commencing to lay, drop one egg every second or every 24 hours, at most invariably after night.

If your young chicks appear droopy when about a week or ten days old, examine them carefully under the wings and on the head; you will soon find the cause—lice. Mix a little sulphur and lard together and apply to these points. One application is usually sufficient.

If your hens lay soft shelled eggs, give your fowls plenty of cinders, oyster shells, rubbish, and lime.

This season of the year is a good one to set Bantam eggs. These hatched in September and even autumn are, however, liable to be small, because the season tends to keep down the size.

Is the poultry business overdone? Does this, from a trades paper, indicate such a state of affairs? "Over forty millions dozen more eggs are needed in America this year than are supplied by our fowls; so we will have to send across the water for the deficiency."

Always have a tight roof to your chicken coops; cold rains are very destructive to young chicks.

Keep young chicks growing steadily; do not feed them too much at a time, but feed them often, and with good, nourishing food.

Those using brooders should exercise great care about getting them too warm; the heated air rushes out and causes them to the cold air and gets inflammation of the lungs.

Clean out your chicken houses at least once a week.

Thinning Root Crops.

It may seem sometimes a hard thing to do to pull up promising plants and throw them away, but it is better to be thinning to permit the roots to stand too close in the rows. But it is indispensable to success that the plants have plenty of room. Large roots weighing ten to sixteen pounds cannot be grown at less than sixteen inches apart, and eighteen inches is better still. At this distance, if well cultivated, there will be forty-nine tons to the acre. At half the distance the roots may only average three pounds, making only twenty tons, or twenty-nine tons to the acre. The same applies to corn, for all plants need abundant feeding space for the roots, and must not be crowded much.

A Hail-Storm to Brag of.

It is seriously asserted that during a storm in the western part of Texas, recently, hailstones weighing from seven to twelve pounds fell in great numbers, and the occurrence is held up as something extraordinary. Isn't it a marker, forsooth, to the Philadelphia Press, as compared with the rip-and-tear storm which swept down the valley of Connecticut River some years ago? Central Connecticut River country during the hot summer of 1848. An old inhabitant who witnessed that storm assures us that hailstones were so large and so much that after the particles became pulverized somewhat there was good sleighing for three days; one conical-shaped hailstone fell through the roof of a blacksmith shop and punched a 3 inch hole through a case-hardened anvil; another struck a 12-foot bar of railroad iron squarely on the end and split it in two as perfectly as if it had been sawed; one large hailstone was housed over and covered with boards and tarred-roofed three families with ice until the new crop came in the next winter, besides providing them with ice for the remainder of the warm months; the weather was so cold for five days after the storm that wood went up 50 cents a cord, and the cattle that were out in the storm were dressed their hides were found punched so full of holes that they were sold to a porus plaster foundry; the winter trifle; the hail that fell into the Cassenavage caused a gorge in that stream which overflowed the whole valley, and the water was so cold that fishermen who had waded were frozen hard enough to use for billiard balls in the country taverns; and the places where some of the hailstones struck the ground were afterward used as potholes by farmers in building fences. If Texas ever witnesses a storm of the Cassenavage variety we shall be disposed to listen to it, but it won't do to send up any little penny commonplace about seven-pound hailstones.

While canoeing down the Merrimac John Boyle O'Reilly discovered a bed of pond shanks. Our look while canoeing has generally been to discover a bed of real rocks.

A Massachusetts camper has seen the sea serpent, and says that he watched it for a long time "glass in hand." Undoubtedly; this is about the only way a sight of the sea serpent can be enjoyed.

There is discussion as to the propriety of putting "hoodle" into the dictionary. As it would have to come under the head J B's, and consequently after Alderman, and as it is well known that Alderman is always after "hoodle," it would of course look very much out of place.

A UNIVERSAL BENEFACTOR.

The Aged Inventor of Vaccination for Hydrophobia.

Pasteur is a universal benefactor. His achievements in chemistry and microscopic biology have been among the most important of the century. His theories upon fermentation and the study of German have produced immense results. He is the terror of the dishonest wine merchant, having elucidated the various properties of wine falsification, while his researches and studies into the diseases of cattle, silk-worms, and other animals has been a source of wealth to chemistry's annals. Pasteur seems still a young man. He was born at Dole, in the Jura country, Dec. 23, 1822, and at a comparatively age was already a professor of chemistry in the great Sorbonne, of Paris. Sixty-four summers have passed over his talents, for his face is youthful despite his grey beard, and his hair, of unusual thickness, scarcely hides even one white thread. His life is one of constant trial, research, work, and public benefaction. Day, month, and year his services are given gratuitously to the people; rich and poor fare alike at his kind hands, and if he had millions, all would be spent in doing good. He gives on an average eighteen hours a day of his time to his work and his patients. It seems enormous yet it is not an exaggeration. This, too,

WITHOUT RECOMPENSE

for the moment. The wonder is how his own health can stand such a strain. The demands upon his time, the responsibilities of his position are so great, the trials and worries attendant upon it so such that at his laboratories his face wears an almost habitual expression of perplexity and sadness. It seems to worry him. "Even I scarcely know where to turn or what to do," said he, "and in he ever there, constant, ready, cheerful, and patient. I would advise any one coming to Paris, if they wish to assist at a scene which they will remember for a lifetime, to pay a visit one morning at half past 10 No. 14, Rue Vauquelin. Your first curiosity stops before the spectacle of such individual humanity, courage and greatness.

As Mr. Pasteur leaves his house, and as he let me out of the little side door, I said to him:—

"Yes should be the happiest man on earth when you think of all the good you do."

"I am afraid human nature is much the same," he replied, sadly; "we never think of our good fortune, but always of our misfortunes. I also feel and appreciate only what I am unable to accomplish."

Entertaining the Egyptians.

Mr. James, in the "Wild Tribes of the Soudan," gives the following description of a magic-lantern entertainment given by him to a crowd of Egyptians, which must have been quite as amusing to the exhibiter as to the audience:—On one occasion we exhibited the magic lantern to the great delight of a large crowd who came after dinner to propose to see it, and had never seen anything so wonderful before. We worked the lantern from the door of our tent, a white sheet hung in front of the door. We always commenced the show by a display of portraits of the Queen and Prince of Wales; these were both very popular, and invariably redemanded. We had been careful, before leaving England, to choose subjects for the slides that we thought would interest the people; and their exhibition was always successful Tee most popular consisted of a series of pictures of wild beasts in Africa, such as the lion, hippopotamus, elephant, &c.; and when we displayed a representation of a cobra escaping from a tree trunk, coiled up, with the beast opening and shutting its mouth, and trying to seize him, they fairly shrieked with laughter. Some of the slides represented the Suez Canal, English scenery, caravans in the desert, African villages, &c.; and all these were explained to them in Arabic, in their native dialect, while the Arabic was translated into their own tongue for the benefit of those that did not understand that language. As a termination to the entertainment we sent up one or two rockets and lighted a Bengal light or two, by which time our reputation as wonderful magicians was fairly established among them. As a hint that the show was over and it was time for the crowd to retire, we lighted a candle in a lantern, and placing it shelk by the light of a Bengal light to his horse, which was waiting for him outside of our xarebs. The result was a most happy imply to three points. One duplication is usually sufficient.

An Expert in Human Hair.

Mme. Shaw is an expert in human hair. She studied the subject.

"Ah," said she, "why is it you ladies of New York, and the American women generally, are so fond of switches, and if they you have lost it, why so economical in purchasing this adornment? You do not heed magnitude, you do not care for dollars and for 'a love of a bonnet,' but will hesitate in buying the artistic arrangements in hair made to supply nature's defects, and which are essentially necessary for your good appearance."

"That is a novel idea," said the reporter, "but doubtless you are right, I guess. Tell me why we loss our hair while young and otherwise hearty."

"Oh, for many reasons. First, you do not take proper care of it. Foreign women of all classes wash, comb and brush their hair frequently. Take a practical illustration. I think Roman noticed the tails of her carriage horses grow shorter and thinner every day and asks John the reason for it. He replies that it is caused by the flies, and the dealer from whom she purchased the horses. He quickly replies, 'It is because you never use napkets to wash, cut, comb and trim their tails.'"

"So," says madame, "it is gross neglect with you ladies. You pay no attention to a dirty hair part of your person than the locks which should be your crown of beauty. And you are in a hurry; you have so many distractions. Your men and women twice your age have many of them luxuriant hair, for when they were young it was still protected by the hair at night and they wash the scalp frequently. Ladies cover their bald heads, but if they did not what a dreadful sight our fair audience would present."—*New York Journal.*

No Armour for the Back.

Let me advise you to wear no armour for your back when you have determined to follow the Christian life. Receive your breast-plate of righteousness the seventeen of your adversaries; the stern metal shall turn the edge of your foemen's weapons like right by your lord paramount, and for the rest be free and your own master still. Follow the truth for its own sake, and not for a well report; let not many waters quench your love to her. Yield to no established rules if they involve a lie. You do evil that good may come of it. "Consequences!"—this is the devil's argument. Leave consequences to God; but do yourself the right thing, if it be right. If foemen surround thee, do the right. Be resolute, real, sincere, true, upright, godlike. The world is unable to, trim your sails and yield to circumstances. But if you would do any good in your generation, you must be made of sterner stuff, and help make your times rather than be made by them. You must not yield to customs, but, like the sea, roll, curve and blow until the hammers break themselves. When misrepresented, use no crooked means to clear yourself. Clouds do not last long. If in the course of duty you are tried by the distrust of friends, gird up your loins and say in your heart I was driven to virtue by the encouragement of friends, nor will I be repelled from it by their coldness. Finally be just and fear not; "corruption wins not more than honesty;" truth lives and reigns when falsehood dies and rots.

It was very appropriate for Cooper Grahan to go through the whirlpool by cascade.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

Halifax and St. John expect to have street railway systems shortly.

Gen. Sherman, of the American army, will visit Victoria, B. C., shortly.

Excellent brick is manufactured at Calgary. The color is a cream and the price $13 a thousand.

A child was born on the Arthabasca during a recent trip and was christened Herbert Athabasca.

From Glamergan township a story comes that three wolves chased a young calf and it was tired and then ate it.

Two magnificent Rocky Mountain eagles, each measuring 17 feet from tip to tip, were exhibited at F

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. J. D. Bissonnette, of Dundas, is at present visiting friends in this village.

The Stirling Brass Band are busy practising to go to camp at Kingston with the 49th Battalion, on the 7th Sept.

We give this week a supplement containing a continuation of the story in last week's News-Argus and other interesting matter.

Mr. Geo. H. Conley will this season again be on the Stirling market prepared to buy grain. Further announcements will be made in a week or two.

The Baptists of this village intend holding an ice cream social on Thursday next. Further particulars will be made known in a few days.

Mr. W. H. Shaw has purchased a bakery business in Marmora, and went out yesterday to start operations. He also intends carrying on a grocery in connection. We wish him every success.

Messrs. Alf. and Alex. Judd and John McDougall, Miss L. Judd and the Misses Ward are camping out at Crow Lake. Mrs. Judd returned home from two weeks camping at the same place on Monday.

During the past week or ten days there have been frequent showers in most sections of the county, but with the exception of a light rain on the 16th there has been none in this immediate neighborhood for about a month. The summer in this section, as a whole, has been exceedingly dry.

On Monday last, the 23rd inst., being the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday, Mr. J. W. Butler was invited to the residence of his son, Dr. Butler, of this village, and was there presented with a beautiful arm chair, the gift of his five sons. Mr. Butler highly appreciates the gift and hereby tenders his heartfelt thanks to the donors.

Campbellford High School took high rank at the recent examinations. In addition to the names published last week, the following persons passed the matriculation examination: In Arts—G. Ferris, C. F, Hamilton, J. R. Hutcheson, W. Walkinshaw. In Medicine—F. J. Bradd, T. H. Johnston. The teachers may well be proud of their record.

Albert College, Belleville, has made a highly creditable showing in both the Departmental and the Matriculation examinations. Out of six candidates for second class teachers' certificates four were successful. Out of twenty candidates for third class teachers' certificates ten were successful. Out of nine candidates for matriculation eight were successful.

Capt. Hart's Company received orders on Wednesday last to get themselves ready for camp. The camp will be formed at Kingston on the 7th Sept., and will consist of the Kingston Field Battery, with a total of 80; the Durham Field Battery, total 80; the 4th regiment of cavalry, total 187; the 16th, 45th and 49th battalions with a total of 278 each, making a grand total of 1181 officers and men.

The following which we find in an exchange may be applied with equal truth to this village: Lost, Stolen or Strayed, since January last, the Board of Health, supposed to have strayed from their paths of duty through ignorance of the magnitude of their responsibilities. Any person finding the same and taking them to the Town Hall will confer a great favor on their humble and neglected servant.——Sanitary Inspector.

The excursion to Idyl Wild on Tuesday last was a most enjoyable affair, though the attendance from this village was not very large, only between sixty and seventy taking advantage of the cheap rate. A large number went from Campbellford and other places, making a party of between 300 and 400 altogether. The day was very fine and the excursionists were delighted with the beautiful trip up the river and the splendid scenery of Idyl Wild. This place will likely be an objective point for future excursions.

Runaway Accident.—On Thursday of last week Robert Maybee and wife, two children, Mrs. E. Maybee, jr., and Mrs. Bowerman went blackberrying back in Marmora, near the lakes, and when coming home and going down a steep hill near the village, one of the holdbacks broke and the horses started to run away; at the foot of the hill they turned to go through a gate, upsetting the carriage and throwing them all out, giving them a bad shaking up. Mrs. Bowerman had her shoulder put out of joint and badly bruised otherwise. Mrs. E. Maybee had her ankle sprained and badly bruised about the head and face; the rest were badly hurt, the most of them were unconscious. A team came along and helped them up and they went on to the village to get medical aid, and some of them are still keeping their bed.

The Markets.

We believe that no grain of any kind has yet been brought to market here, and therefore prices cannot be quoted.

In Belleville a few loads of fall wheat have been offered, very fine and plump, for which from 70 cts. to 75 cts. per bushel was paid. Some barley has also been delivered but the price is not yet fixed. The barley is also very plump and heavy. The crop of barley in the western states is said to be very good and will tend to keep down the price. The market here will probably range from 50c. to 60c.

Rawdon Agricultural Society.

The officers of this society are determined to make their exhibition to be held on the 28th Sept. a success. Their new grounds at Harold are now nearly fenced and the work of fixing the driving track and yards for cattle and other stock will soon be completed and everything in readiness for the convenience of exhibitors and comfort of the large number of visitors expected. In addition to the large amount (about $500.00) to be given in prizes for stock, farm produce, manufactures, etc., as a special attraction gold and silver medals will be given to successful competitors in cheese made in the counties of Hastings and Northumberland. Prizes will be given in athletic sports and as a *finale* to the days proceedings there will be a tug of war between picked men from Rawdon and Seymour, which will cause a great amount of interest in the neighboring townships. The whole will go to make the exhibition by far the best held in this section and well worthy the attendance and support of all who wish progress and prosperity for the country. We wish them fair weather and a successful day.

Credit Sales.

Wednesday, Sept. 8.—On lot 33, 7th con. Sidney, the Farm Stock, Implements and Household Furniture belonging to the estate of the late Herman Bleecker. Sale at 12 o'clock sharp. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.—On the west half of lot 2, in the 7th con. of Rawdon, the Farm Stock, Implements and Household Furniture belonging to Mr. Wm. Hagerty, jr. Sale at 10 o'clock, a. m. Free lunch at noon. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Fall Fairs.

Industrial, at Toronto, Sept. 6 to 18.
Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 20 to 25.
Bay of Quinte District, at Belleville, Sept. 21 to 24.
Rawdon Township, at Harold, Sept. 28.
Madoc, Sept. 29 and 30.
Kingston, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.
East Hasting, at Roslin, Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, Friday, Oct. 1st.
Napanee, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.

Notes from the Country.

The farmers are busy ploughing, some few are done harvesting.

There is a general rush north now for the long black berries, which are very plentiful.

B. F. Butler, V. S., of Campbellford, was in this section this week. His professional visits in this direction are of quite frequent occurence. A few weeks ago, while M. W. Sine, V. S., of Kingston, was visiting friends here, the two doctors were called in consultation over a case near here, and from the latest reports it was progressing finely.

The trustees of S. S. No. 7 have engaged Mr. R. W. Solmes as teacher. He began work on the 16th inst.

A rig with six wheels went north one day last week, it was loaded with—I will not tell; ask the man that was driving it, he lives in Stirling.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, Aug. 24th, 1886.

Since writing last Mr. and Mrs. Dale and Miss Metcalf have returned and quiet reigns about the house, now that the small boys (and small girls too) pick up and take their departure for school.

Last Thursday evening as a party of Rawdon berry-pickers were coming along the Madoc road the pole-strap broke and in order to prevent a runaway the driver turned in at a gate near by, but, turning too short the occupants were all thrown out and some were very badly injured. They drove on here where their injuries were attended to by Dr. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Mitchell, have been visiting at J. W. Pearce's.

Lawn socials yet. Two since last communication, one at Mr. Craske's, for the Anglican Church funds, and another at Mrs. Devine's, Deloro, in aid of the R. C. fence-building fund, each netting over $50.

The campers from Marmora have all returned from Crow Lake, although they left behind them quite a number from other places.

On account of the low water in the river the Mitchell Bros. are not running their factory now.

The ministers who attended S. S. Convention here last week went away with very favorable opinions of our thriving village. May it always be said of it. G. E. M.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The chairman, in introducing the Dr., promised a rare treat as he was a speaker of considerable note.

The Dr. rolled back his coat collar, and pulled up his sleeves, and took for his text, "Steamboats, their past, present and future." He told us that "As early as 1695 Papin in France applied steam to a boat in an experiment, but owing to the very imperfect state of the engine at that early date it was not a success. Again in 1730 an English Dr. by the name of Allen suggested steam as a motive power in boats. But not until 1782, when Watt took out a new patent on his engine, could steam power be called a success. To him is also due the beautiful mechanism called the eccentric. Then coming down to the present century, in 1807 Fulton established the now extensive steamboat system of America. In 1837 there was another great advance made by the introduction of the screw propellor which has been adopted by nearly all the ocean and larger class of fresh water steamers. Later on steamboat men became afflicted with a disease, or mania rather, for building very large vessels and I believe the climax was reached when that ponderous affair, the Great Eastern, was floated. Just think for a moment (here the Dr. showed symptoms of great warmth) of the tremendous vastness of this floating island built principally of iron. Remember I had the pleasure of visiting her—while I was attending the Medical College at Montreal—as she lay at anchor in Quebec harbor and of course I know whereof I speak. I will give you her dimensions which you will find correct. Length, 674 feet; breadth, 77 feet, with a nominal horse power of 2,000. However it was found that it is possible to go to extremes in boat building as well as in other things and as far as the present of boat building is concerned—profiting by the mistakes and the successes of the past they are now limiting the size of their boats to the uses for which they are intended and now for the future just gaze upon the graceful outlines and fine proportions of the Clinky Jane and let me assure you that (it is not possible !) man has got to have another thousand years of development before there can be any improvement on this boat."

After complimenting the cook on the excellence of the spread the Dr. took his seat amid great and prolonged applause.

The big orchard man caused a smile to ripple over the features of the audience when he arose and said that he had the unbounded happiness of embracing that lovely but voluble female, Miss Fanny Fogg, as one of the speakers. I sharpened my pencil and got my foolscap ready but it was of no use. She just expanded the key-board of that elastic jaw of hers to its utmost capacity, seven and a third octave. I made up my mind that there were not letters enough in my alphabet to spell her heavy language. This resulted in another delay for it won't do to start a boat in a heavy fogg. B. B.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Dear Sir,—As your correspondent was disappointed in the big feed and launching of the Clinky Jane at the Oak Hill Lake, he thought he would take an excursion trip on the Central Ontario Railway to Coe Hill, and did so and had a jolly good time. The day was pleasant and fine. We all had a good dinner on the hill, and had a nice scene at the mines, but were sorry that the works were not in operation. The conductor told me that there was about three hundred tickets sold, averaging about 85 cents each.

White's Hill, August, 1886. P. W.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Dear Sir,—Hearing much of late about motive power I thought I would let you know of some of ours in this country. We have steam drills that will drill a six inch hole in the rock at the rate of 40 feet per day; steam canal boats that will tow two more loaded boats forty miles per day; steam cars that will carry live freight at the rate of a mile per minute; and steam fire engines that can hitch up and get out of the engine house in nine seconds. We had a fire in the tenth ward the other day, and No. 3 engine, from the fifth ward, got to it, a distance of 1¾ miles, and had a stream on the fire in fifteen minutes. But all this cannot beat the Oak Hills boat, for I should infer by the statements when it was launched it brought up on the back street in Stirling, I suppose heading for the water. Why the the big orchard man prefers Fidlar's Pond to the Oak Hill Lake I cannot imagine, but probably he thinks it a safer water to sail for his kind of a craft. As for annexation, our navy is so poor we cannot compete. H. B. White.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug., 1886.

Births.

In Marmora, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Rev. J. W. Andrews, of a daughter.

Deaths.

In Rawdon, on the 23rd inst., William Pearson, aged 83 years and 10 months.

In Rawdon, on the 26th inst., Ogden Green, aged 65 years.

The *Intelligencer* says skunks are numerous about Belleville.

Peterborough millers are doing a profitable business shipping flour to Glasgow, Scotland.

NEW
Merchant Tailoring
—AND—
Gents' Furnishing Store !

F. T. WARD,
PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH,
and CANADIAN TWEEDS,
DIAGONAL COATINGS,
WORSTED SUITINGS,
and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of
Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,
Which will all be sold at
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
F. T. WARD.

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the value Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, as the most effectual remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

A terrific rainstorm occurred in Texas Friday night. A score of people were killed and much property destroyed.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

A prominent figure at an anarchist meeting in Chicago on Saturday was Jackson, Louis Riel's private secretary.

ALWAYS REQUIRED—A good cathartic medicine. National Pills will not disappoint you.

Attention is just drawn to the fact that the Chicago Anarchists, bent on the destruction of life and properfy, are infidels to a man!

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe sure and speedy to remove worms from children or adults.

"It's a wife's duty to be pleasant," says an exchange. Yes, and it's the husband's duty to make her duty easy.

LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP should be found with every toilet. It is cleansing and healing.

Some 70,000 pounds of fine merino wool has been furnished by this year's clip in Alberta, N. W. T.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP is a safe and reliable worm remedy for all worms afflicting children or adults.

The protectors of the fisheries by all accounts seem to be more anxious to enforce observance of the Customs laws than to seize American intruders.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.
Mr. Frank Hendry, writing from Seaforth, says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B. B. B. is always successful.

DO NOT DELAY.
Do not delay if suffering any form of Bowel Complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old, reliable cure for all forms of Summer Complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all dealers in patent medicines.

Gabriel Dumont, the fighting lieutenant of Louis Riel, was presented, by five hundred French Canadians assembled at Woodcrest, R. I., on Sunday, with a handsome gold watch, in commemoration of his bravery during that rebellion.

A DANGEROUS CONDITION.
One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected kidney complaint. When you suffer from weary, aching back, weakness and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Porous Plaster and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels,

Officers of the U. S. North Atlantic squadron say the Canadian fisherman are suffering more than the American, who are well satisfied with the outlook.

IT NEVER FAILS.
Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; a few doses cure when other remedies fail.

English Conservatives think it will be difficult for England to interfere in the Bulgarian crisis, as it is generally assumed that Austria and Germany acquiesced therein.

A PLEASING DUTY.
"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P.Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

Several fugitive Chicago anarchists are said to have taken refuge in Canada.

JUST THE THING.
W. J. Guppy, Druggist, of Newbury writes: "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomech and Bowel Complaint.

A young woman near Ashton, D. T., works her farm herself, and has 75 acres of wheat and 15 acres of oats. She owns three horses and never hires help.

McGREGOR & PARKE,
of Hamilton, Ont., are the manufacturers of the greatest healing and purifying compound known for Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Frost Bites, etc. It is called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Be sure and get the genuine McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold by PARKER & BUTLER, at 25c. a box.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS.
There is now being being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Stirling by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

Two bricks, weighing 75 pounds each, were made recently of silver from the Rabbit Mountain mine, Algoma.

"WHAT SAY YOU TO A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF AND MUSTARD?"
Well, there is much to be said. The question being asked of the banqueter at the average boarding house, calls up reminiscences of close contiguity to the horns, and beefsteak three cuts south thereof. He, of course, will pass, unless it occurs to him that he needs a hinge for his trunk. Should there be any suffering, the effects of an indulgence in such sinuous fare, use McGregor's Speedy Cure, a sure and effectual remedy for Dyspepsia, Constipation and all affections of the stomach and liver. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottles free.

Money to Loan.

PRIVATE AND COMPANY FUNDS TO lend at the very lowest rates, from 5 to 6 per cent. interest, payable yearly. Charges very moderate. No delay in procuring the money. Now is the time to renew your mortgages, or to make improvements, or buy land while money can be had at such low interest.
GEO. J. SHERRY,
Barrister,
Branch office Stirling, Ont.,
Head office Belleville, Ont.

NOTICE.

BY ORDER OF COUNCIL ALL PERSONS claiming the two dollars reduction on Cemetery Lots on account of removing their dead from the old burying ground in Stirling, must remove the same before the First day of December next, as there will be no reduction on the price of Cemetery Lots after that date.
A. GLASS, Clerk.
Stirling, 4th August, 1886.

At Drewry's

More new goods. Three cases French Dress Goods, all wool, in all the new Fall shadings, just opened. Months ago when you were just buying your spring dress and wond'ring what the new styles of Spring Millinery would be, we bought an importing order for dress goods of a wholesale house and now show you new high toned dress goods at just the price they would have been sold wholesale. 22 cts. a yard for all wool French Dress Goods is not too dear is it? 25c. a yard will buy heavy all wool French Dress Goods that will not be shown by any house that handles them less than 35 cents.

More New Goods.

We open cases of new goods almost every day in the week. One case of light cloths for fall jackets just opened. Double fold jacket cloths, light fawn shades, only 60c. a yard, Drewry's price. Large buttons and buckles to match for trimming them. Nigger Head jacket cloths in black and light fawn shades, high-toned goods, at Drewry's prices. The evenings are cool now, you will need a light jacket. We have opened just the goods you will be looking for.

A word more

About Dress Goods. All wool Ottoman Cords only 20c. Cardinal Ottoman Cords at 15c., worth 25c. When you come in you will see a pile of 15c., 20c. and 25c. goods all put in at one price, 10c., and another pile of 15c. goods at 8c, they were bought in this bankrupt stock, is the reason of the drop.

Black Jersey Cloths

All wool, just opened, at 22 cents a yard, 30c. would be a cheap price for them. You will not wonder that we are busy all the time every day, when you see the new goods selling at Drewry's prices.

AT DREWRY'S
BON MARCHE,
Trenton.

TO RENT
AT SPRINGBROOK.

A VERY COMMODIOUS AND CONVENIENT Grain Elevator situated on the Central Ontario Railway, in the centre of a good grain growing country. Applications will be received up to the 1st of September. For particulars apply to
THOS. RUPERT,
Sec. Elevator Company, Springbrook.

TO THE
Farmers of Rawdon, Seymour, W. Huntingdon and Vicinity.

HAVING AGAIN INTRODUCED OUR Farming Implements in this neighborhood, we have determined to establish a permanent depot for North Hastings in the Village of Stirling, and with this in view have decided to buy a lot and erect a suitable building for a show room and storehouse, where all our repairs can be obtained free of charge for the first three years, excepting where accident happens beyond our control. But as we have not yet got located, and have no permanent agency established, our repairs and Implements can be obtained of Mr. John Graham or Mr. David Seeley, jr., in Stirling, and Mr. Stephen Dean, Hoard's Station. Will give due notice when we are permanently located.

Thanking you for the kind patronage extended to us, and guaranteeing to uphold the reputation already established for our Farming Implements, we remain,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN HRRRING & SONS.
Stirling, Aug. 5th, 1886.

N. B.—A cash offer for any of the Implements left on hand, if anywhere near the mark, will take them, rather than store them over, or will sell on next year's terms.

THE ONE PRICED CLOTHING STORE
STILL TO THE FRONT.

The question is frequently asked why? Which is easily solved, simply because they keep the right goods at right prices. I have received during the past week the choicest array of

GENT'S FURNISHINGS
Ever offered for inspection in town, including
**Shirts, Collars, Cuffs. Gloves, Hose,
Silk Hankderchiefs, Braces, Etc.**
In fact everything that comes under the heading of Gents' Wear. A specialty in American Silk Scarfs!
JAMES BOLDRICK.

JUST OPENED !

New DRESS GOODS.
New Plush Trimming,
In Plain and Stripe.
New Wool Shawls,
In Fawn, Cream and White.
NEW SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.
NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Close Prices to Cash Buyers.
Come and See.
MILNE & CLUTE

See what you can buy for Money
AT MARTIN BROS.,
STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER :

$7.50	Sideboard we now sell at	$ 6 00	$25.00	Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00	Bureau " "	6 00	10.00	Couch " "	8 50
6.00	" " "	4 50	8.50	" " "	7 25
9.00	" " "	7 50	10.00	Extension Table "	8 00
4.00	Stand " "	2 75	8.00	" " "	7 00
1.50	" " "	1 25	60.00	Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50	Bed " "	2 00	5.00	Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50	" " "	3 50	7.50	" " "	6 00
6.00	" " "	4 50	25.00	Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00	" " "	5 50	18.00	" " "	15 00
2.50	Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00	Sofa "	14 00
15.00	Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00	" "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.
UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,
IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Pork, Bacon and Hams,
On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.
O. HEWAT.

BOOTS & SHOES,
TRUNKS, VALISES
LADIES' SATCHELS,
—AT—
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

WANTED.

A GIRL, ABOUT 14 or 16 YEARS OLD, TO do light house work in small family. Good wages to suitable person. Apply to
MRS. O. HEWAT,
Stirling.

LOVELL'S
GAZETTER AND HISTORY
OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA,
IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,

TO BE COMMENCED WHENENER A sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories $9.50. Each Province to have a map.

Please send for Prospectus.
JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.
Montreal, 4th August, 1886.

HARDWARE.

A FULL STOCK OF GOODS,
Spades, Shovels,
Scoops,
Half bushel and
Peck Measures,
House Furnishings,
PAINT OIL,
MACHINE OIL,
MIXED PAINT,
WHITE LEAD,
VARNISHES, ETC.
BOTTOM PRICES.
JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

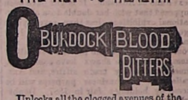
We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS,** of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,
CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD
PIANO, ORGAN,
—OR—
SEWING MACHINE
—GO TO—
JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

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Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.